Encounter

July 1971 35p

DISESTABLISHING SCIENCE

J. Bronowski

Stage & Screen

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Martin Esslin
Isabel Quigly
Ronald Hayman
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Keith Botsford

Commandante Pepe
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Three Stories
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Halévy's Thesis
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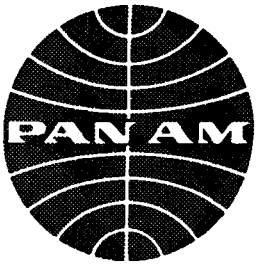

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Encounter

JULY 1971

VOL. XXXVII NO. 1

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* D. J. ENRIGHT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: *Bryan Healing.*
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Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St. Martin's Lane London W.C.2.
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1.25: India Rs. 4.80. Back numbers 35p ($1.25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15.50): India Rs. 54: Elsewhere £4.95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3.15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3.15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St. Martin's Lane London W.C.2 (01-836 4194).
US & Canadian Subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for the payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1971 by Encounter Ltd.*

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Colette

The Hand

HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP on his young wife's shoulder, and she proudly supported the weight of his head, with its fair hair, sanguine-complexioned face and closed eyes. He had slipped his large arm beneath the slim adolescent back and his strong hand lay flat on the sheet, beside the young woman's right elbow. She smiled as she looked at the man's hand as it emerged there, quite alone and far away from its owner. Then she let her glance stray round the dimly-lit bedroom. A conch-shaped lamp threw a subdued glow of periwinkle blue over the bed.

"Too happy to sleep," she thought.

Too excited also, and often surprised by her new state. For only two weeks she had taken part in the scandalous existence of a honeymoon couple, each of them relishing the pleasure of living with an unknown person they were in love with. To meet a good-looking fair-haired young man, recently widowed, good at tennis and sailing, and marry him a month later: her conjugal romance fell little short of abduction. Whenever she lay awake beside her husband, as tonight, she would still close her eyes for a long time, then open them, and relish with astonishment the blue of the brand-new curtains, replacing the apricot pink which had filtered with the morning light into the room where she had slept as a girl.

A shudder ran through the sleeping body lying beside her, and she tightened her left arm round her husband's neck with the delightful authority of weak creatures. He did not wake.

"What long eyelashes he has," she said to herself.

She silently praised also the full, graceful mouth, the brick-red skin and the forehead, neither noble nor lofty, but still free of wrinkles.

Her husband's right hand, beside her, also shuddered, and beneath the curve of her back she felt the right arm, on which her whole weight was resting, come to life.

"I'm heavy. . . . I'd like to reach up and put the light out, but he's so fast asleep. . . ."

The arm tensed again, gently, and she arched her back to make herself lighter.

"It's as though I were lying on an animal," she thought.

She turned her head slightly on the pillow and looked at the hand lying beside her.

"How big it is! It's really bigger than my whole head!"

The light which crept from under the edge of a blue crystal shade fell on to this hand and showed up the slightest reliefs in the skin, exaggerated the powerful knotty knuckles and the veins which stood out because of the pressure on the arm. A few russet hairs, at the base of the fingers, all lay in the same direction, like ears of wheat in the wind, and the flat nails, whose ridges had not been smoothed out by the polisher, gleamed beneath their coat of pink varnish.

"I'll tell him not to put varnish on his nails," thought the young wife. "Varnish and carmine don't suit a hand so . . . a hand so. . . ."

An electric shock ran through the hand and spared the young woman the trouble of thinking of an adjective. The thumb stiffened until it was horribly long and spatulate, and moved closer up against the index finger. In this way the hand suddenly acquired an ape-like appearance.

"Oh!" said the young woman quietly, as though faced with some minor indecency.

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The horn of a passing car pierced the silence with a noise so shrill that it seemed luminous. The sleeper did not wake, but the hand seemed offended and reared up, tensing itself like a crab and waiting for the fray. The piercing sound receded and the hand, gradually relaxing, let fall its claws, became a soft animal, bent double and shaken with faint jerks which looked like a death agony. The flat, cruel nail on the overlong thumb glistened. In the little finger there appeared a slight deviation which the young woman had never noticed, and the sprawling hand revealed its fleshy palm like a red belly.

"And I've kissed that hand! . . . How horrible! I can't ever have looked at it!"

The hand was disturbed by some bad dream, and seemed to respond to this sudden reaction, this disgust. It regrouped its forces, opened out wide, spread out its tendons, its nerves and its hairiness like a panoply of war. Then it slowly withdrew, grasped a piece of sheeting, dug down with its curving fingers and squeezed and squeezed with the methodical pleasure of a strangler. . . .

"Oh!" cried the young woman.

The hand disappeared, the large arm was freed of its burden and in one moment became a protective girdle, a warm bulwark against the terrors of night. But next morning when the tray with frothing chocolate and toast was on the bed, she saw the hand again, russet and red, and the ghastly thumb crooked over the handle of a knife.

"Do you want this piece of toast, darling? I'm doing it for you."

She shuddered and felt gooseflesh high up on her arms and down her back.

"Oh, no . . . no . . ."

Then she concealed her fear, controlled herself bravely and, beginning her life of duplicity, resignation, base and subtle diplomacy, she leant over and humbly kissed the monstrous hand.

"Chà"

HIS WIFE PLACED her hand on his shoulder as she went by: "Are you glad you're going to see the little dolls dance?" He didn't much care for this trite way of describing the Cambodian dancers, but he nodded assent and admired his wife as she moved away. She was wearing a silver dress, with sulphur-coloured roses at her waist, and carrying a large fan of sulphur-coloured feathers, while her hair, skilfully bleached to a very pale gold, looked like a head-dress bought at the same time as the roses and the fan. She was tall, and impressed others through the somewhat rudimentary beauty of her features and her virile blue eyes, which were accustomed to judging everything from above.

"The beautiful Madame Issard is superb this evening," said a man's voice from behind a white silk curtain painted with beige bamboo.

"Combat dress," replied another voice. "It's this evening that she hopes to arrange with the Marshal that her husband can have the mission."

"It's hardly right for Issard, that mission. He's a man of letters . . . subtle and stay-at-home . . . ."

"But it's right for Madame Issard. In four months she'll carry off the rosette for Issard and perhaps the ribbon for herself. Did you hear her at table? It was magnificent. What diplomacy! And at the same time it's irreproachable. . . . I don't feel sorry for Issard."

André Issard left the bamboo-painted curtain. Not that he was afraid of hearing anything about his wife that might have made him angry. But he felt the need to have a short rest from the long admiration shown to his wife during dinner. Moreover the Cambodian girls were preceded by their kettle-drums, each one emitting on its own the liquid note which can be heard in the throats of toads: the girls were beginning their dance on a platform in front of Pierre Guesde's fifty guests, who were scattered throughout the hall. Issard, with a blasé expression behind his monocle, took great pleasure in seeing them. His ideas of exoticism did not go beyond Algiers, and he had only seen Ith, Sarrouth, Trassoth and their companions in *L'Illustration*. He found them pretty, while regretting that their round cheeks were painted with white lead. He disapproved of the fashion, originating in Siam, which endowed them with a hair-

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style like that of small boys. But even if they had heads like boys, most of them had necks like the shafts of columns, without creases or blemishes, and their skin was smooth, taut, the colour of fine stoneware, sometimes the colour of little plums, ravishing to look at. André Issard sought for words which were not too overworked to describe these inscrutable children's faces which had been carved entirely on the surface—eyes slit with lightweight scissors, the nose barely emerging from the cheek, the mouth whose short little lips revealed the soft red interior. . . . With the obstinacy of an artistic scribbler he wondered how he would paint the curve of Sarrouth's hands, and the fingers bent back to prolong a palm that curved inwards. . . .

"A leaf burnt up by autumn? No. . . Rather the twisting of a fish when it's out of the water. . . . Or else. . . . Yes, that's it: it's the heraldic curl in the tongue of a breathless dog. . . ."

Then the music and the magic of the movements acted together and André Issard hardly thought of anything else. "They're pretty. . . . They're new. . . . They're. . . . They're feminine, very feminine. . . ."

He looked up and caught sight of his wife in a deep alcove; she was not watching the dancing but talking to the governor of a large colony. She spoke, listened, spoke again and seemed to use as much energy in listening as in speaking. Her brows met heavily over her blue eyes, their gaze contemplating a glorious and austere future.

"She looks like a man," André Issard said to himself. "Why hadn't I noticed it before?"

At the same moment the beautiful Madame Issard rested her chin on her hands and faced everyone present, her attention apparently acquiring powerful supporters in one place after another. Then she went on with the conversation, very quietly, and André Issard noticed how she moved her chin up and down like a democratic leader, how her clenched fist tapped out the rhythm of her sentence.

"She's a man," Issard repeated to himself. "I wondered what I had against her, unfairly. . . . The fact is that my wife's a man . . . and what a man! . . . I've only got what I deserve; I should have realised it sooner!"

The dance was coming to an end. In a fatalistic way he moved towards the platform where the little dancers had scattered and were undergoing at close quarters the wounding curiosity of the Europeans. He listened to Pierre Guesde talking in Cambodian with Soŭn, a singer from the choir, who wasn't made up but scintillated with black eyeballs and white teeth; he allowed himself to be introduced to Ith, who was dressed as a Burmese prince, Ith with the innocent face made famous through a hundred photographs; he touched Sarrouth's hands, melting, moving hands. . . . While Sarrouth listened to Pierre Guesde, André Issard held them in his own, those hands as passive and cool as leaves covered with flesh. She replied with a brief murmur, a little deferential greeting, a childish laugh, and above all with a monosyllable, *"Châ . . . Châ. . . ."*

"Tia. . . ." repeated Issard, imitating Sarrouth's liquid pronunciation. "What does that mean?"

"That means," explained Pierre Guesde, "very-respectfully-yes."

The dancers were leaving, and Issard motioned to his wife, "Are we going home?" She replied in the same way with a furious and barely visible "No." Ten minutes later he noticed, close to him, her scent and the scale-like swish of her dress.

"The Marshal's leaving," she said to him.

He leapt up.

"I'll dash over! . . ."

"No," she said. "Leave it. I've arranged a personal interview for you tomorrow."

"The least I can do is to. . . ."

"No," she said. "Leave it, I tell you. You can take it from me. Everything's all right. I've sown a seed, and sown it well."

She shone with a mineral-like glow, and took him towards the exit. In the car she called out to the chauffer, "Go back pass the Prado!" and placed her arm under her husband's, with a kind of condescending cordiality, the good humour of a despotic woman. The full moon covered her pale hair with powdery silver, and the great sulphur-yellow feathers in her fan rolled like waves in the wind. But André Issard did not see her. He was humming a little song imitating Asiatic music, and stopped in order to murmur under his breath:

"Châ . . . Châ. . . ."

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"What did you say, André dear?"

He smiled at his wife, with the look of a disloyal slave:

"Oh, nothing. . . . It's a Cambodian word, more or less untranslatable. . . . A word that has no meaning here . . . ."

The Fox

THE MAN WHO TAKES his fox for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne is certainly a fine fellow. He thinks he's giving pleasure to the little fox, who was probably his companion in the trenches, tamed to the terrible sound of bombardments. The man with the fox, followed by his captive like a dog on a chain, is unaware that out in the open, in surroundings which might remind him of his native forest, the fox is no more than a stray spirit full of despair, an animal blinded by the light he had forgotten, intoxicated by scents, ready to rush forward, to attack or flee—but an animal with a collar round his neck. Apart from these details, the good little tame fox loves his master and follows him with his belly close to the ground and his fine tail, the colour of slightly burnt toast, hanging down low. He laughs readily—a fox is always laughing. He has beautiful velvet eyes—like all foxes—and I can find nothing more to say about him.

The other fine fellow, the man with the hens, would emerge about half past eleven from the Auteuil *Métro*. He carried over his shoulder a bag of dark fabric, rather like the bag of crusts that tramps carry, and at a brisk pace he would reach the tranquil glades of Auteuil. The first time I saw him he had placed his mysterious bag on a bench and waited for me to go away with my dogs. I reassured him and he carefully shook his bag from which there fell a cock and a hen, both with gleaming red crests and autumn coloured plumage; without wasting a moment they pecked and scraped at the cool moss and the forest humus. I asked no unnecessary questions and the hen-man gave me a brief explanation:

"I bring them out at midday whenever I can. It's only fair, isn't it . . . when birds live in an apartment . . . ."

I replied with a compliment on the beauty of the handsome cock and the liveliness of the hen; I added that I was also acquainted with the little girl who brought her big tortoise to "play" in the afternoons, and the fox-man. . . .

"He's no acquaintance for me," said the hen-man. . . .

But chance was to bring together the owner of the fox and the owner of the hens, along one of those paths sought out by solitary-minded people guided by their fear of keepers and the fancy of a dog, a fox or a hen. At first the fox-man did not show himself. He sat in the thicket, holding his fox in paternal fashion round the middle of his serpentine body, and was touched when he found him rigid with attention. The fox's nervous laugh bared his sharp canine teeth, slightly yellow from idleness and soft food, while his white whiskers, which lay quite flat against his cheeks, looked as though they had been touched up with cosmetics.

A few yards away the cock and the hen, satiated with grain, were taking their sand bath in the sunshine. The cock passed his iron beak over the feathers in his wings and the hen, puffed out in the shape of an egg, her feet invisible and her crop extended, was covering herself in dust as yellow as pollen. A faint discordant cry uttered by the cock awoke her. She preened herself and then walked unsteadily over to her husband.

"What did you say?" she asked.

He must have made a sign to her for she didn't argue and stood by him, as close to the bag as possible—the bag, the prison without a trap. . . .

However, the hen-man, who was astonished by this behaviour, reassured his birds by uttering "Dearrs, dearrs!" and familiar onomatopoeic sounds.

A few days later the fox-man, who thought he was doing the right thing in offering this tantalising pleasure to his little wild animal, decided it would be fair to reveal the presence of himself and his fox.

"Oh, they're peculiar animals," said the hen-man.

"And intelligent," said the fox-man, going further. "And they don't mean any harm. If you gave him your hen, he wouldn't know what to do with her."

But the little fox shuddered, with an im-

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perceptible and passionate shudder, under his fur, while the cock and the hen, who were reassured by the sound of friendly voices—and they were also stupid—pecked and clucked beneath the fox's velvet eye.

The two animal-lovers became friendly, as people become friendly in the Bois or at a spa. You meet, you chat, you tell your favourite story, you tell the person you don't know two or three confidential things unknown to your close friends—and then you separate by the No. 16 tram stop—without giving either the name of the street where you live, or the number of the house.

A little fox, even when he's deprived, could not be close to hens without experiencing grave disorders. He grew thin, and dreamt aloud all night, in his yelping language. And his master, as he watched the fox's delicate and feverish muzzle turn away from his saucer of milk, saw coming towards him, from the depths of a green thicket in Auteuil, a wicked thought, barely distinct, with a moving shape that was faint but already ugly. . . . That day he chatted in a good friendly way with his friend the hen-man and absent-mindedly slackened the fox's chain a little, the fox took a step—should I call it a step, the gliding that neither revealed the tip of his toes nor crushed a single blade of grass?—towards the hen.

"Hey there!" exclaimed the hen-man.

"Oh!" said the fox-man, "he wouldn't touch it."

"I know that," said the hen-man.

The fox said nothing. He was pulled back and sat down sensibly while his glittering eyes expressed no thought.

The next day the two friends exchanged their views about line-fishing.

"If it was cheaper," said the hen-man, "I'd take a licence for the Upper Lake. But it's expensive. It makes roach more expensive than at the central market."

"But it's worth it," the fox-man replied. "A chap by the little lake caught so much the other day! Twenty-eight roach and a bream bigger than my hand."

"Fancy that!"

"And then, without blowing my own trumpet, I'm not useless either. You should see me throw a line. . . . I know how to flick my wrist, you know. . . . Like this . . . ."

He stood up, let go the fox's chain and whirled his arm in masterly fashion. A frenzied, russet object streaked through the grass in the direction of the yellow hen, but the hen-man quickly shot out his leg to stop him and there was only a muffled little bark. The fox went back to his master's feet and lay down.

"That was a near thing . . . " said the hen-man.

"I'm really very surprised," said the fox-man. "Will you say sorry to the gentleman, at once boy? What are you up to, then . . . ?"

The hen-man looked his friend in the eyes and there he read his secret, his unformed, pale and wicked thought. . . . He coughed, feeling choked with angry blood coming suddenly into his throat, and almost flew at the fox-man, who said to himself at the same moment, "The devil take him, him and his backyard . . . ." They both made the same effort to return to ordinary life, lowered their heads and moved away from each other, for ever, in the cautious fashion of honest folk who had just been within an inch of committing murder.

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J. Bronowski

The Disestablishment of Science

ON 2 FEBRUARY 1939 my late friend and colleague Leo Szilard sent a letter to Professor J. F. Joliot-Curie in France in which he proposed that atomic physicists should make a voluntary agreement not to publish any new findings on the fission of uranium. It was a crucial time in history. The date was shortly after Munich; Hitler was riding high, and was clearly determined to make war. And just at this threatening moment, results were published which left no doubt that the atom of uranium could be split and neutrons released in the process.[1] Szilard concluded that a chain reaction could be produced and warned Joliot-Curie, "In certain circumstances this might then lead to the construction of bombs which would be extremely dangerous in general and particularly in the hands of certain governments."

Far-sighted as Leo Szilard was, it is hard to believe that the events he feared could have been stopped even if the scientists he canvassed had accepted his invitation to silence. The embargo on publication that he tried to improvise was too crude to be realistic, in a field in which discoveries were being made so fast and their implications were so clear and so grave. At best Szilard's scheme could have been a stop-gap with which he might hope to buy a little time.

A NOTE *about Dr Bronowski—and the pre-publication controversy over his article—will be found on p. 96 of this number.*

Yet it is revealing and important that a scientist with the standing of Leo Szilard should have put into words the favourite day-dream of the bewildered citizen: to call a Moratorium on Science. It reminds us that scientists also feel helpless in the rush of events, which unseen hands seem constantly to direct towards more and more massive and unpleasant forms of death. We all want to buy time: a time to reflect, without next year's weapons programme already grinning behind our backs.

A PROPOSAL TO CALL a moratorium on science, in a strict and literal sense, would be as unrealistic today as it was thirty years ago. It does not matter whether it is conceived as a moratorium on research, on publication, or on development, in the present system of support for science it could be imposed only by government action. And no government would agree to that in the middle of an arms race, when it is hidebound in the concept of negotiating from strength—which means by threat and counter-threat. How nice, how idyllic it would be if governments could agree to suspend weapons research and counter-research, development and counter-development: because if the conditions for such an international agreement existed, peace and the millennium would already be here.

[1] The paper by Lise Meitner and O. R. Frisch on "Disintegration of Uranium by Neutrons" was published in *Nature* on 11 February 1939.

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IN FACT NO SCIENTIST, and I hope no one who cares for the growth of knowledge, would accept a moratorium even if it were practicable. The tradition of free inquiry and publication has been essential in setting the standard of absolute truth in science: it is already eroded by secrecy in government and industry, and we need to resist any extension of that. On this ground certainly any idea of a literal stand-still in science is wrong-headed, and I do not take it seriously. But it would be shallow to find in the popular dream of a moratorium nothing more than this literal idea. There is something there that goes deeper, and that is the idea of *a voluntary agreement among scientists themselves.*[2] For the layman sees that he will never put an end to misuse by letting governments tell scientists what to do: that leads only to the exploitation of science by those who know how to manipulate power. He sighs for a moratorium because he wants science used for good and is convinced that this can come about only by the action of scientists themselves.

If science is to express a conscience, it must come spontaneously out of the community of scientists. But of course this hope poses the crucial questions on which in the end the whole argument hinges. Is science as a discipline capable of inspiring in those who practise it a sense of communal responsibility? Can scientists be moved, as a body, to accept the moral decisions which their key position in this civilisation has thrust upon them?

These questions cut deep, and I do not think that any scientist now can sleep in peace by pushing them to the back of his mind. However, there are two distinct kinds of question here, which engage different parts of his activity and personality. Both are questions of moral conscience. But I will distinguish the first kind by calling them questions of *humanity* and the second by calling them questions of *integrity*.

THE QUESTIONS of *humanity* concern the stand that a man should take in the perpetual struggle of each nation to outwit the others, chiefly in the ability to make war. Although the scientist is more often drawn into this (as a technician) than his fellow citizens, his moral dilemma is just the same as theirs: he must weigh his patriotism against his sense of a universal humanity. If there is anything special about his being a scientist, it can only be that he is more conscious than others that he belongs to an international community.

The second kind of moral questions, those of *integrity*, derive from the conditions of work which science imposes on those who pursue it. Like every form of research and scholarship—indeed, like every intellectual commitment—science is an endless search for truth, and those who devote their lives to it must accept a stringent discipline. For example, they must not be a party to hiding the truth, for any end whatever. There is no distinction between means and ends for them. Science admits no other end than the truth, and therefore it rejects all those devices of expediency by which men who seek power excuse their use of bad means for what they call good ends.

I BEGIN WITH the questions of humanity. Since so much scientific and technical talent goes into advice and research on war, it is natural that the moral problem that stands largest in our minds (as it did in Leo Szilard's) is still the disavowal of war. I shall be saying later that this is by no means enough; yet it is certainly the first issue before us, and has rightly troubled the public sense of decency for the last twenty-five years.

No man who is able to see himself as others do can approve making war on civilians, and (as a consequence) using broadcast weapons—atomic bombs, napalm, orbiting missiles, and the like. Yet he also knows that every government that ordered the development of these indiscriminate weapons, anywhere in the world, did so as a duty to its own nation. This is why the man in the street wants scientists to turn away from such enterprises, or at the least to keep these dreadful secrets to themselves when they discover them. He knows that the heads of state have no choice: each of them has been elected to protect the interests of his nation, and to be deaf and stony-hearted to the interests of humanity at large. In a world in which dip-

[2] This was the finding of the first survey by *Mass Observation* after the atomic bombs were dropped in 1945, and has been repeatedly confirmed since then.

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lomacy still consists of national bargaining, and jockeying for positions of power, no statesman has a mandate for humanity, and therefore the man in the street turns to scientists in the desperate hope that they will act as keepers of an international conscience.

Some scientists will answer that they have a national duty, too, which is to disclose what they know to the head of state who has been elected to put it to whatever use he judges best. At a time of world war, when the survival of a nation may be at stake, most scientists will act like this; and they will have a better conscience than Klaus Fuchs, who thought himself entitled to do as he chose with scientific secrets. Even in time of peace, there will be some who will put national loyalty first. I think this is a matter of private conscience, which no man can adjudicate for another. Therefore scientists who feel that their ultimate loyalty is to their nation must be allowed to follow their conscience; and they should do so by working *directly for their government.*

But what I think is no longer tenable, in the times as they are, is the stance that Dr Robert Oppenheimer tried to maintain, namely to be a technical adviser on weapons on some days and an international conscience on others. The rivalry of nations has now become too bitter, and the choices that it poses for the scientist too appalling, to make it possible to be involved in weapons and war policy and still to claim the right of personal judgment. And that is not merely a matter of professional independence: it comes from a deeper conflict with the morality of nationalism, government, and diplomacy.

NATIONALISM HAS NOW DISTORTED the use of science so that it outrages the aspirations of the user. All over the world, from Jordan to Viet Nam, and from Nigeria to South America, men carry in their hands the most precise and expensive products of technology: automatic rifles, radar, infra-red glasses, homing rockets, and all the refined machinery of combat and terrorism. Yet the Viet Cong sniper and the Negro infantryman on whom these gifts are heaped has them only to kill. Nothing like this has been given him at home to live with: he has no toilet there and no bath, not a stick of decent furniture and no tools, no medicines and no schooling to speak of. It is bad enough that the world is full of people who live in such misery; and it is an affront to humanity and morality that there should then be pressed upon them as the blessings of technical civilisation the beautiful instruments of murder.

IT SEEMS PLAIN, therefore in my analysis that unless a scientist believes as a matter of conscience that he owes it to his nation to work directly on war research, he should not accept any indirect part in it. If he chooses war research, he should work in a government department or establishment. But if he abhors the consequences of national war, he should also reject any contract, grant or project that comes to him from a military department, in any country.

This is not an easy counsel in those countries (chiefly the United States and Russia) where most research in the physical sciences, and much outside them, is financed by service and other government departments. For it does not apply only to work on weapons and strategy, but by historical momentum extends over a large area of fundamental and theoretical research.[3]

The support of science from military and allied funds has come about in a haphazard way. In the main, it grew after 1945 out of the crash methods to finance research which had been improvised during the War. At that time, government money in most countries was channelled through the armed services, and it was convenient to go on having the

[3] Although I begin with the physical sciences, my theme is the dependence of all science now on government support, and I ought to give the reader some measure of that. To avoid an excess of detail, I will confine myself to two statistics: Where is basic research done, and who pays the piper there? In Soviet Russia, of course, the monopoly by government is absolute. In the United States between 1965 and 1970, 62% of the annual cost of basic research (which rose from 2.9 to 3.5 billion dollars in these years) was paid by the Federal Government, and 58% of it was done in the Universities. When research done outside the Universities is stripped from the total cost, the balance sheet becomes: 75% of the basic research done in the Universities is paid by Federal grants and contracts, and only 25% by other funds. This is for *basic research in all sciences together.* The disparity is even greater for the physical sciences alone, and for non-basic and development work. See *National Science Policies of the U.S.A.* (UNESCO 1968) and the *National Science Foundation Annual Report* for 1969.

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service departments farm out research directly. Since they were not short of money, they often gave grants even to theoretical scientists working in fundamental fields (such as mathematics and psychology) that had no foreseeable bearing on any practical service need.

This pattern of quasi-military support still persists, both in general research grants and in specific project costs and contracts, in much of the work done in physics and chemistry, for example.[4] There is a similar pattern in the research financed by the space programme in the United States; again the theoretical and fundamental scientist finds himself at the end of a long pipeline which is not strictly military, and yet whose command of funds derives from a belief by government that the department is a useful outpost of technology as an instrument of competitive nationalism.

Because of these arrangements, it is convenient for a worker in the physical sciences to draw the money for his research, whatever it is, from one of these quasi-military pipelines. And since his university usually cannot pay for his research, and often (in the United States, for example) cannot survive without grants, he is compelled to go for help where the money is. So it comes about that physical scientists in different countries, who would not willingly work in war research, nevertheless get their funds from government departments whose main business is related to war, or which are at least sensitive to the wishes and displeasures of war departments.

It seems timely to decide now that this is a bad practice, and that grants for non-military research should not come from quasi-military sources. A scientist who accepts money from such a source cannot be blind to the subtle conformity that it imposes on his own conduct and on those who work with him, including his students. The obligations that he silently incurs are dormant, but they are there, and he will be in a quandary whenever a government in trouble decides to make them explicit.

For example, government grants always carry the condition that the university in which they are used must control student protests; thus there must be no ban on recruiting by the armed services and by arms manufacturers. Even if security clearances are not required because the research is unclassified, security checks are carried out on all those working under quasi-military grants. For this purpose, as recent evidence has revealed, the university campuses are infested by spies.[5] If a student is stigmatised for "radical sympathies", he knows (and his professor sadly warns him) that he will not be allowed to work on government-aided projects again throughout his career. Most of these sanctions are never invoked; it is their silent presence which dictates the attitudes and directs the careers of young research workers in the physical sciences.

I have already said that most physicists who take money from government departments have nowhere else to go; so that if they were to refuse these grants, they would have to give up their research. This would be a hardship, but it is unlikely that it could last long. For the technical society that we live in cannot afford to let research languish, and will be forced to create new channels for support if the old channels are stopped up by the receivers themselves.

But it would be foolhardy to pretend that the transition period will be easy while it lasts. A deeply entrenched and politically powerful practice can be overthrown in time, but not without sacrifices meanwhile (in careers and even in scientific success) by those who take the first step in trying to break the monopoly of government patronage. Meanwhile, the longer we wait, the more deeply rooted this patronage becomes, and the harder to break.

I SHALL RETURN LATER to the problem of creating a new organisation of support for non-military research. For the problem applies to all sciences, far beyond physics, and before I discuss it I must establish a case for detaching them also from government departments. To do so, I must move on from the inhumanity of war to the moral standing of government influence in general: that is, to the issue of scientific and intellectual *integrity*.

The traditional issue of conscience for scientists has been the use of their work to make war more terrible. But the problem that

[4] Since this mode of support is most common in the United States, I draw my examples from there. But the same pattern is widespread in other Western nations, for example in the financing of computer research by NATO, and of research on atomic energy by the French government.

[5] *Hearings* of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights (March 1971).

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confronts us now is more fundamental and is all-embracing. Scientists can no longer confine their qualms to the uses and abuses to which their discoveries are put—to the development of weapons, or even to the larger implications of an irresponsible technology which distorts our civilisation. Instead they are face to face with a choice of conscience between two moralities: the morality of science, and the morality of national and government power.

My view is that *these two moralities are not compatible.* In world affairs, science has always been an enterprise without frontiers, and scientists as a body make up the most successful international community in the world. And I have already shown in my earlier analysis that, in a world of un-United Nations, the public is searching for someone to act for the human race as a whole, and hopes that scientists will do that.

In domestic affairs also, the morality of power was laid down centuries ago by Machiavelli for *The Prince,* and is incompatible with the integrity of science. This is a more subtle and recent issue, which has grown up with the extension of government patronage to cover all branches of science.

A pervasive moral distortion, a readiness to use any means for its own ends, warps the machinery of modern government. The scientist who joins a committee becomes a prisoner of the procedures by which governments everywhere are told only what they want to hear, and tell the public only what they want to have it believe. The machine is enveloped in secrecy, which is called "security" and is used as freely to hoodwink the nation as to protect it. A great apparatus of evasion is constructed, a sort of plastic language without content, in which a pack of deliberate half-truths (and less) goes by the euphemism of "the credibility gap."[6]

The scientist who goes into this jungle of 20th-century government, anywhere in the world, puts himself at a double disadvantage. In the first place, he does not make policy; he does not even help to make it, and most of the time he has no idea what shifts of policy his advice is meant to serve. And in the second (and oddly, for him, the more serious) place, he has no control over the way in which what he says in council will be presented to the public. I call this more serious for him, because *public respect for science is built on its intellectual integrity,* and the second-hand statements and the garbled extracts that are attributed to him bring that into disrepute.

Government is an apparatus which exercises power and which is bent on retaining it; and in the 20th century, more than ever before, it spends its time in trying to perpetuate itself by justifying itself. This cast of mind and of method is flatly at odds with the integrity of science, on which its intellectual values and its practical success alike are founded, and which consists of two parts. One is the free and total dissemination of knowledge: but since knowledge leads to power, no government is happy with that. The other is that science makes no distinction between means and ends: but since all governments believe that power is good in itself, they will use any means to that end.

An example from Russia shows how damaging the dependence on government favour is for the integrity of science. There the science of biology in general, and genetics in particular, was dominated for nearly thirty years, from 1937 to 1964, by a second-rate scientist and charlatan, T. D. Lysenko, whose only skill was in exploiting the favours of two successive heads of state.[7] So he was able to falsify biology on a grand scale, to bring up his students in ignorance and deceit and, incidentally, to do lasting damage to Russian agriculture. These are the consequences of the manipulation of science for the sake of political conformity and power. Yet to my mind Lysenko did a greater harm than all these:

[6] Two specific forms of evasion and obscuration are at work here. One stems from the wish of government departments to protect themselves from informed criticism, which is done most simply by hiding information: see, for example, the editorial "In Place of Information" in *Nature,* 28 June 1969. The other is more aggressive, and in the United States (as in Russia) makes constant propaganda on behalf of party and departmental policies as if they were expressions of the national will. There are good accounts of this public relations activity by several Washington observers, of which the most intimate is Senator J. W. Fulbright's *The Pentagon Propaganda Machine.*

[7] I choose this familiar example because it has been well documented recently by Zhores A. Medvedev in *The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko* (Columbia University Press, 1969); and because the continued persecution of Medvedev after the publication of his book shows what energy and spite bureaucratic officials are willing to expend to hide errors by the ruling establishment, past as well as present.

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by being able to silence those who tried to argue with him, he destroyed the trust of other Russian intellectuals in their scientists.[8]

Lest it be thought that falsification and ostracism are the monopoly of Soviet Russia, let me quote two modest up-to-date examples from the United States. On 26 March 1969 Deputy Defence Secretary David R. Packard, pressed at a public hearing to name some independent scientists whom his department had consulted in its plans for anti-ballistic missile defences, named Wolfgang Panofsky of Stanford University. Many scientists who depend on government funds (and good-will) would find it hard to speak out in face of such a statement; it is to the credit of Professor Panofsky that two days later he announced that what the Deputy Defence Secretary had said was not mistaken—it was simply untrue. The only question on the subject that the Defence Department had ever asked Panofsky was when Packard ran into him by accident at San Francisco airport three weeks earlier, and they talked casually together.

And as in Russia, the hand of government reaches into the non-physical as well as the physical sciences. On 19 October 1969 it was revealed that, in spite of earlier denials, the National Institutes of Health (which sustain and administer the bulk of fundamental research in the biological sciences) maintain two black-lists of scientists who are not appointed to any Institute committees. The second of these black-lists, which came to light that day, contained among 47 others the name of my colleague Salvador Luria, who had just won a Nobel Prize—which is indeed how the existence of the list was discovered.

WE LIVE IN A CIVILISATION in which science is no longer a profession like any other. For now the hidden spring of power is knowledge; and more than this, power over our environment grows from discovery. Therefore, those whose profession is knowledge and discovery hold a place which is crucial in our societies: crucial in importance and hence in responsibility. This is true for everyone who follows an intellectual profession; in the sense that I have just described it, ours is an intellectual civilisation, and the responsibility of the scientist is, I repeat, only a particular case of the moral responsiblity which every intellectual must accept. Nevertheless, it is fair to pin the responsibility most squarely on scientists, because their pursuits have for some time had the largest practical influence on our lives, and as a result have made them favoured children in the register of social importance—some would say, spoilt children. So other intellectuals have a right to ask of them, as favoured children, that they accept the moral leadership which their singular status demands. This calls both for a sensitive humanity and a selfless integrity, and it is the second of these that I am now stressing.

The Russian example is a warning that scientists have to renounce the creeping patronage of governments if they want to preserve the integrity of knowledge as a means and an end which thoughtful citizens (including their own students) prize in them. In my view, *there is now a duty laid on scientists to set an incorruptible standard for public morality*. The public has begun to understand that the constant march from one discovery to the next is kept going not by luck and not even by cleverness, but by something in the method of science: an unrelenting independence in the search for truth that pays no attention to received opinion, or expediency, or political advantage. We have to foster that public understanding, because in time it will work an intellectual revolution even in affairs of state. And meanwhile we as scientists have to act as guardians and as models for the public hope that somewhere there is a moral authority in man which can overcome all obstacles.

These considerations apply as much to those sciences (for example, the biological sciences) whose support comes from branches of government which have no military connections. For the moral issues that face the whole body of scientists now are no longer to be measured by the simple scale of war or peace. We see the growing involvement year by year of government in science and science in government;

[8] A special tribute is therefore due to those Russian scientists who have continued to speak out against a passive conformity: among them Igor Tamm, Pyotr Kapitza and Andrei Sakharov. I quote from Sakharov's essay to celebrate Tamm's 70th birthday in 1965: "A tremendous role was played by the struggle of principle that Tamm waged for decades against the primitive dogmatism that refused to accept, first the theory of relativity, and then quantum mechanics. With the same passion he came out against the arbitrary high-handedness in biology".

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and unless we cut that entanglement, we endanger the integrity of all science, and undermine the public trust in it by which I set such store. The silent pressure for conformity exists whenever grants and contracts for research are under the direct control of governments; and then (as the Russian example shows) no science is immune to the infection of politics and the corruption of power.

THE VIEW THAT scientists, and intellectuals in general, have a special responsibility to society is sometimes called élitist. This characterisation seems to me both untrue and silly. It is untrue because it implies that there is a claim that the special responsibility of scientists and intellectuals is somehow superior to that of others. But, of course, I claim nothing of the kind; I claim that it is *special,* in the same sense in which the responsibility of a doctor, a pilot, or the operator of a crane is special—simply in virtue of the work that they do. That is to say, failure on their part to carry out their work with integrity is a danger to all those in the society who rely on them and must trust them. And it is silly, because it suggests that scientists wish to form a ruling clique: whereas, on the contrary, my plea to scientists is that they should break with the ruling clique before they are identified with it forever.

THE TIME HAS COME to consider how we might bring about a separation, as complete as possible, between Science and Government in all countries. I call this the *disestablishment of science,* in the same sense in which the churches have been disestablished and have become independent of the state. It may be that disestablishment can be brought about only by the example of some outstanding scientists—as the great Kapitza refused the directions of Stalin in Russia, and Max von Laue refused to work for Hitler in Germany. But the immediate need is more practical. It is to have all scientists consider the form that disestablishment should take, and for which they would be willing to make common cause.

Evidently *the choice of priorities in research should not be left in the hands of governments.* This is a view that government departments will not like, so that scientists who hold it will need to be single-minded if they are to make it heard. They may have to refuse to apply for grants and contracts that are allocated directly by departments. Again, this would be a hardship for many scientists, who now have nowhere else to go for money and who would be forced to suspend their research. But they must be willing to face the hardship for a time if they are serious and united in the will to put science into the hands of scientists.

In the long run, the aim should be to get a single and overall fund or grant for research, to be divided by all the scientists in a country. This would be an effective form of disestablishment, and no doubt governments would accept it rather than watch research become moribund. The alternative would be to let the scientific community build its own fund, and derive an income for itself, by pooling its discoveries and selling the rights to use them. But this is an undesirable alternative, because it would turn science into a gigantic corporation (open to all the abuses of commercial rivalry and monopoly) whose interests would thereby be divided from those of the rest of society. A self-financing corporation would withdraw science from communal interests and the social struggle, and I am of course fighting *against* scientific withdrawal. My criticism of the alliance between government and science is precisely that it represents a withdrawal by scientists to a position of privilege, protected from the social struggle.

Once there is a single grant for all research together, its division becomes the business of scientists themselves. They have plenty of practice now in sitting on panels that grade the applicants for the money assigned to each small section of a scientific topic. But in the future they will have to undertake to weigh section against section, topic against topic, field against field, and (at the top of this pyramid) each branch of science against the rest. This is a communal responsibility, and must be shared with the community by a form of representation which will have to be devised for the purpose. What is clear is that the representation must be direct, and specific to the joint social and scientific need; it must not be under the influence of government departments, for whom scientific priorities are simply an instrument of policy.

The disestablishment of science will compel the body of scientists to assign its own priorities on behalf of the community and

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with it, and divide the overall grant at its disposal accordingly. On the small scale, this is a familiar task and does not seem onerous. The consideration of the work and the promise of other scientists, the criticism of new work and new plans, is an informal part of every scientist's education. At present, it is formalised in the many small review committees which advise on grants in specialised fields. But there is no reason in principle why the procedure should not change its scale, and grow into an overall review of the whole field of scientific research. In most nations, the senior scientific bodies (for example, the Royal Society and the Medical Research Council in England, and the National Academy of Sciences in the United States) make such surveys in piecemeal fashion from time to time. That is only a faint shadow at present of a science policy directed in each nation with communal help by its scientists. But it is a shadow that points the way to go: it shows that the method is practical, and can be developed from known procedures.

SO FAR, I HAVE PROPOSED two steps in the disestablishment of science: first, refusal to accept grants or contracts or projects directly from government agencies, and second, demand for a single national grant which is then to be allocated by the scientific community itself. There remains a third step in the more distant future, and yet it is the crucial step: the allocation of research as a single *international* undertaking.

The public in every nation in the world is looking for an international conscience—that is the point from which I began this article, and on which it hinges. For it knows that nationalism is an anachronism, and a dying form of civilisation. So the public everywhere looks to scientists to find a practical way to express the sense of international duty and decency which is so plainly waiting over the horizon. The reason for this trust is precisely that science is recognised as an international fellowship: international in its principles, and international as a body of men.

In the end, then, the disestablishment of science must mean a change from national to international policies. Evidently, these policies will have to be debated, formed, and put into practice by scientists themselves—our experience of so-called international organisations makes that plain.[9] Alas, we shall not take this third step very soon. True, it has been possible to run international committees on special fields in science already. But on the total scale of science it is an immense responsibility. The body of scientists as a whole will have to develop a system of representation to make its policy, in which the young, the bold, the idealistic and the unorthodox have a better chance to be heard than they do in politics. There is good evidence that this happens in science, and it is the best reason of all for giving scientists their head.

So the scientific community, through its own and other communal representatives, will have to judge and balance the importance of the different branches of science at any time, and of the new lines of research in each. It will have to guess the time and the chance of success in each line. And then it will have to combine the judgments of importance with the guesses at success, in order to arrive at a scale of priorities—a scale of claims, as it were—in accordance with which it must divide its overall grant.

It would be nice to believe that the computation of priorities in this way requires nothing more than scientific competence aided by social passion. But alas, even the disestablishment of science cannot make life so simple. There is no judgment of the importance of a field or a line of research that can be confined to its scientific potential. Every judgment in life contains a silent estimate of human and social values too, and the representatives of science will not be able to shirk that. There is no guarantee that scientists will make a better job of fitting science to humanity than has been done so far; but it is time that they faced their moral obligations and tried.

[9] The shortcomings of present international organisations are trenchantly described by one of their most distinguished servants, Gunnar Myrdal, in his Clark Memorial Lecture given at Toronto in 1969. Myrdal calls them inter-*governmental* organisations because, he says, they are only "an agreed matrix for the multilateral pursuit of national policies." His account of the national pressures on the secretariat is a sad but salutary catalogue of intrigue, deceit, spying, and open threats.

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Paruir Sevak

The Level-crossing

Between duty and love
I stand like a barrier.

At any moment I shall uproot myself
Silently go to the Law, tell him:
Make me one of the codes in your Book.
Make me that "overruled" that "dismissed"
Which keep choking us like incurable asthma.

And if you ask the joker
You will see a greasy smile
Hear a chuckle, then:
"The cock has no hands only because
The hen has no waist and skirt."

I say with a blunt sigh
As someone begging for mercy:
—Cut off my hands please!
Because I stand
Between duty and love
Like a barrier.

I don't need these hands
Hereafter.
She is not here
Whom I called *mine*
That even the frogs
Sitting like Buddha
On the river-bank
Gazed at me with bulging eyes
Striving to learn by heart
That short but shot word *mine*.

Now you are as much mine
As the princess of Ethiopia;
Because I myself stand
Between duty and love
Like a barrier.

I can't love like this.
In this way
I die at that slow rate
With which old ships
Rot away
Under the sea.

The Buffoon

Where does the wind live?
—In palaces
and of course in our nostrils.

Where does silence die?
—In sermons
and in our constrained ears.

Where is our hot blood buried?
—Under the nails of our old foe
curved nails waiting for scissors.

Where do the idols die?
—Under the weight of clapping hands
and in incense.

Where does the brain grow?
—Not in our heads
but in our wounds.

Where is our salvation?
—In our hands
and alas not in our hands.

The translator, Gurig Basmadjian, writes: "The most original and perhaps the most important Armenian poet of this century is Paruir Sevak. He was born in 1924, is a doctor of philology, and introduced the modern movement into Armenian poetry".

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Going into Europe—Again?

IN THE *very nature of the case, once the United Kingdom had formally re-applied for membership in the Common Market, British attitudes towards Europe (barring, that is, a complete breakdown of the existing Parliamentary majority) were less important than European attitudes towards Britain. Even here there was little that was problematical, most of official and unofficial Continental opinion having welcomed the expansion of the small Club of the Six into a wider Community. Surprisingly enough, even the French public opinion polls indicated a pro-British popular feeling. Perhaps it is only a small circle of Paris officials who have been the source of all the cross-Channel difficulties. Not being "very good Europeans" themselves, they darkly impugned the "true Europeanism" behind Westminster's decade-long effort to join.*

To be sure, British political opinion has been far from unanimous; and the polls over the years have suggested great swings between pro and contra in the U.K. population at large. As for the intellectuals, some may feel—with Anthony Powell—that they should get on with their work, literary or artistic or academic, and not be asked to pronounce on great public issues for which they are technically and temperamentally unprepared. Yet, whether their attitudes towards Europe are relevant or not, informed and constructive or not, serious or not—the reactions to our first instalment last month included a wide variety of such criticisms—this Symposium can in its way be taken to be a documentation of the English public mind today. As one English reader has written, "all our intellectual virtues and vices are there...."

And one wonders what that keen observer of Anglo-European relations, Alexis de Tocqueville, would have made of it:

> *"Dangerous as it is to speak of a foreign country, I venture to say that England is mistaken if she thinks that she can continue separated from the rest of the world, and preserve all her peculiar institutions uninfluenced by those which prevail over the whole of the Continent.*
>
> *"In the period in which we live, and, still more, in the period which is approaching, no European nation can long remain absolutely dissimilar to all the others. I believe that a law existing over the whole Continent must in time influence the laws of Great Britain, notwithstanding the sea, and notwithstanding the habits and institutions, which, still more than the sea, have separated you from us, up to the present time.*
>
> *"My prophecies may not be accomplished in our time; but I should not be sorry to deposit this letter with a notary, to be opened, and their truth or falsehood proved, fifty years hence...."*

But that was all of 116 years ago (in a conversation with Nassau W. Senior, 15 February 1855)! . . . Next month we will conclude our Symposium with the views of (among other last-minute arrivals) Michael Shanks, Arnold Wesker, Ernest Gellner, Colin Clark, John Vaizey, Kathleen Nott, Terence Prittie, James Morris, Harold Evans, Lord Kennet (Wayland Young), Peter Hall, Charles Wintour, Anthony Burgess, Maurice Cranston, Anthony Hartley, Tibor Szanuely.

A Symposium (II)

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Michael Howard[31]

TEN YEARS AGO "Europe" was El Dorado, the Promised Land, the solution to all the ills that beset a stagnant British economy, a substitute for our lost Empire where we could exercise our political flair and sense of mission. The shock treatment of free exchange of goods and labour would galvanise our industry. The sagacity of our statesmen and administrators would pacify the wild tribes beyond the Channel. A Third Force would arise in the international scene armed with the wisdom of the old world and the weapons of the new. Even those who were not impressed by the seductive prospects canvassed by the advocates of the Common Market were so depressed by the picture of what would happen to us if we did not join that they allowed their names to be numbered among the elect.

For all but the fanatics, the vision has now faded. Our industry has reached a state where shock treatment seems likely to put it out of its misery in a rather different sense from that originally intended. We are less confident than we were about our ability to manage our own affairs, let alone anyone else's. Since 1968 our continental partners have appeared rather less attractive as bedfellows or—in the case of France and Italy at least—as models. And the *price* we are likely to have to pay in terms of sheer cost of goods in the shops—however persuasively Geoffrey Rippon may cozen in Brussels, however grimly Edward Heath may warn—is one which appears, the nearer we approach it, increasingly horrifying. It is all very well to say that in the long run our growth rate will enable us to bear such minor inconveniences with equanimity. In the long run we are all, especially the old age pensioners, dead; and electorates, most unfairly, cast their votes, not on the basis of what governments do for them in the long run, but what they have done to them in the short.

The more closely one examines the problems in detail, the less attractive does the prospect of joining the Common Market appear. But the longer one looks at it in broad perspective, the more absurd seems the alternative of *not* joining.

Ten years ago we were all writing gushing little pieces about how European we were, sinew of Racine's sinew, bone of Hölderlin's bone. Now it is not only the cosy intellectual coteries who can say this, but the real masses, made European by cheap holidays, television, pop music, above all *football*. Goethe might not like European culture much if he could see it today, but it is unmistakably and irremovably there—or rather, here. So is European trade, thundering over in the ferries in ever-swelling volume. And so, most unifying factor of all, is *le défi Americain*, as the workers at Luton and Dagenham know to their cost. For the American investor we are all part of one undifferentiated Yurrp, some provinces of which are, regrettably, less profitable than others. All these processes seem likely to intensify whether we enter the Common Market or not.

It is by no means clear to me that we will improve our economic position even in the long run by joining the Common Market. But to join would remove a number of gratuitous obstacles to our doing so. (Why, incidentally, if the Six can exact ruinous levies to protect their antiquated agriculture, cannot we do the same to protect our antiquated industries?) Nor is it clear that Western Europe will be made any richer, or happier, or more powerful if we do join. But the probability remains strong, that we will be poorer, more miserable and even more impotent than we are at present if we do not. The issue is no longer one that excites me very much. But perhaps after ten years, I am simply less excitable.

Kingsley Amis[32]

I AM NOW EVEN MORE firmly opposed to our joining than I was in 1962. Then, when the prospect was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, it was probably not very dim of a non-economist like myself to feel "a closer economic relation with the Continent" to be "desirable, even necessary" while unhesitatingly concluding against entry on political grounds. Now, the cloud has rolled up close enough for its darker economic features to be plain even to the unassisted eye: the £1,000-million entrance fee (for the benefit of French and German farmers who are even less efficient than our own), the likelihood of reduced trade with America and elsewhere, the aim of monetary union (how do French and German chancellors and bankers compare with their farmers?). No, with all the danger of being on the same side as Kaldor, I find the risks too dismaying, not to speak of the certainties.

Pessimism or at least caution of this sort seems to be spreading, not least among pro-Market campaigners, who have recently begun to tone down some of their economic arguments. Indeed, an article by Colin Welch some months ago seemed to carry the message—I admit to caricaturing slightly—"Well, the trade position after entry does look a bit dodgy, but then at least we'd be giving up our national sovereignty". And that, of course, is the decisive point. The inevitability (if we go in) of eventual political union with the Six has long been generally admitted. And we must not unite with a group containing, virtually

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[32] KINGSLEY AMIS, novelist, author of *Lucky Jim* (1954), *Take a Girl Like You* (1960), *The Anti-Death League* (1966), *The Green Man* (1969).

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comprising, France, Germany and Italy, where both Right and Left have so recently behaved so badly and may so easily start their tricks again.

This does not mean I want any kind of wall round Britain. Military alliances between sovereign states remain possible. "Cultural ties" must and will endure, but let them be ties, not bonds. Let us not submit ourselves to "harmonisation" —that new and dreadful euphemism for the projected ironing-out of national differences in every department of life. A "European" culture would not be a culture; nor, incidentally, would it be European except in a geographical sense.

Donald Tyerman[33]

I THINK IT WAS Geoffrey Crowther who, when asked what was the nicest thing about being no longer an editor, replied that he needed no longer to have an opinion about everything.

The biggest change for me personally since your Symposium about Europe in 1962-63 is that, whereas then I was an editor, committed to making up my mind, my paper's mind and, if we could, our readers' minds about Europe, now I am a more or less detached observer—committed to Europe still, I have to say, but now as an ordinary confused citizen, not at all as a supposed pundit.

As an observer, the biggest change since 1962-63 seems to me to be that, whereas then the sticking question was whether Europe was fit for us to join, the question now is, at bottom, whether we are fit to join Europe. If we go into that kitchen, can we stand the heat?

Much the most powerful economic argument against joining Europe has come, of course, from Professor Nicholas Kaldor, outstandingly our best professional and most honest economic pundit on these practical matters from the left-wing stance. Those of us who through the years have favoured union with Europe because, qualitatively, it would shift the pattern of our exports from the old least value-added goods of the traditional commercial and free-trading connections with our established Imperial markets to the new most value-added goods of the new technologically industrial world, and because, quantitatively, it would widen both the base and the market for these new industries, have argued that we will be joining, as it were, a moving staircase on its way up. But moving staircases go down as well as up. And Professor Kaldor believes that, situated as our economy now is, with its unsolved problems both of growth and still, because of continuing inflation, of the balance of payments, we will inevitably be joining—because of the European Community's financial and agricultural regulations and currency exchange rules—the moving staircase on its way down, and down and down.

No doubt he could be right. But I do not believe that he is. I cannot prove, in this lay comment, that Professor Kaldor is wrong when he says that, in our present economic, industrial and commercial predicament, with our exchange rate fixed and sacred once more, going into Europe means inevitably a downward spiral. But I do believe that his premises, his models of British and European policies, take too much for granted, are too static and unlikely to be the facts. Certainly everybody in this country who has believed that going into Europe was a patent medicine, bound to boost us in every way and solve our difficulties for us, has grievously deceived himself—even about the purpose of the exercise. Going into Europe, by any sensible definition, was bound, indeed urgently needed, to be a painful business, sorting out the sheep from the goats among our would-be competitive enterprises, sifting the men from the boys, agriculture and all. This was the first, not the last, economic and industrial argument for going in at all: it was to be the real test of competition, to turn us in a twenty-first century direction.

IF GOING INTO Europe does sore harm to some particular, less than competitive industries, then that is just what going into Europe is intended to do. But it is admittedly quite another matter if, as Professor Kaldor contends, it will do lasting harm to our economy as a whole. The case was that, while some would go to the wall, others would thrive, and the whole would grow. The question here is not whether the price of entry, because of the agricultural and financial arrangements of the Community, is too high; it is whether, as Professor Kaldor alleges, the continuing consequences of having first to pay that price of entry are going to be too costly over the years, in terms of growth, competitive capability and the balance of payments, for the British economy to go on bearing. I remain totally unconvinced of this.

Certainly I do not believe, by present signs, that the alternative of not going into Europe is going to provide us with any but worse solutions to these problems. Whether we go up or down in the European escalator will depend, as it must do anyhow, on our own endeavours and ingenuity. The European context, as I see it and hope, will give us a much better, not a worse, chance of finding our way up. I say that, for all the follies of the Community's agricultural and financial arrangments, which, if we had gone in much sooner, we might have done something more than we can do now to make more sensibly viable.

But then, they say, we couldn't have gone in sooner because the French were against it. That has been the Achilles heel of British foreign policy for half a century. We always blame the French. We have done so ever since the First World War. We do it because of the strange lingering sense of guilt, right back to 1914, when though we went with a will into the war in the end, we felt, and still feel, that in some odd way the French conned us then into going into Europe—to fight. This, of course, is legend, and nonsense. All the

[33] DONALD TYERMAN was editor of *The Economist*, 1956-65.

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First World War proved, like the Second World War, and every previous big war since the seventeenth century, was that Britain or especially, England is a European country, whether it likes it or not. The trouble for both England and Europe was that England always awakened to this too late.

THE BASIC WEAKNESS of British foreign policy between the world wars, and the fatal fault of the rulers of opinion in that period, was this savage animus against France—bloody though the French, let down by us and the Americans after the war in terms of "security", as they saw it, could always be. It led then to our appeasement of Nazi Germany—and, with other things, to the claustrophobic collapse of France.

It is still our weakness. General de Gaulle could be bloody too, as indeed his own invention, President Pompidou, can be, in a more public servant-like style. But we could have perfectly well been in Europe, helping to shape and fashion it, long before de Gaulle came back with his built-in veto. We still can be.

The only question about Europe, the only "starter" in this crucial meal, is what is in our interest? It is not what the French want or do not want, not what the Germans would like if they dared to say, not what the Americans would like us to do. A big argument for the big Europe, in fact, is not that it will stand against the United States—that would be sheer idiocy—but that it will be able, as against the United States, to stand on its own feet. The post-1945 concept of Europe, is clear, and clearly, I think, in our own national interest. The core of it is the reconciliation of France and Germany. The cladding (to use an apt building term) is the addition not only of the inner walls of the Low Countries and Italy, but also the outer walls of the Scandinavian Europeans and the British Isles, including Ireland. The style, if we can all play our part in the design, has to be open-doored—open westward to the Americas, eastward to those across the Curtain who may be allowed, if ever, to open their doors, outward to the underdeveloped countries.

All I can answer to your query is that, compared with 1962-63 and after hearing or reading all the arguments since, I am more, not less, in favour of going into Europe. We said then, editorially and anonymously, "More than Fifty-Fifty". I would put it higher now, in Europe's favour. I do not accept that our economy need be so weak, and the European economy so constrictive, that we must inevitably, if we go in, descend into Avernus. I do believe though that, if we are going to go in, we must get on with the French, as well as with the Germans, and not just use, for a second generation, French bloody-mindedness as our "alibi" for indecision.

FINALLY, I ought perhaps to say again, as an observer, what I said, when an editor, in your Symposium in February, 1963:

1. I still believe, while believing in joining Europe, in "the indispensability of the American connection and alliance not only as a matter of life-and-death interest and friendship, but also as a fact of history and a central part of the expansion of Europe in which we were a prime carrier and the United States the largest container".

2. "The Europe we really belong to, past, present and future, is bigger than the Six, though we must start where we can. . . . It looks East as well as West. I am no more a little European than I am a little Englander."

David Daiches [34]

ONCE AGAIN, I find myself torn between two opinions. I feel myself to be deeply European; I am at home in Europe and in its civilisation. I can think of nothing more splendid than for Europe to be a federation of states with only nominal frontiers. I would willingly sacrifice some short-term economic gain for the long-term political gain of a united Europe, and risk the loss of long-term economic gains which, as far as I can make out, seem to be a matter of conjecture or perhaps only of pious hope. What bothers me is not so much the divided opinions of economists about the economic consequences of Britain joining the Common Market, but the actual terms in which the argument is conducted. The argument is about whether, by joining a rich man's club, we shall ourselves become richer. But it seems to me that the real long-term interests of Europe cannot be separated from the fate of the world as a whole and in particular from that of what are euphemistically known as the "developing countries." The argument against joining the Common Market that most struck me was not Kaldor's but Michael Lipton's (in two articles in *The Times*). Unless the polarisation between the developed and the developing—or the rich and the poor—countries can be halted, and indeed reversed, we are heading for an almighty crash, which will be all the more terrible if the polarisation is at the same time seen to be in terms of colour. Any intelligent and imaginative planning for the future of Europe must, it seems to me, take into account this world picture, and I see no sign that the Common Market has any real concern with it at all.

Then, at the other extreme, I am worried about what may be considered a tiny parochial matter. I come from Scotland, and I know a little about the problems of Scottish inshore fishermen (and about 80% of the total United Kingdom inshore fishing fleet operates from Scotland) and upland farming. These industries, which are socially, economically, historically and psychologically of the greatest importance to Scotland, would suffer fatally if Britain joined the Common

[34] DAVID DAICHES, Professor of English, University of Sussex. Among his books are *Two Worlds* (1955) and *A Critical History of English Literature* (2 vols., 1960).

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Market (unless special arrangements are made of which there seems to be no likelihood whatever). Dr Mansholt has specifically dismissed the hill farmers, whom he seems to regard as anachronisms to be got rid of ("they should receive social help on a reducing scale," he has affirmed, "and they should be encouraged to leave the land to seek jobs in other industries"—George Scott-Moncrieff's letter to *The Times*, 23 March 1971). The inshore fishing fleets, built up with such pains after the war, and benefiting by the conservation measures practised in British waters, would be seriously threatened by Common Market trawlers which, if we entered, would have the right to fish right up to our beaches and which, having wickedly over-fished their own waters by techniques which we do not allow, would then proceed to ruin ours. Some special arrangement must be made both for hill farmers and inshore fishermen if Britain's joining the Common Market is not to be a social disaster for Scotland.

These are my doubts—one global, one (it may be thought) parochial. If an EEC could be developed which would meet the points I have raised and so resolve these doubts, no one would be more delighted than myself.

George Mikes [35]

RE-READING THE CONTRIBUTIONS of almost a decade ago one finds that while all possible aspects of our joining the Common Market were discussed, it never passed anyone's mind (including mine, of course) that it was not one hundred per cent up to us whether we join or not. It simply failed to occur to anyone that we might, however hesitantly, decide to join and General de Gaulle might shake his head. This is a melancholy symptom. Attitudes change much more slowly than reality: we were still acting with Imperial grandeur while we were regarded by others as supplicants with cap in hand or, in the best case, as applicants with a form to be filled in.

Re-reading those pages (which, as I recall, created such a stir) one also finds that nearly all the questions raised then have received their answers by now. The objections—by and large—were these: **(1)** Quite a few people said that the economic arguments were beyond them and they did not know whether joining the Common Market was a Good Thing; others said they did know and it was, in fact, a Bad Thing. **(2)** Our place was in the Commonwealth. **(3)** We must not imperil our special relationship with the United States. **(4)** And finally there were the emotional arguments, amounting to saying that we were so terribly and incorrigibly British that we just could not become bloody foreigners lock, stock, and barrel.

The intervening years, as I have said, have given their answer. **(1)** There is no doubt that the Common Market countries have been doing better than we, and it is also painfully obvious that we would have been doing better within the Common Market than without. It is true that the price of foodstuffs will go up. But is a once great Empire going to make its future dependent on the price of butter which, in common with other commodities, is going up by leaps and bounds *in any case?* **(2)** The Commonwealth—are we endangering Mr Kenneth Kaunda's deep affection for us? Or are we afraid that Mr Milton Obote—sorry, I mean his successor, General Amin—will be less devoted to our cause than he is now? We must, of course, keep on the best possible terms with our real friends, Australia, New Zealand, India, etc., etc. But the Commonwealth, as a closely-knit unit, is an absurdity. Ten years ago it was a good joke; by today it has become awfully feeble. **(3)** And our "special relationship" with the United States is the worst joke of all. Herr Willy Brandt may have it; we don't.

(4) This leaves us with the emotional arguments. One suspects that most of us have started out from emotions and proceeded to find rational arguments for our prejudices. We feel not only that we might be less English, less Scottish, less Welsh if we join but we are also convinced that it is the supreme good to remain as English, as Scottish, and as Welsh as possible. You can listen to me in this case. I was born an alien and gave more than thirty years of my life to get away from Europe and to become as English as Lord Salisbury or more. If I resign myself to become European once again, then mere Englishmen can resign themselves too.

It would help us emotionally if we used a different phraseology. To speak of "joining the Common Market" is not very inspiring. You cannot be aroused by the idea of a Market, nor feel a patriotic passion for it; you cannot sing with tears in your eyes: "There'll always be—a Market . . ." EEC is just as bad; it sounds like joining I.C.I., or the B.B.C. Yet, the truth is that we have every reason to be fond, and proud, of good old Europe. Egypt and Assyria may have been the centres of civilisation a few thousand years ago, and Ghana and Zambia may be in the lead in the near or distant future. But let's face it—with a blush, if we insist—that Europe is the most civilised, tolerant, and one of the most prosperous regions of the world. Having plunged the world into periodic wars for centuries, Europe is quiet, sober, and unruffled now and a European war is no more of a threat than a war between the Roses. Less, if you ask me. Accept your temporary cultural lead over the world (including America), accept it with modesty and humility; and accept all the responsibility that goes with it. Do not just join a Market. Become Europeans. It will not hurt more—I promise—than decimalisation did.

[35] GEORGE MIKES, author of *How to be an Alien* (1946), *The Hungarian Revolution* (1957), *Laughing Matter* (1971).

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And finally where are ye olde English virtues? If we do not insist on joining a Club which is reluctant to elect us, what has become of that true, indomitable, and eternal British spirit we are supposed to stand for?

Brian Crozier [36]

THE EUROPEAN DREAM, once bright with beckoning colours, now looks sadly faded. It is appalling to think of the things that have not been done, or been done maladroitly and too late, in the eight years since ENCOUNTER last published collected views on "Going into Europe." But the trouble goes back much further. We disdained the appointment at Messina in 1955 and failed to sign the Treaty of Rome. We could have led Europe and shaped it in our image. Instead, we wasted our time with the Free Trade Area before leading the few who would follow us into the *impasse* of EFTA.

Rebuffed by de Gaulle, we turned to self-abasement, changing our clocks, tampering with our thermometers and introducing one of the strangest currency systems yet devised. (Only the British, surely, could have landed citizens with money in which both decimals and fractions have to be used: such eccentricity is almost consoling.) But there is worse on the way. The Common Agricultural Policy is sheerest lunacy: by how many miles would Europe's mountains of butter, if placed end to end, overtop the Empire State Building? Yet we are abandoning our sensible policy of subsidies to the farmer in favour of the European way of high prices, so that housewives and bread-winners will bear the burden.

Alas, none of this, singly or together, has the slightest bearing on our chances of "going into Europe." Pompidou will not, as de Gaulle did with such relish, impose a veto on our entry: he will merely keep the price so high that the British government will have to ask itself whether entry means loss of office. Mr Wilson's silence is ominous: and are we really going to have an election fought on whether or not to accept the unacceptable?

On the other hand, we seem, between 1960 and 1970, to have slipped from fourth place to fourteenth for GNP *per capita*, so the relevant question, still, is: Can we afford to stay out? Is it not tragic that the issue has to be presented in such negative terms? There were good, positive reasons for going into Europe, once. Now we wonder what we are going to lose if we don't, and are not at all sure of the answer. Marginally, I think, we must still try.

Samuel Brittan [37]

I WISH TO USE THIS SPACE to urge the case for a referendum on the issue. The case for a referendum has so far been put almost entirely by those opposed to joining the EEC. I myself, with many misgivings, doubts and hesitations, should probably vote in favour. It is nevertheless very wrong that the political establishment should attempt to take this decision over the heads of those affected.

One of the most convincing arguments against government by referendum is that the elector is not competent to adjudicate over means. Our system works through an electoral judgment on broad results. Voters know that they are not competent to determine subjects such as the size of the Budget deficit or the level of the exchange rate and are content to give a general subjective judgment on the results achieved at the end of a Parliament. But the argument over EEC membership is not about means but about ends.

If the EEC implies anything at all, it is that the political unit known as the United Kingdom should in time be superseded by a United States of Europe. In other words the basic community to which people will belong, and which will take future decisions affecting people's welfare, will change enormously in size and nature. This does not mean that England will disappear, any more than Wales or Scotland have disappeared as members of the United Kingdom. But the British Government and the British Parliament will have a different and a diminished significance if the Community develops as intended.

This would be true whether it develops along federal or confederal lines, or finds some completely novel method of reaching union. It is utterly unconvincing to pretend that the loss of sovereignty is at all comparable to that already involved in our relationship to NATO or the IMF. The basic attributes of sovereignty, the power to tax, and to spend and issue money, will gradually move to a European basis. Moreover, it is only on the assumption that it is to develop into a United States of Europe, that it is tolerable to pay the short- and medium-term price involved in such disruptive institutions as the Common Agricultural Policy and the complex and bureaucratic system of rules maintained by the Community.

This is not a thought that fills me with dismay. Governments should be regarded as pieces of machinery and not objects of emotion. If the welfare and peace of the inhabitants of Western Europe, including those of these islands, are better served by shifting government decisions to Brussels, I should not shed any tears over the move. I personally doubt whether larger units of governments really have the advantages

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[36] BRIAN CROZIER, editor of *Conflict Studies;* author of *The Rebels* (1960), *The Struggle for the Third World* (1966), *The Future of Communist Power* (1970).

[37] SAMUEL BRITTAN, former adviser in the Dept. of Economic Affairs, is at present an editor of *The Financial Times,* author of *Steering the Economy* (new Penguin edition; The Library Press, New York, 1971), *Left or Right: The Bogus Dilemma* (1968), and *The Price of Economic Freedom* (1970).

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claimed, and have misgivings about the long transitional period in which existing governments will have many restrictions on their freedom of action, without the countervailing benefits of a common European authority. I should probably vote in favour, partly on a hunch in the absence of decisive evidence, and partly for fear of the effects on British policies and attitudes of a third failure to enter the Community.

But whatever my own views, the EEC is the paradigm example of an issue on which the electorate should make their own decision. The present two-party system makes it quite impossible for the issue to be decided by an election, and there is no point in pretending otherwise. If British people do not feel themselves to be Europeans and do not wish to be part of a common community, this is their privilege and responsibility, and the issue should not be decided over their heads by superior persons.

THERE IS A FURTHER and less exalted point. It is commonly agreed that membership of the EEC will have—at least an initially—unfavourable impact on the cost of living and the standard of living. The arguments among experts are about exact magnitudes, not about direction. People have certainly tumbled to this fact. It is up to the Common Marketeers to convince them that they gain something they value in return for the immediate and calculable sacrifices symbolised by "the price of butter." There are a number of aspects of joining the EEC—such as "sitting at a top table", "Britain counting in the world again", "taking a technological lead", and so forth—which are much more important to politicians, journalists, diplomats and the City, than they are to the vast majority of people whose happiness depends far more on the events of their own daily lives. (In technical language the utility functions of the political élite and the electorate are very different.) This makes it all the more necessary that pro-Marketeers should find arguments for membership which appeal to the actual interests and values of the inhabitants of this country.

Finally, the knowledge that the issue would be put to a referendum would have a profoundly healthy effect both on the Common Marketeers in this country and on the Community itself. The former would have to work out much more clearly and precisely why they are in favour of joining and what it is they can offer people in compensation for dearer food and many other inconveniences. The fact that the issue would be put to the British electorate would also bring a breath of fresh air into the Brussels negotiations.

IF EVER THERE WAS AN ISSUE that justified a referendum, this was one. No doubt if I were perfectly sure that the membership would bring great benefits and prevent vast disasters, all of which the public were incapable of understanding, then my belief in democracy would take second place and I, too, would wish to get in by hook or by crook, and argue about it later. But as Professor H. J. Eysenck said in your symposium of 1962, both the eventual political and the economic effects of membership are entirely uncertain; and to take the decision over the heads of the British people in these circumstances seems to me quite intolerable.

Colin Wilson[38]

I'M NOT LIKELY to alter my opinion about Britain going into Europe, whatever the immemediate economic consequences, and although, since writing in 1962, my political views have altered from socialist to violently non-socialist. My opinion on the necessity of Britain's entry into Europe had nothing much to do with economics, or even politics. There is something peculiarly unlikable about the British temperament, and I think that a closer liaison with the main body of Europe might improve it. There is something naturally closed and narrow-minded about us, and I suspect this is due to the geographical accident of our being separated from Europe by a body of water. English music is small-beer music, English philosophy is small-beer philosophy, and—as odd as this may sound —English literature is small-beer literature. We have never produced a Goethe, a Tolstoy, a Dostoevsky, a Dante—or anything remotely like one—because there is a kind of intellectual and spiritual laziness about us. Our typical authors are Jane Austen and Trollope and Miss Mitford, cricket on the village green, that kind of stuff. And so naturally we are what I once called "low flyers"; we lack any kind of over-all, bird's-eye vision, the kind of thing that comes from crisis, from being forced to keep alert. When they stood Dostoevsky in the Semyonovsky Square in front of a firing squad, it had the effect of turning him from the imitation-Balzac of *Poor Folk* into the author of *Crime and Punishment* (although the years of prison also had something to do with it). It was the bloodshed—and defeat—of Sevastopol that awoke the real creator in Tolstoy. And Yeats once said that it was Dante's banishment that made a great poet of him. England has obviously produced greater writers than Trollope and Jane Austen, but none more typical of the English spirit. England would have been better off if some cataclysm had pushed us against the coast of Europe, and subjected us to the same kind of tensions that the rest of Europe suffered in the 19th century. (When an English statesman accused the Kaiser of being determinedly aggressive, the Kaiser replied that the English had no idea of what it felt like to be perpetually surrounded by enemy states.)

[38] COLIN WILSON, novelist and critic, author of *The Outsider* (1956), *Religion and the Rebel* (1957), *Ritual in the Dark* (1960), and *Lingard* (1970).

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Now I don't know whether a closer economic link with Europe (an enlightened measure first proposed by Sir Oswald Mosley) would do anything to improve the English temperament, with its sluggishness and stupidity, but I think it would be worth trying. The greatest part of the European cultural tradition is its interest in ideas, and with a freer intercourse between England and the continent, this could hardly fail to percolate through to some extent. One could imagine, for example, the equivalent of ENCOUNTER published simultaneously in London, Paris, Berlin and Rome, with contributions from the writers of each country, and a lively intellectual intercourse between the European capitals. I wouldn't expect such a state of affairs to produce an English Goethe or Nietzsche immediately, but at least it might do something to deepen the outlook of our posh Sundays and weeklies, which in itself would be a blessing of the first order.

Whether it might eventually have a broader effect I don't know. Graham Greene's Harry Lime pointed out that after a thousand years of peace, the greatest achievement of the Swiss was the cuckoo clock, and Switzerland isn't surrounded by water. But then, it strikes me that the worst things about the English temperament are due to a kind of childishness or immaturity, and children can grow up. We are patient, plodding, and empirical; we are like blinkered cart-horses; we put up with a lot. But the trouble with patient, stupid people is that once they begin to build up grudges, nothing will dislodge them. Over the past twenty-five years, the English have built up a national grudge—perhaps due to disappointed expectations after winning the War—and now it is so firmly established that the country resembles one of those Strindbergian households where everybody nags and tries to make everybody else miserable. On the other hand, the Germans at the end of the War had the same advantage as Britain at the beginning—of facing a crisis situation that left no room for resentment or petulance. The result was the German economic recovery. Meanwhile, like spoilt children, the English sit around scowling and quarrelling, and hoping for better times.

The economic advantages and disadvantages don't matter a damn. The one thing that is certain is that England needs the wind of change—a bloody hurricane if possible. Short of filling in the English channel with concrete, the EEC seems the best the future has to offer.

Uwe Kitzinger[39]

THREE ARGUMENTS seem to me to be the most misconceived in this debate: the Antis' chestnut of an "inward-looking" EEC and an "outward-looking" Mother Country; the Pros' faded image of a "forward-looking" Community and a "backward-looking" head of the Commonwealth; and the Antis' and Don't-Cares' contempt for economic growth and vulgar materialism as against a concern with social justice and civilised culture.

Yes, it was a flattering self-image: the world-aiding, freely importing, all-caring Mother Country resisting the facile seductions of a flint-hearted, money-grubbing Rich Men's Club. It looked pretty thin even ten years ago—when Germany, with a lower *GNP* per head, was contributing more than Britain to aid for India. Today it is merely a revealing piece of hypocrisy. The EEC, with half the *GNP* of the USA, is contributing substantially more resources to world development than the United States (and nearly five times the British contribution). Comparing these flows of financial resources with the United Nations target of 1% of *GNP*, we get as contributions to the less developed countries: **UK** *1.0%*, **USA** *0.5%*, **EEC** *1.2%*.

Flows of Development Finance to LDCs ($ billion)

	1958	*1969*
UK	*0.7*	*1.1*
USA	*3.7*	*4.6*
EEC	*2.3*	*5.13*

Some may object that we are in Britain really all bleeding hearts, temporarily prevented by unavoidable circumstance from actually doing much about it. But even there a *Reader's Digest* poll of 1969 gives little comfort to that face-saving hypothesis. Asked if they were "*for or against using part of our taxes to help poorer countries outside Europe?*" the percentages opposed to such aid were significant. The poorest of the Six, Italy, had only 18% against; the Belgian, German and Dutch percentages lay in the twenties; France had 33%, Britain 51% opposed. Like so many other liberal causes (divorce, abortion, and homosexuality law reform, the abolition of hanging—and signature of the Rome Treaty if it comes about, for that matter), overseas aid here is another élite conspiracy against the people.

If LDCs want "trade not aid", the figures of British and EEC performance tell much the same story of dynamic growth on the EEC side:

Imports from LDCs ($ billion)

	1958	*1969*
UK	*3.7*	*5.0*
USA	*5.8*	*9.4*
EEC	*5.6*	*14.2*

Even the supposedly so "inward-looking" agricultural policy has allowed the EEC to import almost three times as much food from the less developed countries as we do in Britain. (One can be about as protectionist by subsidising one's own farmers to undersell imports as by charging a levy on imports at the frontier.) The arithmetic average

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of British tariffs on imports is higher than that of the USA or the EEC. And it is the Community that will be the first, this July, to grant generalised trade preferences to all developing countries. The really interesting question, in fact, is not so much why our trade-and-aid role in the world economy has shrunk so drastically, as why we seem psychologically unable to recognise the fact.

THE FORWARD-LOOKING Community argument is one that I myself used extensively in the first round. It was true at the time (and there are elements of truth in it still). But then we had the long winter in which nothing seemed to sprout but a farm policy acceptable to the French. The Ministers of the Six spent 70% of their time arguing about agriculture, and now spend 95% of the Community budget on farm support, though this is Europe's oldest (and perhaps fastest shrinking) industry. Of course that reflects a social concern for the poorest in their society (and one can see why the Six are reluctant to sacrifice their own elderly peasants to prosperous New Zealand exporters). But it is hardly "forward-looking". An EEC policy to cope with the growth industries and their effects on our lives is scarcely yet in existence.

But then probably no such policies could be viable without British entry into a cohesive unit that has its own budget independent of national governments. So this is the very first thing to take up if we do go in. A forward-looking Community would vastly expand its joint budget into scientific and technological research, common public purchasing of advanced capital equipment, policies for decaying *industrial* no less than decaying agricultural regions, and modern infrastructure and environmental spending. To carry these out, it needs more efficient and more responsible institutions than it has yet evolved. The resulting shake-up to Britain's national institutions may well bring secondary benefits nearer home as well.

THERE WAS A TIME when I sympathised with the view that further economic advance didn't really matter, a view from which some concluded that in fact we might be better out of a Get-Rich-Quick bunch who prefer large-scale competition to a quiet life, long-range planning to individualist tradition, social welfare to psychic well-being. The worship of industrial production figures—or of the growth in a national product that includes both the cigarettes we smoke and the cancer surgeon's services to offset them—is patently fallacious. But from that I conclude not that economic efficiency does not matter, but that it may matter even more than we think. A hundred years ago one could quietly walk across the fields to fish trout and salmon before Sunday lunch; today one has to drive for hours to arrive with frayed nerves on a bank within earshot of transistor radios and not be sure of catching a pike. The cars, petrol, radios, all swell our GNP. So a rising *GNP* may still mask a falling standard of life and quality of living together. Our working hours are already longer than Europe's; and there seems even less money available here to fight pollution and conserve our environmental and man-made heritage. How—without much greater efficiency—are we going to care decently for the old and to rehouse immigrants, to clean up our antiquated hospitals, to reduce our crowded school classes, and (quite apart from helping to check the widening gap between the North and the South of the planet) still have a disposable surplus at home to allow changes in relative income levels without making one man's gain another's actual loss and so to continue the souring up of the industrial and political atmosphere of the country? The future of what we think of as a specifically British way of life, of gentlemanly tolerance and compassion, depends in a world of increasing human density and explosively changing problems more than we want to realise on radical adaptability—even in the scale and homework of our hitherto national decision-making institutions.

George Gale[40]

INITIALLY, without thinking about it, I supposed British entry to the Common Market would be good: it seemed, in the messy aftermath of Suez, both the sensible and the civilised thing to do. Most of the people I knew were in favour of it. I went along. It then happened that I reported the first Adenauer-de Gaulle meetings and before the conclusion of the Franco-German friendship treaty (1963) I had become convinced that any British hope that we could run a united Europe was futile, for to do so, we would need to detach Germany from France and this neither Germany nor France would be so foolish as to permit us to do.

For several years now, I have been utterly opposed to British adherence to the Treaty of Rome, even supposing it could be established beyond question that it would be to this country's economic advantage to do so. I regard the increased evidence from most economists that it will not be to our advantage to do so as a reinforcement of my view, but not in any way decisive.

It is clear to me, in retrospect, that the initial Macmillan application was a characteristically frivolous stunt—I go along with this part of John Terraine's argument in *The Spectator* of April 10, 1971; and it is also clear to me that since that application, no British Cabinet has ever sat down and spent adequate time and serious discussion on the principles involved in British entry. Instead, the preliminary frivolity has been maintained, successive governments initiating or sustaining successive applications "in order to find

[40] GEORGE GALE, former correspondent on the *Daily Express* and *The Guardian*, and columnist on the *Daily Mirror*; now Editor of *The Spectator*.

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out the cost" before taking the substantive decision, and hoping that when a negotiated set of terms is agreed it will be generally assumed that the substantive decision has previously been taken "provided the terms are right". In such a manner, the pro-European politicians will have contrived to avoid, at any point before the time where it can be interpreted as being too late, the taking of the *real* decision on the principle of entry by the Cabinet, by Parliament and by the electorate. At no stage will a democratic decision have been taken on the crucial issue; at no stage thus far has a parliamentary decision been taken, and it is by no means unlikely that it will remain possible for the pro-Europeans to fudge a Parliamentary vote; at no stage has a substantive Cabinet decision been taken. No popular, democratic, parliamentary or Cabinet *control* has been so far exercised either. By and large, the Common Market application has been, from beginning to end, a Foreign Office policy, powerfully and ruthlessly and (literally) irresponsibly pursued, and made respectable after a fashion by Prime Ministerial initiatives and pronouncements.

However, a Foreign Office policy, even if irresponsible, is not inevitably a bad policy; and I no more ground my objections to our entry into Europe upon the political impropriety with which the negotiations have been conducted and sustained, than I do on the economic arguments powerfully suggesting the disadvantages of entry.

THE USUAL PRO-MARKET APOLOGETICS base themselves upon the assumption that the *size* of the present Common Market is good and advantageous because it is large and that if the size were to be increased further by the entry of Britain and its camp-followers, then it would be still better and more advantageous. The assumption, the bigger the better, was passable in the 1950s, became seriously questioned in the '60s, and is now generally regarded as foolish.

Nevertheless, it could be and is argued that other things being equal, the larger the domestic, or internal or common market is, the better it is for the production of material goods, profits and earnings by capitalists and workers operating within that market. This is an unproven assertion; and it does not seem to me to be one which is readily capable of proof or disproof. I am prepared to admit that, other things being equal, the larger the domestic market (by which I mean in this context, the larger and the more populous the area or areas inside which free trade takes place and which possesses and exercises a common external tariff) the better so far as the augmentation of wealth is concerned. I note here that *any* free trade area could as well claim such advantages as the European Economic Community claims.

And, also, I would draw attention to the deliberate title, European *Economic Community*. The purpose of the Treaty of Rome's signatories was not simply to establish a free trade area, but was to establish an economic community within which men as well as goods could travel freely and which envisaged common economic policies, a common currency and so forth, and which has as its goal a political community leading to complete political union (as the Preamble to the Treaty makes clear). In fact, far from the object of the Treaty being the extension of free trade and the enlargement of the market, the Treaty is, essentially, protectionist, binding countries together by a common external tariff. The Treaty is an instrument not so much for breaking down barriers (although it does this between its signatories) as for erecting a new one, between it and the rest of the world. This country seeks to increase trade, because of the advantages of its position and of the skills of its inhabitants, and because of the disadvantage of the relation between a dense population with high expectations of material well-being and a territory with comparatively limited natural resources. The general object of its economic policy must always be to increase its trade, and the freer the trade of the world is, the better; and the freer this country is to trade with the rest of the world, the better. The rest of the world is, and in any foreseeable future will remain, a far bigger market than the Common Market. Also, the rest of the world provides far more suitable (primary-producing and under- or semi-developed) markets for us to trade in than the countries of the Common Market.

THE OVERRIDING OBJECTIONS to Britain joining the Common Market are of a historical and political nature. Apart from a time before this country had a national existence and the Romans occupied much of its present territory, we have been politically separated from the continent. It is in no sense whatever a question of this country "returning to the fold." The Charlemagne empire excluded us; so did its successor, the Holy Roman Empire; Napoleon failed to include us within his Empire; so did Hitler in his Third Reich. The Norman invasion had the effect of attaching, for a time, parts of the continent to us, and not the reverse. Since that time, it has been the remarkably constant and consistent policy of the rulers of this territory to refuse any excessive continental entanglement, and as far as has been possible to destroy any European power which, by getting too big for its boots, has threatened our independence. We secured our independence from the Roman Catholic Church, from Napoleon, and from Hitler. Our history created us as we are, and as we were we created our history; and the only empires we have intimately known have been empires we have made ourselves. What the *Guardian* calls "the noble prospect of, one day, a united Europe" (April 7) has not hitherto been viewed so enthusiastically from these shores; but even allowing that it may no longer be a desirable part of British policy to thwart the achievement of such a "noble prospect", and disallowing the suspicion that in the eventuality, a united Europe is far more likely to be ignoble, a prey to dictatorial take-overs from Right and from Left, unstable, chaotic, and heavily policed, there is still no political sense in Britain joining such a Europe.

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British adherence to the Rome Treaty would represent an historic aberration without precedent.

THERE ARE ALSO crucial political and cultural considerations so obvious that it might seem unnecessary to mention them, were it not for the cloud cuckoo-land inhabited by our Marketeers, the magnitude of whose historical ignorance and misunderstanding is matched only by the monstrous capacity of their starry-eyed credulousness. Apart from the Francophones, the Jews of recent immigration, and the Roman Catholics, the Marketeers are a bunch of Fourth Empire optimists who want to secure a new and great role for Britain as mentor and *primus inter pares* of a noble united Europe. The concept is inherently so ludicrous that were it not for the unhappy accident that the leaders of our political parties during the past fifteen years or so, doubtless inspired by Churchill, fall themselves into one or other, and sometimes two or more, of these motley categories, the question of British entry must never have been taken seriously at all. There remains no evidence that the British public takes it particularly seriously yet.

The crucial political and cultural considerations that rule out British entry are as follows:

The British legal system is neither Roman nor Napoleonic; is not codified; incorporates the principle of innocence before guilt is proved; derives from statutes, bills, judicial judgments, declarations and commentaries; embodies trial by jury; is untranslateable; and is popularly thought, rightly in my view, to be despite its faults the best in the only world we've got.

British parliamentary institutions, conventions, traditions, and methods are also popularly thought and also rightly in my view, to be the best there are in this only possible and necessary world. These would undoubtedly be threatened by adherence to the Treaty of Rome, and destroyed in any United States of Europe. The freedoms of the British people are represented and protected by the sovereign Parliament, and are in great part derived from the Laws of England.

The Crown is a useful device, and to a very great majority of people of this country the monarch is a token of loyalty and a symbol of their self-respect as Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welsh and Irish. The monarchy, like Parliament, could not survive except as an appendix in a United States of Europe. The residual powers of the Crown have not been exercised lately; but a strong constitutional case could be made for them to be exercised by a refusal on the Queen's part to sign legislative instruments and bills tampering with the absolute sovereignty of the Queen in Parliament.

Possibly the most important consideration has to do with language. We speak English. The polyphonic Common Market is unlikely to survive for very long, should it transform itself into a United Europe with political institutions, if for no other reason that its members do not share a common language. Except for Switzerland, no stable, sophisticated, political nation exists or has existed which speaks with more than one tongue. Any United Europe would swiftly revert to its historic situation: of a disunited Babel of tongues.

THESE CONSIDERATIONS rule out the possibility of any successful, durable British participation in a politically united Europe, even should our foolish, ignorant and mischievous politicians, through stratagems and subterfuges, and against the wishes and interests of the majority of the inhabitants of these islands, contrive to secure Parliamentary approval of our adherence to the Treaty of Rome. It will be very foolish if we join something which will not work, which will become riddled with internecine squabbles, and which we shall certainly leave.

If it becomes necessary or desirable that we join a larger grouping, we must seek membership in a grouping of countries which have much of our history, our legal system, our parliamentary institutions and our language in common with us. It makes no sense for us to join a Common Market with whose members we have none of these things in common.

LIKE *E. M. Forster, "I cannot make out", so am not qualified to make any statement at all. (Instincts all against.)*

Kenneth Clark [41]

I HAVE LITTLE *to add to my statement last time except that I do not find those opposed to the Common Market can offer any alternative that is meaningful.*

Angus Wilson [42]

Peter Medawar [43]

I SHALL ANSWER your question "On going into Europe" purely from the standpoint of a professional scientist. As far as science is concerned, "going into Europe" would merely ratify

[41] LORD CLARK, art critic, author of *The Nude* (1955), *Rembrandt & the Italian Renaissance* (1966). His book on *Civilisation* (1969) was based on his celebrated television series.

[42] ANGUS WILSON, critic, playwright and novelist, author of *The Wrong Set* (1949), *Emile Zola* (1950), *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* (1956), *No Laughing Matter* (1967), *The World of Dickens* (1970).

[43] SIR PETER MEDAWAR, Nobel-Prize-winner for Medicine (1960), until recently Director of the National Institute for Medical Research, now continuing research work at the Clinical Research Centre; his works include *The Future of Man* (1960), *The Art of the Soluble* (1967), *Induction and Intuition* (1969).

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an existing state of affairs. British scientists have been "in" Europe for hundreds of years in the sense that they study much the same problems as their European colleagues and confront obstacles of very much the same kind in trying to solve them.

When I say that British scientists have been "in" Europe for very many years already I do not wish to imply that they have not been "in" a great many other countries as well. It is one of the strengths and glories of science that its activities create a close-meshed network which extends over the entire civilised world. A great research institute like the National Institute for Medical Research in London and the Pasteur Institute in Paris is a concourse of scientists from all nations in which distinctions of nationality are completely forgotten and quite irrelevant. Language is no obstacle: the international language of professional conversation in science is broken English. In more formal writing many European scientists prefer to write their papers in English. Sometimes—as with Professor Jacques Monod—in English of an exemplary style. Many European learned journals publish their papers either in English or in English as well as the vernacular tongue. My answer to your question is therefore Yes.

Rayner Heppenstall[44]

THE ECONOMICS of the matter are beyond my competence. It seems just an outsize business deal, about whose long-term effects biz gents differ. Joining should mean a useful kick in the teeth for the *mafiosi* of the TUC, and of course there would be more jobs for university leavers as international civil servants.

In the sphere of international politics, the point has always seemed to be that western Europe should be able to put up some opposition to Russian imperialism. Unfortunately, France has adopted a repulsive foreign policy which consists in sucking up to the Russians in order to spite the Americans and furthering Russian aims in Africa by helping the Arabs to destroy Israel. This keeps the French communists quiet, but to be pro-Arab at the moment is to put yourself outside the pale of civilised humanity. France at the moment is almost out of earshot.

Culturally, the dilemma remains. Though geographically these islands form part of Europe, we, their inhabitants, speak a language more widely spoken elsewhere. This dilemma is permanent. It cannot be reduced to a mere problem and solved. It may turn out to be tragic, but it is also amusing. Most of our protest movements, for instance, are straightforward copies of American ones, whose very songs they sing as they converge upon the little White House in Grosvenor Square. South Africa is our Dixieland.

I don't want to seem opposed to the Common Market. It is, after all, European civilisation of which all men in their right minds would like to preserve something from the enemies without and within, while I myself am not hopelessly monoglot. It seems a pity, all the same, that there is no counter-lobbying for a United States no longer simply of America but of the whole English-speaking world.

I should like it to include Israel, whose frontiers should be clearly recognised as the west bank of the Jordan and the east bank of the Suez canal, the waterway itself being certainly no part of Egypt but the proper concern of some international Mediterranean organisation. Of course, if the Common Market is enlarged, Israel ought to belong to that, too. France's membership might be suspended for the time being.

Yehudi Menuhin[45]

THAT Britain may join, and probably will, is I believe a foregone conclusion. I am interested in "how" it will happen. I am interested in the harmony, the orchestration, the clarity of texture the contrapuntal voice-leading of the different parts in the new score. The work has already been commissioned: I am interested in the evolving composition. What I find depressing is the fact that every opinion I have read repeats a particular angle of approach to the issue, but never is the issue seen in the round. Four prerequisites are overlooked:

1. A new moral motivation to provide a framework, terms of reference for all activities. The young are formulating this: it is almost crystallised. It is concerned with the "balance-of-payments" between generations; with the overall costs as opposed to the immediate one-sided costs in terms of money; to real health of mind and

SPEAKING *as one who went into Europe twenty-six years ago I long for my compatriots to share the advantages of such a step, but only on condition that they give up trying to divide France and Germany. What about Prince Charles as Emperor? The name is auspicious and the person very suitable.*

Nancy Mitford[46]

[44] RAYNER HEPPENSTALL, novelist and critic, author of *The Blaze of Noon* (1939), *Leon Bloy* (1954), and a two-volume history of French Crime (1969-70).

[45] YEHUDI MENUHIN, world-famous violinist, has occasionally written on a variety of social and cultural subjects.

[46] NANCY MITFORD, writer, lives in Versailles; author of *The Pursuit of Love* (1945), *Madame de Pompadour* (1953), *The Sun King* (1966), *Frederick the Great* (1970).

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body as opposed to psychological and medical intervention; or real devotional feeling for the sanctity of life as opposed to any particular religious catechism.

2. An awareness of the two complementary, indissoluble and opposing strands which must be woven into the fabric simultaneously. Inwards: the cultural autonomy and the administrative responsibility of the smallest units, individual, communal and regional, and the recognition of this independence by the larger units. Outwards: the capacity of the larger collective units to face the colossal exertions which the scale of our times demands. Just as the Inward units would be of different and diminishing size (linguistic, occupational, geographic), so would the Outward units be of different and larger shapes depending upon their area of concern—river basins, the Mediterranean, industrial centres, meteorological regions, etc.

3. A realisation that the European Community marks but the first steps along a path destined to dissolve rigid continental frontiers altogether and to substitute for them the large assortment and variety of greater regional shapes.

4. The acceptance of the European Community as an open-ended system prepared to extend and absorb (as to be absorbed into and by) neighbouring regions, *i.e.* Eastern Europe, North Africa, Commonwealth domains and other lands across the seas.

The exigencies are far too exacting to be handled by a rich man's club. Constitutional Monarchies, hereditary Upper Houses (as in Switzerland), and Republics would co-exist. I believe that eventually the unbroken continuity of a figurehead, a living symbol, beyond the reach of political or other pressures would prove the more stable form of government, a continuity provided either by hereditary succession or by the enlightened choice by sages. Different legal systems should co-exist and interact, as each may be peculiarly suited to the temperament and experience of its peoples.

I MUST CONFESS to a bias. I have often thought, now that the days of Empire are changed, that Britain (and Commonwealth countries too) with her great administrative experience and remarkable achievement in the Civil Service should offer a world-wide service called "Rent-a-Government" which would take its place among the enormous combines which build dams or cities, or provide insurance or advice on investment.

If the objectives of the European Common Market are to be merely more of the same—greater gross national product, more industry, more commerce, more production, more money; in short, "prosperity" alone—then I am afraid its sights are far too low and we shall all be in for rude awakenings and shocking disillusionments.

So far, the only popular arguments refer to the price of butter, and even here no one knows or could possibly say for certain whether it will be better or worse butter, or whether it will be only margarine; whether it will be dumped here; or whether Britain will or will not pay higher prices, reimburse or dispossess French peasants of their land; or whether, conversely, German citizens will underwrite the perhaps less efficient British industries and their workers. Actually, the latter is not a bad idea, for it would enable the British worker to be the "test pilot" to explore on behalf of all mankind the use of leisure by the industrial populations at large.

I believe that what people carry in their minds and their fantasies is as important as what they carry in their stomachs. The European Association should indeed exist if only to meet the various possible catastrophes which may soon be upon us, for we shall be called upon to help each other, to save each other, and to help save other civilisations beyond our confines on a scale unprecedented. Yet is there not also a safety of survival in fragmentation and duplication?

Of course, in our era some codified, institutionalised forms of close co-operation between peoples are called for, particularly between European nations. In this respect the European Community would be the path-finder, a model to the rest of the world. This will happen, must happen, and it will include Britain. There is no alternative unless Europe is to disintegrate. But how will this integration occur? with what objectives? and guided by which minds?

This is indeed the time to join, to "get together", for at the moment the West European nationals are dealing as among equals. But the idea that any independent, unique people who have evolved a style of life, a recognisable and unique social pattern all their own, should be subject to even a democratic majority rule consisting of voices of peoples other than its own and outside its own regions is positively abhorrent. It is, in fact, the New Colonialism (the domination of the weaker, the smaller, the poorer, or the less numerous) and worse in a way than the old, for it is imposed by competitors between themselves, competing for the same values and, therefore, more vicious, in the manner of "civil" wars. Will there be eventually an Asian Common Market consisting of Japan and China? It is curious to envisage our two world Super-States as buffer regions between the European and the Asian Common Markets. It is also possible to conceive of a close American-Russian alliance forming an earth-girdling chain of command of the Northern Regions, their navies controlling all the world's waters.

Britain must be determined and strong in some ways, conciliatory in others. She must in fact become more *herself* than ever. Before she joins

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[47] MAX BELOFF, historian and political scientist, is Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford. Among his books are *Imperial Sunset* vol. 1 (1969). *The United States and The Unity of Europe* (1963), and *Europe and the Europeans* (1957). His latest book, *The Intellectual in Politics*, has recently been published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson (London) and The Library Press (New York).

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her signature to the others, she must discover her true self and defend it to the very last. This people does not want to become another Germany, or another Japan—merely another Metric or another Right-hand Drive area. I find the whole idea of exacting the pound of flesh from Britain as membership dues abhorrent. Britain stands possibly as much to lose as to gain by joining. The detailed prognostication of events following the "merger" is really unpredictable, as impossible to foretell as it is to control. The move requires a wholeheartedness, a faith, a healthy instinct, a large measure of goodwill and a union of hearts and intellects as well as appetites. These conditions are conspicuously lacking, the more so the longer and the more technical (and confused?) the negotiations become.

IF THERE WERE a choice or a conflict between improving the quality of life in these islands, or joining the Common Market, I would not hesitate to choose the first. Surely if we must join, the quality of life for ourselves and for everybody should be the prime concern. By "quality" I also include a definite date beyond which we will no longer depend upon oil, gas, or atomic energy—the interdiction of all poisonous substances from earth, food, air and water; the transmutation of all wastes into good fertiliser and raw materials; the aesthetic liberation from roads through the building of tunnels and covering of roads by promenades and gardens; the liberation of architecture from the box; the discouraging of debasing thoughts, images and actions and the replacing of these by real values. I mean true ambitions and genuine anxieties: the self-critical and self-improving inwards and the compassionate, tolerant and helpful outwards.

There are dangers: the disappearance of ideological space and of refuges, the centralisation of bureaucracy and the attendant risks of gigantic and irredeemable mistakes and the further obsolescence of individuality, uniqueness, eccentricity and initiative in the smaller units. The dangers include the continued and accelerated extinction of species among flora and fauna and among mankind; the cultural uniformity and general squeezing out of cultural variety and intellectual flavour

NOTHING *that has happened in the last eight years has altered my view that Britain has no reasonable alternative to becoming increasingly European in outlook and style. The Commonwealth alternative becomes more and more shadowy as its British elements fade into the background. The revival of "Little Englandism" would lead from isolation to xenophobia and would ignore the very real facts of interdependence. If we can get in, we must, lest worse befall.*

But this does not mean that the European cause excites the same passionate emotions as it once did; one can understand well enough why all the running in the popular debate is made by the anti-Europeans. For the truth is that "going into Europe" means accepting the European Economic Community as it stands and the EEC has become totally devoid of the inspiration of its origins. It is a convenient arrangement for getting some things done in the economic field such as the common agricultural policy which are in themselves foolish and deplorable. It is the outcome not so much of supra-national initiatives as of inter-State bargaining in which the States themselves are often the representatives of narrow private interests. As has been said of most wars, the Common Market began as a crusade; it has certainly ended as a business.

What Europe needs is not a machinery which will enable it to produce sugar and butter which can be produced more abundantly and more cheaply elsewhere, but the ability to cope successfully with those technological changes which have made urban life a squalid misery in the United States, and may do here if we do not learn our lessons in time.

Europe, and this goes for Britain, needs a philosophy of controlled, not uncontrolled, change; an ability to conserve what is best in its civilisation; a sense of continuity and of scale. If Europe is not hierarchical and élitist, if it does not place aesthetic values first, why all the fuss?—let the Americans or the Russians take over.

All this is far removed from the comfortable bargaining of Brussels, from the nightmare world of committees, officials, rules and regulations and little deals. The argument for getting Britain inside is not that it could not be done without creating trouble, but that the shock of something different, the infusion of new men, if not of new ideas, might renew the original impetus of the European movement.

Unless there are political and social dividends, the economic price may well be considered too high. Europe is the heart and brain of the world and a Europe without Britain and the other applicant-States and some that have not yet applied is too small for this role.

I am still for Europe because I think the unknown is more interesting, and because it might be the way to revive in our lethargic, indifferent, or irresponsible youth some new sense of mission which their coming disillusion with the Third World is likely to make more than ever necessary.

Max Beloff[47]

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and quality. With every macrocosmic development we see ever larger regional agglomerations of peoples which are indeed required for coping with issues ranging from pollution to space exploration. It is, therefore, imperative to defend the microcosms, for these alone are truly creative and rewarding to human life.

Given the choice, I would rather be poor, independent, and different, than rich, dead, and equal.

Richard M. Titmuss[48]

SINCE I RAN the risk in ENCOUNTER in March 1963 of being considered a troglodyte I think I understand better the consequences, political, economic and social of "Going into Europe." In economic terms the price has gone up, particularly the costs to Britain and the Commonwealth (black and white, old and new) of helping to clear up the present European agricultural mess. I am persuaded—chiefly by the arguments of Nicholas Kaldor—that the economic case against entry is today stronger. But we can still be "good economic Europeans" and contribute to the lowering of economic and other barriers without formally joining the EEC.

Our future relationships with the Third World are more important. Since 1963 inequalities between the rich and the poor nations have greatly increased. At the same time, France and other Common Market countries have supplied arms and "certificates of respectability" to South Africa. The Labour Government did not do so. Three years ago President Julius Nyerere, modest, rational and one of the great statesmen of the world, asked me if Britain was going to join "the rich men's club" and move towards less generous, tied, self-interested trade and aid policies. As a student of "social conditions" I was in no position to make political predictions. I could only say that I hoped Britain would move in the opposite direction: towards more generous overseas trade and aid policies; towards better community relationships between all ethnic groups, particularly within Britain and the Commonwealth; and towards socialism with a human face.

Idealism? Perhaps. But most of the Common Market countries like the United States are short on idealism. Unless the actual terms of entry allow Britain to play a more significant social and economic role on the world's stage I would be against entry.

[48] RICHARD M. TITMUSS, Professor of Social Administration, University of London, London School of Economics, author of *Choice and The Welfare State* (1967), *Commitment to Welfare* (1968), *The Gift Relationship* (1971).

[49] J. H. PLUMB, Professor of Modern English History, University of Cambridge. His books include *The Growth of Political Stability in England 1675-1725* (1967) and *The Death of the Past* (1969).

THE SHORT-TERM *arguments against joining the Common Market are very powerful—the initial cost, the effect on food prices, the difficulties that must arise with countries with which we have had long-enduring special relationships—New Zealand and others. Furthermore, immediate gain will only go to a limited number of highly aggressive companies, such as Marks and Spencer, or the vast oil and chemical monsters. Yet often great steps forward have only been secured by the sacrifices of one or two generations for the sake of the future, and for the historian looking back over the war-torn history of Europe, unity must seem infinitely desirable. Never since Roman times has Europe achieved economic, social and political stability: in consequence small, aggressive, scarely viable state systems have plagued Europe. And the result has been centuries of war and civil strife.*

If the countries of Europe are to sustain a truly industrial and scientific society, then this can only be done with a very large population and a very large yet unified geographical area. Furthermore, if the dangerous potentiality for division and aggression is to be damped down in Europe, and hopefully obliterated, this can only be done if Europe is welded into one, no matter how painful at times the process may be for some of us. We know what a competitive, nationalist states system has led to in Europe this last sixteen hundred years; a united Europe, united first in its economic foundations and subsequently politically and socially, cannot be worse.

J. H. Plumb[49]

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Alistair Horne

Commandante Pepe

Letter from Chile

FOR A CASUAL VISITOR (and there are not many here now), it would be hard to imagine a Marxist régime that feels at the moment less like a repressive police state than Dr Salvador Allende's Chile. Midsummer is here, day after day of an erotically stimulating warmth that never overheats even in Santiago; and if by any mishap it does, there is always a fragrant evening breeze off the Humboldt Current to cool things down regularly at six. Down on the coast the beaches are crammed with girls of legendary beauty and with a pleasantly relaxed attitude to life. The police, or *Carabineros*—traditionally South America's most efficient and incorruptible force—dress like British Army officers and are little in evidence. You never see the Army at all. Chileans are compulsive, indiscreet talkers, and for visitors there are no visible restraints. There is much talk about Cuban-trained security men, but if Dr Allende has a vigilant secret police already, it must be the most inconspicuous in this world.

The Government has limited itself so far to making threatening noises (but *very* threatening noises) chiefly towards the opposition press, the banks, and the US-owned copper companies. All this was predictable and is happening between Santiago and Valparaiso, where the Government divides its time in summer. But it is down in the deep south, where I was recently, that the action is (and the action reminds one of moments from *Dr Zhivago*—minus its more violent passages).

It is all, basically, about agrarian reform, perhaps the most crucial single issue throughout South America today. Although real poverty in Chile is nowhere as desperate, or as universal, as in other South American countries I have visited, land hunger has long been a gnawing evil. At the time when reforming President Eduardo Frei (who was widely regarded to be Chile's great hope) came to power, an estimated 2% of landowners owned 75% of the land and there was only an average of two-and-a-half acres per person to go round, about the lowest on the continent. Frei embarked on a major programme of land reform, or redistribution, but it didn't go fast enough—which was one good reason why his Christian Democrats were defeated by Allende's *Unidad Popular* in last September's elections.

Now the share-out of the land is rushing ahead at top speed. As Jacques Chonchol, Allende's Minister of Agriculture who worked for two years with Castro, told me: "We plan to do more in this one year than Frei did in six." In Allende's first four months, an additional 1·5 million acres have already been expropriated, compared with Frei's overall total of 7·5 million. Under existing laws (introduced by Frei), any farmer owning more than 200 acres of irrigated land (or its larger equivalent in less fertile areas) is liable to immediate expropriation. He will be paid "10% down" on the value of his land, the so-called "rest" in deferred bonds over 25 years. If he can prove that he farms efficiently and treats his labour decently, he *may* be allowed to keep a "reserve" of a few acres for himself. But the ultimate judgment rests with Jacques Chonchol, whose love for the *fundistas* is about as warm as Spiro Agnew's for the Black Panthers. Under Frei's laws, owners may still dispose as they wish of other assets—such as cattle and

ALISTAIR HORNE, *historian and foreign correspondent, is the author of a study of the fall of France in 1940, entitled "To Lose a Battle" (1969); his book on Verdun 1916 "The Price of Glory" won The Hawthornden Prize in 1963. He was a young officer in the Coldstream Guards during World War II, and his first work was on post-war Germany, "Back into Power" (1955).*

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machinery. But Chonchol intends to "re-legislate" so as to be able to expropriate these too with compensation on the never-never; and indeed land reform on the scale he envisages makes little sense without a lock-stock-and-barrel take-over.

Every week long lists of *fundos* due for immediate "reform" appear in the Chilean press. Their acres, rich and poor, will be parcelled out among landless peasants (or *campesinos*), or among the miserably under-privileged half million Mapuche Indians who can claim their lands were "usurped" by the whites back in the 1880s. Or the land will be aggregated into super-collectives. Chonchol has now made it plain that the latter is what he is really aiming for; Allende, on the other hand, is on record as backing the continued existence of "small and medium-small farmers," and it remains to be seen whether his will or that of Chonchol (undoubtedly the second most powerful figure in Chile today) will prevail. In any event, things are on the move.

But, for a forceful body of young Chileans, they are still not moving nearly fast enough down in the provinces of the south, which constitute the breadbasket of Chile, and where poverty and land hunger are most extreme.

These young Chileans constitute the *MIR*, or Movement of the Revolutionary Left, the Chilean equivalent of the Tupamaros. *MIR* began life some five years ago in the Anthropological Department of Concepcion University, Chile's biggest revolutionary hot-bed, where recently South America's first international Tupamaro Convention took place. It has indulged largely in minor kidnappings, bank robberies, and thefts of arms. There have been shoot-ups but no Tupamaro-style killings yet; the *MIR* appears to have been building itself up for some *Walpurgisnacht* to come. Its heroes are Mao and—somewhat more passionately—Castro. It is fundamentally opposed to the "soft" policy of Chile's official Communist Party, perhaps the most docilely pro-Soviet in the entire world; and it believes that only violent revolution can save South America.

THE POLARISATION of the *MIR* is symptomatic of the crucial ideological struggle currently being waged throughout Latin America between various Marxist groupings—Castroists, Trotskyists, Muscovites and (more recently) the so-called *Pekinistas*. Deeply influenced by the pattern of the recent triumph in Cuba, Che Guevara declared as long ago as January 1959:

> . . . there must be agrarian revolution, fighting in the countryside and the mountains. The revolution must be taken from there to the cities, and not started in the cities without overall social content.

And he died in an attempt to prove his thesis. In opposition to this stands the orthodox Soviet party line, which was concisely defined by Peru's official Communist Party when it took its position on Castroist guerrillas operating there;

> . . . The guerrilla movement in itself cannot engender a revolutionary situation . . . it can develop only when a revolutionary situation is maturing. (Central Committee, August 1965)

In the Chilean context, the C.P. believes it is preparing the way to the "revolutionary situation" by participating peacefully and legally in Allende's coalition.

The Castroist emphasis was underscored by Régis Debray that same year;

> . . . the conquest from the enemy of a small area of fertile land belonging to the *latifundista* is better propaganda for agrarian reform than a hundred illustrated pamphlets on Ukrainian *sovkhoses*,[1]

and this, in principle, is the philosophy adopted by the Chilean *MIR*—*despite* the discouraging precedents of the Castro-Che thesis having met with disastrous failure everywhere else on the South American mainland.

TAKING ADVANTAGE of the uncertainty and paralysis which has existed in the countryside since Allende came to power in November,

[1] Régis Debray, "*Le Castrisme; la longue marche de l'Amerique Latine*", in *Temps Modernes*, January 1965.

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the "MIRistas" have been moving in on the farms. Their technique has been to stir up and organise the *campesinos* and Mapuches, acting in small armed groups. Then they swoop down on *fundos,* often in the small hours of the night, evicting the owners and their families at ten minutes' notice and with nothing more than the clothes they can grab. Next they set up their own "revolutionary" administration on the seized *fundo*. Unlike the legal expropriations of the Government, there is of course no compensation for the dispossessed owner.

It is a kind of Mau-Mau without the butchery. The difference is that, acting on strict orders from the Government, the forces of law-and-order do not intervene. In terms of human tragedy the consequences for the dispossessed —big and small farmers alike—are the same. Towards the end of January, the Santiago press was reporting that over 80 *fundos*, embracing an area of 400,000 acres had been taken over by the *MIR* and its allies in the two southern provinces of Cautin and Valdivia alone. It totals considerably more now.

IN THIS ATMOSPHERE of near anarchy, the "MIRistas" have been having a field-day. According to one particularly well-informed Chilean journalist, groups of them were being led by a mysterious figure called "Commandante Pepe", with a "Cuban accent", who—like Strelnikov in *Dr Zhivago*—was roaming the countryside at will, carrying out "*Tomas*" and establishing revolutionary committees wherever he went. The Government pooh-poohed "Pepe's" existence.

Armed with this information, and accompanied by a resourceful Chilean woman journalist, I set off for the trouble area, 500 miles south of Santiago. After driving over miles of appalling roads, we reached Liquiñe, high up in the Andes near the Argentina border. A wilder, more desolate and remote spot it would be hard to imagine. During the winter months, snow cuts it off completely from the outside world.

But there was no signs of "MIRistas"—only total bucolic peace. The local Carabineros told us that all was quiet, but added meaningfully "too quiet." They would not be drawn out as to the whereabouts (if any) of the elusive Commandante.

Eventually, further up in the hills, we came upon a timber property, called Carranco, which had been seized two months earlier. The entrance was barred, and across the barricades we conversed with the guards who at first were not obtrusively welcoming. Then they were joined by a middle-aged man with a large tumour on the side of his face. His name was Humberto Velozo, he had worked 20 years at Carranco, and was now *"el presidente"* of the seized property.

Gradually, Velozo became friendly and informative. Yes, certainly there was a Commandante Pepe. It was he who had "helped" the *campesinos* to take over Carranco. Without him they would not have known how. Was he there now? No, but he had been there a few days previously when the *campesinos* had started fighting among themselves, because each had wanted to be *"presidente"*. Pepe had knocked their heads together.

Why had they taken over Carranco? Well, the boss, a Senor Etchevarry, was an absentee landlord. Pay was bad, houses worse; there were long periods of seasonal unemployment, and the workers were not permitted to keep their own animals. Before the *"toma"*, there had been 17 families living on the 30,000 acres at Carranco, now there were 168 souls in all. Wages had been increased and all-year employment promised.

But where was the cash coming from? Well, in some roundabout way *"el presidente"* thought the *fundo* had received $10,000 from Chonchol's organisation to "keep them going". Also, they were now selling timber to a nearby cooperative.

Finally, now thoroughly amicable, Velozo told us where we could find Commandante Pepe. He was at a *fundo* called Trafun, some 25 miles away, which he and his group of "MIRistas" had occupied only the day before yesterday.

WE SET OFF ACROSS even more appalling roads, up mountains covered by the most impenetrable bamboo rain forest I have ever seen. One felt instinctively that no army in the world could winkle out guerrillas who might take to the hills up here. This was real Guevara country. Eventually the road reached a settlement and finally came to an end in another barricade, draped with flags—the certain sign of a *"toma"*.

It was Trafun. This time the men on the barricade looked far more menacing than at Carranco. One was fingering a revolver barely concealed under a blue shirt. What did the *compañero*[2] want? I explained with a dry mouth that—a mild prevarication—*el presidente* Velozo had sent us. We wanted to see Commandante Pepe—was he here? Possibly, but who was I? I told blue-shirt that I was an

[2] Current Chilean Marxist usage for "comrade".

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English historian, that I was touring Chile studying a great moment of History. This evoked interest; there were some whispered exchanges, and blue-shirt set off into the interior of the camp.

Ten minutes later what looked like the hosts of Midian appeared walking rapidly, half-running towards the barricade. I began to wish we could get into the car and beat a dignified withdrawal; the thought of a prolonged sequestration as hostages of the *MIR* at Trafun, or possibly worse, was not particularly appealing. But retreat was out of the question.

At the head of the multitude was a smallish man dressed predominantly in black. Black trilby, black leather jacket with a fur collar, black knee boots, black hair, black moustache, lively black eyes and freckles, over-tight jeans held together with string; an automatic and a large bowie knife slung from a raw-hide belt. He was every English schoolboy's image of a Latin-American outlaw. Yes, he was the legendary Commandante Pepe. With him was a pretty girl whom he introduced as Valentina.

PEPE SPOKE with nervous rapidity, almost a stammer, occasionally punctuated with an asthmatic cough. Every movement

exuded animal vitality, and immediately his total authority over the surrounding *campesinos* was apparent. No, he laughed, he was not a Cuban. His real name was Gregorio Jose Liendo, he was 26, and—in common with the large majority of Latin American revolutionaries today—he was of *petit bourgeois* origin. His father ran a dairy business near Punta Arenas in the extreme south of Chile, where constant fierce winds, snow and ice, produce a hard race of men. He went to University first in Santiago, then Valdivia, where he studied agronomy. He first joined the (Russian) Communist youth movement, then—on finding it too easy-going—became a "MIRista". He had spent four years "working on" the *campesinos* in the Liquiñe area, starting when he was still a student at University, and he had just married a local peasant girl.

Valentina—who spoke good English with a strong American accent—told me that she too came from a bourgeois family. She had been sent to school in Maryland, on an "exchange" which she enjoyed; it was not till later that she became a Communist, and like Pepe had joined the *MIR* at University (Concepcion). She was now 23.

Once my *bona fides* were approved (by chance, I happened to have with me the blurb of a forthcoming book commemorating the centenary of the Paris Commune),[3] both Pepe and Valentina became remarkably open and friendly. We took photographs of the men manning the barricades, and then they invited us into the camp. A little apprehensively, we moved towards the lion's den.

Inside the *fundo*'s administrative offices, we resumed the conversation with a throng of wide-eyed, silent *campesinos* gazing in through the windows from the outside. The *fundo* covered about 125,000 acres, said Pepe; there were some 130 families in it, each averaging 6-8 persons (a figure which in itself gave an idea of the demographic explosion that lies at the back of Chile's land hunger). It had belonged to a Señor Kunstmann, a Chilean of German descent, who lived chiefly in Valdivia. The reasons for the take-over were much the same as those given at Carranco. "We will take you up to see Herr Kunstmann's house," said Valentina, "and afterwards by comparison you will see how one of his labourers was expected to live. . . ."

The "MIRistas" who had taken the *fundo* numbered only ten; all were in their twenties.

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[1] *The Terrible Year: The Paris Commune 1871*, has just been published by Macmillan (London) and Viking (New York).

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They were now organising Trafun and were busily engaged in indoctrinating the *campesinos*. In keeping with the Castroist principle of "armed propaganda", their slogan was "let's arm the peasants for the fight!" Valentina said she expected to stay about a year, because "there is so much to teach these people." This again was in keeping with Castro principles which frown upon the typically Soviet *aparatchik* who descends on the peasants, "gives an unintelligible speech, and then returns straight away to render his report to the Party or to the Leaders in the city...."[4]

We learned later in Liquiñe that Pepe had in fact worked for several months before he could *concientizar* (a favourite word, meaning to make politically conscious) the workers at Trafun to the point where they were prepared to seize this vast estate. (Later we also learned that, at least by local standards, Kunstmann was generally considered to be a good employer.)

We moved up to Kunstmann's house. It was certainly no pleasure palace, although the "MIRistas" obviously expected us to regard it as such; just a comfortable, working farmer's house, with very few traces of luxury. I asked Pepe and Valentina if they were now living there. "No, we have allotted it to the *campesinos* who live in Trafun. We are sleeping on the floor in their houses, like them, so as to share their lives fully...." Valentina said she had forgotten what it was like to sleep in a bed.

Pepe uncorked a bottle of Herr Kunstmann's wine for us. But none of the "MIRistas" would join us. "We have given it up" they explained puritanically. "Alcoholism is such a problem up here, and we must set an example."

I asked whether, in dispossessing small and medium landowners, the agrarian "revolution" was not simply going to perpetuate social injustice in Chile by creating another class of landless poor. "Possibly," replied Pepe. "But remember that for centuries a minority has abused the majority, and now it is the turn of the majority to abuse the minority, and there is bound to be injustice in the process...."

THE CONVERSATION TURNED to general matters. Pleasantly enough, Valentina told me that she believed that only violent revolution could sweep away the bourgeois structures of all South America, and, of course, "*Yanqui*" colonialism. "Inevitably," there would be killing, "eventually." She and her fellow "MIRistas" despised the gentler, political techniques of the Russian-orientated official Communist Party. The new Left-wing governments of Bolivia and Peru she regarded as "just other forms of Imperialism," while another "MIRista" made roughly the same comment when talking about prospects of Soviet economic aid to Chile.

Valentina was a red-hot, pedantic doctrinaire, a kind of carbon copy of what one meets on the campuses of Berkeley, or the Sorbonne, or the London School of Economics. (And, not uncharacteristically, her facts were not always accurate. She was, I noted *en passant*, unaware—among other things—that Argentina was not a signatory of the Andean Pact). She was totally sincere and dedicated, but seemed to regard the *campesinos* with their honest simple faces ranged round the room as little more than political symbols in the struggle for Marxist victory. Her only concession to femininity was a touch of mascara round the eyes.

Pepe, on the other hand, was a romantic of immense attraction and charm, such as one can find only in Latin America, and he manifested a deep human involvement with the *campesinos*. He turned the pressure on me—What was my interpretation of History? Could I truthfully deny that the Commune of Paris had not been caused purely by economic factors? What did I want for Chile? As we talked on, he said: "Do you mind if we bring in some of these *campesinos*. It's good education for them...." More and more peasants filled the Elysium of Herr Kunstmann's salon, watching spellbound the *commandante*'s performance at re-educating a *gringo* bourgeois.

Very soon Pepe was aware that I did not exactly share the Marxist interpretation of history, but it did not seem to worry him. "Why don't you stay the night," he said with a

[4] Hector Bejar, "*Peru entrevista a dos guerrilleros*", in *Pensamiento Critico* (Havana), July 1967.

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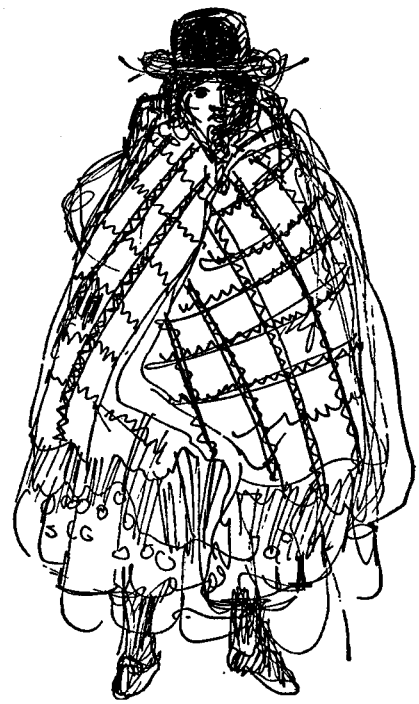
laugh. "And then we can *concientizar* you!" Politely we declined.

IT WAS ALREADY dark. On our way to visit the *campesino* dwelling, we encountered a man with a dead white face, wearing a jacket with an artificial fur collar. It was the *fundo*'s ex-manager. Was anyone going to Valdivia, he asked pleadingly? No, laughed Valentina; "We can't let him out yet—he might say something bad about us to the *Carabineros!*" Unable to help, we left the poor man—"looking," remarked my travelling companion, "like a human being abandoned on the moon. . . ."

We reached the *campesino* house. A wooden shack, no electricity, no running water, no lavatory. In two squalid rooms, a man with five years' service on the *fundo* lived (or existed) with his wife and six children. There was one bed, in which all but one of the children had been born. (And yet, there on the wall was pinned a clipping of Armstrong landing on the moon!) "At least we have a wooden floor," said the owner apologetically, "Some don't." It was how one imagined the Russian Muzhiks to have lived long before 1917. Here was the human background to what brought the *MIR* in, and the Kunstmanns out, in Chile 1971. I felt a little less guilty about Herr Kunstmann's wine.



At this point Pepe bid us a cheerful farewell and set off to *concientizar* another occupied *fundo*. His last words to me were: "Remember to place some flowers on Karl Marx's grave for me!"

NEXT DAY, Valentina came to take us to visit another group of 28 university students who were doing summer work among the *campesinos*. They all came from the FER (Federation of Revolutionary Students), were equipped with handbooks on *"How to Communicate with the Masses"* in their hands and slogans of *La Tierra para el que trabaja!* on their lips; and their function of improving hygiene and literacy was closely intertwined with the work of Marxist *concientizacion*. Over two thousand such students, aged 14 to 24, were apparently engaged on similar holiday tasks throughout the Chilean countryside this summer. (Later, when a young medical student whose Christian-Democratic parents were about to have their *fundo* expropriated by Chonchol told me how bored he was in the holidays, I suggested priggishly that he should try working among *his* campesinos, and *concientizar* them. He looked at me with incredulity.)

There is no doubting the impact that Pepe and his colleagues of the *MIR* and the FER are making on the *campesinos*. Possibly disillusion may set in when it transpires that he cannot give them the material paradise they feel they have been promised. But meanwhile he has perhaps given them more; a sense of individual dignity and importance, and whatever happens they will never now be able to accept the conditions of the past.

Before we left Pepe, I asked him whether it was true (as the papers said) that he was concentrating in this unapproachable area, not solely because of its poverty and backwardness, but with the intention of developing it as a future base for guerrilla operations.

He laughed and said, "Look, there are no *guerilleros* here!" But he added, significantly: "Historically there is bound to be a counter-reaction against the Allende Government, a right-wing coup. And if you see a man about to hit you in the face, you don't just stand there waiting for the blow. Of course we will defend ourselves, *hasta la muerte*. But we must organise, and we feel there is not much time. It is likely there will be a right-wing coup within the year. . . ."

This seemed as clear an answer to the question as one could expect to get. Then Pepe produced an astonishing figure, repeating it several times. Instead of the figure of 400,000 acres of *fundos* controlled by *MIR*, which I had received from "opposition" journalists in Santiago, the overall figure—

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Pepe claimed—was now nearer one million.

It stretched in a more or less solid, mountainous belt close to the sensitive Argentine frontier from Cautin in the north down to Osorno. Within it there are evidently many "Strelnikovs" like Pepe at work, building up large "MIRista" empires on their own initiative, energetically and efficiently.

It seems reasonable to accept that the "MIRistas" have not reached a stage of establishing an armed guerrilla stronghold in the Liquiñe area, or of creating anything like the independent Communist state of Marquetalia which flourished in Columbia for nearly 15 years. With the Allende Government so far on their side, they do not need to. But should things change they seem well on the way to having created a base—far sounder than anything Che Guevara achieved in the Bolivian jungles, and with the *campesinos* on their side (which Che never had)—from which it would be extremely difficult to dislodge them.

Until now the Allende Government has been tacitly abetting the *MIR* in its "*tomas*". In a surprisingly one-sided interview recently published in London by the *Sunday Times*, Allende accepted the proposition put to him by Régis Debray that the farm owners "are armed and are provoking violent confrontations with the workers on the land." This excuse of "provocation", which now appears to have become the official government line, has a familiar ring about it and is hardly convincing to anyone who has recently been in the south of Chile. In the dozen or so farms I visited, the owners possessed little more than a rusty shotgun or sporting rifle, which they are far too frightened to use.

The *Carabineros* have been strictly ordered not to intervene when owners ask for protection against the *MIR*; on the other hand, one farmer defending his property with a shotgun was promptly arrested. Meanwhile, Pepe freely admitted in an interview with a Chilean journalist (on 27 March) to having been involved in a shoot-up with *Carabineros*—yet no charges appear to have been preferred against him. Funds are being made available from official sources to keep the *fundos* going after *MIR* has seized them, and every Government statement plays down the *MIR*'s activities. Allende amiably writes the "MIRistas" off as "*muchachitos, buenos muchachitos*", and while we were at Trafun, the Minister of the Interior, Jose Toha, inspected the area cursorily from a helicopter and announced that absolutely nothing irregular was going on.

A few days later, Jacques Chonchol blandly told me: "I doubt if such a person as Commandante Pepe exists, and if he did he would be of little significance." Whereas Pepe —just a couple of days earlier—had described, in some detail, a meeting he had with "my good friend Chonchol" two weeks back.

THE GOVERNMENT'S MOTIVES in not bringing the *MIR* to heel are not entirely plain. Allende, as a founder member of OLAS—the clearing house for Latin American revolutionaries—may well himself be suffering from divided loyalties; while there are those who considered he would never take action against *MIR* until he had consolidated his position in the country by means of the recently held municipal elections. On the short term, it does seem that *MIR* is *helping* the acceleration of Chonchol's own expropriation programme by creating an atmosphere of panic among the *fundo* owners. One young farmer of a small dairy herd told me he was "delighted" to have heard that day that he was legally to be expropriated—for at least that meant some compensation, instead of being turned out with nothing in the middle of the night.

But in the longer term, the Government's attitude may bring disaster. In the prevailing atmosphere of hopelessness, farmers are neglecting the land, not sowing or fertilising for next year. Large numbers of milch cows and breeding stock are being slaughtered for meat, or driven into Argentina, in return for ready cash at knock-down prices. Chile is already a net importer of foodstuffs. Worse still, by allowing *MIR* to consolidate its grasp in the backwoods, Allende may be creating a grave conflict for Chile in the more distant future—leading the Government "into a cul-de-sac with no way out," as *La Prensa* of Santiago has commented. The Left-wing press repeatedly claims that the "brutal" landowners are armed with submachine guns. Possibly, in their despair, they will eventually arm—helped by friends over in Argentina. Then there will be bloodshed.[5]

[5] This has already happened, on a small scale. Since writing the above, news arrived from Chile that—in mid-April—there was a shoot-up when some 15 members of MCR (*Movimiento Campesino Revolucionario*) attempted to seize the *fundo* of "La Pampa" at Caren, not very far from Trafun. They were apparently led by an 18-year-old student from Concepcion; but this time the defence was also armed. As a result six people were wounded, including a 26-year-old farm-worker, Raul Matus Castillo, who later died. The MCR group was apparently associated with Commandante Pepe; one of them (who was wounded in the arm) is now wanted by the *Carabineros* and is said by *La Prensa* of Santiago to have been a right-hand man of the Commandante.

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Just before we left Trafun, Commandante Pepe repeated several times with chilling emphasis: "Civil war in Chile is inevitable." It is hard to conceive of civil war among such a warm-hearted and historically unviolent people; but certainly some of the essential ingredients of civil war are being allowed to develop unchecked, and soon it may be no simple task to move Pepe and his associates out of what could be the most promising guerrilla "free state" in South America since the collapse of Colombia's "Marquetalia".

Blind Miner of Botallack

In Botallack
they have a saying, that the sky is black,
but not so black as the land
is black, with all its hunger and
its poverty.
Nor is the land as black as the sea.
The sea is black, and the rock beneath
blacker than anything but death
or the bal that under the bedrock runs
a mile towards the setting sun.
She's mother and wife and shroud-provider
of all the candled crew inside her.
One of Botallack's sons she blinded;
night into night, he again descended.
Ask what is black in Botallack, hear:
"The blind man who toils without fear.
He hears in the sea-roof the first faint chink.
He is the millstone they cannot sink.
His darkness shines when their lights fail.
He leads across shafts and does not quail.
He's first through the torrent and out to day.
He hears the strand of the cage-rope fray.
He feels in the rock the vein of tin.
He smells across blue the storm come in.
He hears from the cliff the vessel smash.
He hears the silence as neighbours rush.
He hears them swarm down, brave as goats.
He hears the drowned men's rattling throats.
He hears despair as a cry is heard.
He hears the cry thrown overboard.
He hears the hearts of the miners stir.
But the famine of children preaches war.
Home along cliffs he never stumbles.
He hears the killas before it crumbles.
He hears across moors the crickstone's hole.
The crickstone of healing hears him crawl.
He hears in the rain the cottage-key.
Under the stone is its mystery.
He hears on the table the crust of bread.
He hears the bal stir in his bed.
He reads her levels as sure as braille.
Her leaven is bread that does not stale.
The buccas of time are knocking clear,
Leave the knackt bal, but he does not hear.
He hears from the cage the flesh-ropes fray.
She hears the miner turn and pray,
for the children's sake, some cores be left,
before he stumbles on age's shaft.
Take the sea turning by St Just,
you'll see this saying in the dust,
carved in the sun, scrawled in the mist:
A boulder faulted into seven
is the order of blackness under heaven.
Sky, land, sea, rock, death and the bal,
and the blind miner under all."

D. M. Thomas

(Notes: *bal—mine; knackt—used up; killas—softer, sedimentary rocks; buccas—mischievous or warning spirits, heard in the mines; core—shift. The blind miner, having been unsentimentally discharged from the mine in his failing years, took a job as a builder's labourer, and was killed in a fall from scaffolding.)*

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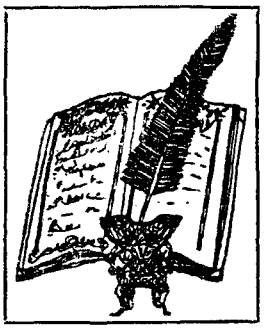

Column

WE LIVE in a very strange age, and one of its strangest aspects is the prevalence of certain influences, which we are all aware of but to which none of us can give a name, that seem to shape our thought and our feeling even though we give no deliberate assent to them and even though we may consciously reject them. One is driven to believe in something very like a *Zeitgeist*, a *Spirit of the Age*, indefinable but all-pervading, which fashions our mental and emotional life without any consideration for what we ourselves may wish or intend; indeed, with a kind of supreme contempt for any kind of intellectual or moral universe which the individual may genuinely have tried to create for himself in response to his own needs. This is all the stranger because the contemporary *Zeitgeist* professes most of all to speak for the individual; it is very much a Rough Beast as it stumbles towards Bethlehem to be born, crudely and clumsily brushing aside, as so much debris of the past, anything which does not bear the mark of the latest and most immediate moment.

To this Spirit of the Age it is impossible to give any precise definition or configuration, both because it is in its very essence irrational and anti-rational and because, when it deigns to express itself at all, it uses a strange Houyhnhnm tongue which while it parodies human speech, at the same time dissolves it. If one were to choose one single attribute of the Rough Beast, as its particular and distinguishing mark, it would be precisely its supreme disdain for those particular values which make language man's supreme and unique achievement; indeed, the kind of calculated brutality with which it reduces language as a means of communication between human beings to something more nearly resembling the cries, screams and automatic signals of the animal world. In the long run, perhaps, it will be this abasement and degradation of language, so that its most essential function is destroyed, which will be counted as the greatest of the Rough Beast's contributions to the destruction of culture.

Listen, for instance, to Dr Leslie Fiedler on the function of literary criticism in the age of the Rough Beast:

> Not words on the page but words in the world, or, rather words in the head at the private juncture of a thousand contexts—social, psychological, historical, biographical, geographical—in the consciousness of the reader (delivered for an instant, but an instant only, from all those contents by the *ekstasis* of reading): *this will be the proper concern of the critics to come. . . .*
>
> The kind of criticism the age demands is death-of-art criticism, which is most naturally practised by those who have come of age since the death of the new poetry and the new criticism. It seems evident that writers not blessed to be under 30 (or 35, or whatever the critical age is these days) must be reborn in order to seem relevant to the moment and to those who inhabit it most comfortably: the young. But one hasn't even the hope of being reborn unless he knows first that he is dead.

It is very natural that these words should appear in *Playboy* magazine. Dr Fiedler is a distinguished and highly sophisticated critic and scholar; yet in fact there is nothing which divides his profound hatred of art from the commercialisation and vulgarisation of feeling in which *Playboy* specialises. Deep calleth unto deep; the message which Dr Fiedler preaches to his students is the same message which Mr Hefner preaches to tired businessmen, and the kind of rebirth for which Dr Fiedler hopes (and has presumably experienced) is the same one as Mr Hefner's readers look for from eyeing the dewy bosoms of his Bunny girls. And perhaps it is not necessary to tell Dr Fiedler that in his world-without-art criticism will not have found a new function; it will have quite simply ceased to have any function at all. It is not possible to criticise words in the head, no matter how many the contexts of which they are the private juncture. It is only possible to substitute for them other words in the head, so that perhaps in his wish for the death of art Dr Fiedler is really only expressing his wish for the death of criticism and of himself as a critic.

I TAKE the quotation from Dr Fiedler from an article, entitled "Culture Now", by Saul Bellow in the American magazine *Modern Occasions*. Mr Bellow is concerned to trace the footprints of the Rough Beast not only in *Playboy* but in other American magazines and journals, including *Partisan Review* and the Underground Press. His search has evidently been an arduous and painful experience. His reading, he says, made him "first uncomfortable, then queasy, then indig-

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nant, contemptuous and finally quite bleak, flattened out by the bad writing. Brutal profs and bad-tempered ivy league sodomites seemed to have taken over." But something else remained from his reading; the suspicion, which inevitably recurs to anyone who makes even a cursory review of these organs of the *soi-disant avant-garde*, that in these pages a note can be heard which has been heard before, in the literary manifestations which in the 'twenties and 'thirties accompanied the rise of fascism. Indeed, what is most surprising in Dr Fiedler and other Culture War warriors is not so much their almost infantile passion for new toys as their apparently total unawareness that these same toys have fascinated other horrid children in the past. But I suppose that if one of one's objects in life is to obliterate the past, one ought not to be surprised if sometimes it should rise up to grin and mock at you.

"Why does reading Fiedler's essay so promptly and strongly bring fascism to mind?" writes Mr Bellow. "Is he really a dangerous person? Does he literally mean that those of us who are over thirty-five might as well be dead? Probably not. His job is to frighten us, to give us all a good scare. In the old days he would have been writing for the Hearst Sunday Supplement. (Hefner is quite a lot like W. R. Hearst.) But hatred of liberalism, love of an imaginary past (Cowboys and Indians), somnambulistic certitude, praise of tribalism and of Dionysian excesses, the cult of youth, the chastising of high culture by the masses, the consecration of violence—all these suggest fascism. Lidless, the historical garbage-can waits. Necessary and superfluous are the main categories, here. History is important for what you can get rid of. Considerations of style, quality or degree are irrelevant. According to Fiedler, we are confronted with nothing less than the spiritual regeneration of mankind, we must expect to pass through the earlier theological and metaphysical stages of voodoo, storefront revivalism, astrology, holyrolling and Manson cults. But the barbarous and the monstrous will refresh us and, as everybody knows, renewal always follows destruction. High culture will return—like *Mare Nostrum*? like the Thousand-Year Reich?"

Mr Bellow might perhaps have usefully reminded us of the sinister prediction by the great Kingfish of Louisiana, Huey Long, that when fascism came to America it would assume the form of anti-fascism, and reading Dr Fiedler and others one might well suppose that, intellectually at least, this had already happened. But we might also find more dangerous parallels. What in the end gave significance to the literary excesses and absurdities of Hitler's followers, to thinking with your blood and to their war against culture, was the direct line which might be traced between them and the most powerful, corrupt and reactionary industrial interests in Germany. So, one might glumly speculate, what today gives importance to the voices of *Partisan Review*, of *East Village Other*, is that today precisely the same voices are to be heard in *Playboy*, and *Esquire*, speaking to, and on behalf of, the commercialised consumer society which they represent and cater for.

Mr Bellow, indeed, makes this clear when he points out that what he calls "the publicity intellectuals" have made their disappointment with, and hatred of, civilisation the basis of their personal success in the world of the media.

> What civilisation has accumulated they treat as fuel and burn up. As the nineteenth century got its industrial power from coal, from the combustion of carboniferous forests, so successful operators burn up the culture of the nineteenth, the eighteenth, the seventeenth centuries, of all centuries, of all the ages. While they complain of a consumer culture, they consume the past, consume it all. They see nothing wrong with this. They find their sanction in the Contemporaneous. For whatever is not Contemporaneous is worthless. Dead civilisations are to be cremated. Let us therefore have bigger bonfires, the bacchae out of their skulls courtesy of Dow Chemicals, whirling, while tribal music crashes from the amplifiers. Afterwards, peace and wisdom will return. Later.

★

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION and its two canonised heroes, Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, have inspired many hopes, dreams and illusions, especially among left-wing intellectuals who have persuaded themselves that it represents a New Model of Communism, free from the faults of the old, and with romantic and Messianic overtones which they find irresistibly seductive. In recent years, however, the dreams have begun to fade a little and it has become increasingly difficult to sustain the illusions; Che Guevara bandeaux have become articles of boutique fashion rather than emblems of revolutionary faith. The New Model has begun to reveal blemishes which even Dr Castro's admirers find it difficult to excuse, and some of them have been led to suspect that New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

That suspicion has been greatly strengthened by the treatment applied by the Castro régime to the Cuban poet, Heberto Padilla. Sr

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Padilla's relations with the régime have been troubled for some time. In 1968 a volume of his poems was awarded a literary prize (by an international panel chosen by the Castro government), despite its allusions to some of the less pleasant aspects of the régime, which had incurred the displeasure both of the Cuban government and the Cuban army. One of his poems suggested that, to flourish in Communist Cuba, one should:

> *. . . walk*
> *as every member does:*
> *one step forward, and*
> *two or three backwards:*
> *but always applauding.*

In March of this year Sr Padilla was suddenly arrested, for no particular reason it would appear, and in April he was just as suddenly, and with no more reason, released. During his six weeks in prison, however, something had changed in Sr Padilla, such as to make him almost unrecognisable to his friends. While under arrest he had signed a confession or "Self-criticism" which bears a sickeningly familiar look to anyone acquainted with similar confessions extracted from the prisoners of other communist régimes. It has not yet been published in Cuba but has been distributed abroad by the official Cuban news agency; on the grounds presumably that while nobody in Cuba could possibly be expected to believe it, anything is good enough to fool Dr Castro's foreign sympathisers.

In his confession Sr Padilla announces that he has for some time been a traitor to the revolution, exaggerating or inventing its bad features in order to attract attention and earn sympathy and admiration for himself abroad, and rejecting all his past works as the expression of his own "egocentricity". Among other things, he also denounces the veteran French agronomist, M. René Dumont, and the French journalist K. S. Karol, well-known in this country for his contributions to the *New Statesman*, as agents of the C.I.A.

No one is likely to take seriously Sr Padilla's accusations, either against himself or others. What is more important is that, given his character, his writings and his beliefs, they could only have been made under the most extreme forms of pressure; in *Le Monde*, his friend, the Cuban novelist, Juan Arcocha, states bluntly that there could only have been one means by which Sr Padilla could have been persuaded to write his essay in self-criticism: torture.

Until now, Dr Castro has treated intellectuals with slightly more tolerance than they enjoy under other communist régimes and thereby has helped to sustain the image of himself as an apostle of humanity and enlightenment. If he has now taken to torturing them, the most obvious reason is to be found in the increasing economic difficulties with which he is faced, and his growing reliance upon the Soviet Union as his only effective source of aid. It may, as the *Economist* suggests, be fanciful to suppose that Russian pressure has induced him to deal with his own local Solzhenitsyn. It is not fanciful, however, to suppose that among the Russian advisers in Cuba, now variously estimated at between 6,000 and 20,000, there are experts and "technicians" well equipped to instruct him in the classical Soviet methods of silencing the voices of criticism and dissent. When the sugar crop fails, torture the poets.

Dr Castro is following the Soviet model also in the contempt he shows for the protests and criticisms his treatment of Sr Padilla has provoked abroad, and particularly among left-wing intellectuals like J.-P. Sartre, Susan Sontag, Hans Magnus Enzensberger and others, who have hitherto been uncritical admirers of himself and his régime. "So they are at war with us," said Castro in a Havana speech. "Magnificent! They are nothing more than brazen pseudo-leftists who instead of being here in the trenches live in the bourgeois salons 10,000 miles from the problems. They are going to be unmasked and left nude to the ankles."

Dr Castro may well be justified in his contempt. The "mafia of bourgeois intellectuals" have by now become so used to compounding and compromising with the evils of "revolutionary" régimes, while vociferously denouncing those of their own, that any protests they make, even in a just cause, are apt to have a hollow ring, fatally weakened by the dual standards they apply to revolutionary régimes and to bourgeois societies. In the latter, evils like torture, police brutality, denial of civil rights are represented as exposing the essential nature of the society, in the former as accidental excesses, aberrations, superficial blemishes which can be corrected and eradicated without affecting the régime's fundamental character. It would be simpler for everyone, and make their own protests more effective, if they would recognise that socialism, in any form, is incompatible with torture. *R*

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The Halévy Thesis

Methodism and Revolution — By BERNARD SEMMEL

ELIE HALEVY is, perhaps, most widely known for his dramatic thesis in his classic work, *England in 1815*. It suggested that during the years in which the demons of revolution dominated the continent—between, say, 1789 and 1815—England had been spared the revolution toward which the contradictions in her polity and economy might otherwise have led her, because of the stabilising influence of evangelical religion, particularly of Methodism. In the decades following the publication of Halévy's book (in 1913 in French, and in 1924 in its English translation), it was taken up, in one form or another, by most of the English historians who addressed themselves to the subject.[1] Halévy's thesis was persuasive to a generation which, by endorsing it, could indulge in both the sophistication of contemporary German historical sociology, which (following Weber and Troeltsch) saw the importance of ideas, particularly religious ideas, as the shapers of institutions and events, and in a popular Marxism which saw religion as the "opiate of the people". Halévy and his followers were writing at a time when the failure to cite hard evidence was not deemed critical, and it was not until the 1950s that this deficiency was effectively noted. Nevertheless, the thesis continued to be persuasive, to maintain its grip on the imagination of historians who began to fill in the evidence.[2]

In recent years, in both England and America, there has been a renewal of interest in 18th- and 19th-century English religious history, and hovering in the background of most of the efforts to relate religion to social and political issues stands, almost inevitably, the Halévy Thesis. Yet the full dimensions of the thesis, as Halévy stated them, have been imperfectly understood. Indeed the most considerable statement of the thesis by Halévy has gone virtually unread, and the sources of the thesis—a matter of some significance since it does not seem to have emerged from "hard" evidence—have never been explored. If the hypothesis is to serve satisfactorily as a stimulus of, and an instrument of, further research, implicitly or explicitly, such matters are worth pursuing.

ELIE HALEVY was born in 1870 into a family whose founder, Halévy's great-grandfather, had been a cantor of the synagogue service when he had come from Bavaria to Paris toward the end of the eighteenth century.[3] Halévy's grandfather, Léon, the second son of the Bavarian cantor, was to be Comte's successor as the secretary of Saint-Simon; Léon's son Ludovic, Elie's father, was the well-known librettist for Offenbach and Bizet. Ludovic's mother—Léon's wife—had been Catholic, and

[1] See, for example, J. L. & Barbara Hammond, *The Town Labourer, 1760-1832* (1917); R. F. Wearmouth, *Methodism and the Common People of the Eighteenth Century* (1945); and V. Kiernan, "Evangelicalism and the French Revolution," *Past and Present* (Feb. 1952), pp. 44-56.

[2] For example, C. C. Gillispie, "The Work of Elie Halévy: A Critical Appreciation," *Journal of Modern History*, Vol. XXII, pp. 232-49; and in more thorough-going fashion in E. J. Hobsbawm, "Methodism and the Threat of Revolution in Britain," *Labouring Men: Studies in the History of Labour* (1964), pp. 23-33. For another highly critical view of Halévy's ideas concerning Methodism, see J. H. S. Kent, "M. Elie Halévy on Methodism," *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society* (December 1953).

See also: E. P. Thompson, *The Making of the English Working Class* (1964), and the discussion in Harold Perkin, *The Origins of Modern English Society 1780-1880* (1969).

[3] The details of Halévy's life are to be found in L. Brunschvicg, "Elie Halévy (1870-1937)," *Revue de Metaphysique et de Morale* (October 1937), pp. 679-92; E. Barker, "Elie Halévy," *English Historical Review* (January 1938), pp. 79-87; J. B. Brebner, "Halévy: Diagnostician of Modern Britain," *Thought* (March 1948), pp. 101-13; R. K. Webb, "Introduction," to E. Halévy, *The Era of Tyrannies* (1965); and most systematically in M. Richter, "Elie Halévy," *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.*

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Ludovic had been raised in that faith. Ludovic was to marry Louise Breguet, of a prominent family of Protestant industrialists, and Elie and Daniel, the sons of this marriage, were raised as Protestants (a matter of some interest, given our inquiry). In 1898, Halévy was invited to lecture at the *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques,* which had been founded shortly after France's defeat of 1871, by a group of men seeking to diagnose French instability, which they contrasted with the strength and stability of Victoria's England. For nearly forty years, Halévy was to lecture at the school on the history of European socialism and on modern English history. After the completion of his first book, on Platonic philosophy, Halévy began his work upon Bentham and the philosophical Radicals, an enterprise which brought him to consider subjects beyond the purely metaphysical, and was his first approach to English history.[4]

It was in the late 1890s that he began the practice of making annual visits to England to work at the British Museum, or at one of the universities. After his marriage in 1901, his wife Florence Noufflard accompanied him on these research expeditions. On his early visits, Halévy was armed with a letter of introduction from Taine, a friend of his father, who had long been associated with the *Ecole Libre.*

It was soon after the completion of *The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism* that Halévy had turned to consider Methodism, the apparent polar opposite of utilitarianism, though (as he came to believe along with Dicey[5]) its real ally in creating the character of modern England. Halévy, although raised as a Protestant by a mother who throughout her long life exercised a strong influence over her son, confessed himself an unbeliever who regarded Buddhism as coming closest to truth; yet his Protestant background no doubt played a role in endowing him with a sympathy for the subject of Methodism, upon which he began serious research in the summer of 1905. "I am going to the other side of the Channel," he wrote a friend, Célestin Bouglé, on July 4, 1905, "to cultivate my garden and to study Methodism, just as I would," he added (no doubt to reassure his friend concerning a possible outcropping of religiosity!), "Buddhism or Babism." On July 31st, he wrote another friend, Xavier Léon, from Oxford that he was working "very fruitfully," and had already discovered masses of material which no one had used previously. The core of his work, he observed, was "to define those two forms of Christian religious exaltation which are called Catholicism and Protestantism". Strangely enough, Halévy wrote, no one had ever attempted to do this.[6] A month later, on August 27th, Halévy wrote Léon again, this time from Penzance. Before leaving Oxford, Halévy had discovered that a "*Normalien*"[7] had already been at work for some time upon Wesley and English Methodism. "I have learned this two months or even a year too late," he observed sadly. A couple of weeks later, in a letter to Bouglé, he wondered what he would do with his notes, noting that, of course, "I have always contemplated a History of England in the Nineteenth Century," and that the notes would prove useful in that enterprise. Clearly, however, Halévy wished to make more direct and immediate use of the material he had gathered, and, in the following August, two articles on "La Naissance du Méthodisme en Angleterre," appeared in the *Revue de Paris.* Although these articles are known—Halévy referred to them in a footnote in *England in 1815*—they seem to have been virtually unread in the English-speaking world; it must be presumed that their relative inaccessibility—in the yellowing, brittle pages of a French literary review — or the inconvenience of their not having been translated are responsible for this neglect.

HISTORIANS HAD TRIED "to dramatise" the revival, Halévy observed in the first of these articles, by suggesting that the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield had transformed a country in which "absolute irreligion and immorality" reigned, to one which enjoyed "universal exaltation." As usual, Halévy observed, "the truth is less simple". The frequently made contrast between a "clerical" France and an "irreligious" England was a false one. Seventeenth-century Puritanism had "left deep marks on the popular consciousness". It had produced the "grave, reserved, silent, and melancholy" Englishman in whose very tolerance there was "hidden a

[4] *Histoire du socialisme européen* (1948). *La théorie platonicienne des sciences* (1896). *La formation du radicalisme philosophique* (1901-1904); translated as *The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism* (1928).

[5] A. V. Dicey, *Lectures on the Relation Between Law and Public Opinion in England During the Nineteenth Century* (1914), pp. 400-9.

[6] Alain [A. Chartier], *Correspondance avec Elie et Florence Halévy* (1958), pp. 325, 331, 332.

[7] The "Normalien" was Augustin Léger (see unpublished letter of Halévy to Bouglé, July 30, 1905, in possession of Dr H. Noufflard Guy-Loé), whose programme of research was to prove very different from Halévy's. Augustin Léger, *L'Angleterre religieuse et les origines du Méthodisme au XVIIIe siècle; la jeunesse de Wesley* (1910).

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kind of religiosity," a sense of awe at the "incomprehensible mystery" of the universe, which constituted "the mystic foundation of English liberalism". On the other hand, it was the "frivolousness" of the Frenchman which proved more useful for "the temperament of the free thinker," and it was French rationalism which seemed less conducive to the promotion of tolerance. Although the propagation of irreligious ideas in England was undoubtedly making the English less melancholy and less theological, Halévy pointed to the formation within Anglicanism of "numerous and flourishing" voluntary societies to combat vice, and religious societies to "enlighten the faithful" (among them the society set up by the Wesleys at Oxford in 1729), to prove that the "decline of the religious spirit" had been exaggerated. The Dissenting sects had, indeed, been in decline since 1688 due to the increasing liberalism and rationalism of the Dissenting ministers, in some cases deserting their flocks for Anglicanism or Socinianism. But the rank-and-file of Dissent cleaved to the old faith. The reservoir of Protestant emotions of the Dissenting faithful, which their own ministers were unable or unwilling to tap, was plumbed to the depths by the Methodists, who combined "the ecclesiastical zeal" of the High Church clergy and societies with "the Protestant piety of the mass of the faithful". The great accomplishment of Wesley and Whitefield was not that of creating "a completely new initiative," as it were "*ex nihilo*." Rather they brought together "well-defined, pre-existing elements" in "a new combination".

The High Church societies were not able to bring forth the revival on their own, Halévy suggested, because "the Protestant, or Puritan impulse failed them". It was only after their conversion to the authentic Protestantism of salvation by faith that John Wesley and his Methodists were able "to act upon the consciousness of the nation". The German Moravian missionaries of Count Zinzendorf, first in Georgia, and then in London, were primarily responsible for this conversion. Methods of evangelising which could only have been either "unknown or repugnant" to ordained ministers of the Church of England, as both Whitefield and Wesley were, would have to be employed; these methods had been developed by Griffith Jones and Howell Harris in a still almost barbaric Wales. Barred from preaching in the Churches, first Whitefield and then Wesley emulated these methods, and succeeded in producing feelings of the most violent exaltation on the part of their listeners by their preaching in the fields. Without the conversion to Protestantism, and the imitation of the preaching of the Welsh revivalists, the "popular revolution" which was Methodism could not have occurred.

The preaching of Wesley and Whitefield, moreover, Halévy declared, "encountered favourable conditions"; at the very time of this revival, "a political revolution was underway," closely related to the religious revolution. In 1738, Halévy noted, Walpole was faced with an imposing parliamentary opposition supported by growing public discontent, and found himself compelled, by this change of opinion, to make war with both France and Spain. How was this "political revolution" to be explained? Halévy suggested that the "industrial era" had begun at about 1688, and he viewed the period of the great inventions, in the last decades of the 18th century, as resting upon a considerable anterior industrial development. The régime of "manufacture" during the early part of the 18th century displayed, Halévy argued, a good number of the characteristics usually regarded as exclusively belonging to that of "machinofacture". There was pauperism in all industrial centres—at that time, principally the villages of Wiltshire and Yorkshire—just as there would be in the industrial cities a century later, and with pauperism was associated "the ignorance, immorality, and intemperance" of the working classes. Toward the end of the 1730s, a commercial crisis took place. It was, Halévy asserted, a crisis of overproduction, which is generally believed not to have occurred until "the increase of mechanisation increased the volume of production." This crisis brought about the fall of Walpole's policy of peace, for England's merchants, manufacturers and shipowners—finding "the disposal of their products difficult," and galled by Spain's interference with their ships in her effort to safeguard her trade monopoly—became "restless and provocative." Pitt was the spokesman of this new mood. Walpole's policy of "moral and religious scepticism" was also in jeopardy, when "the bestial state to which the lower classes had been reduced" was revealed by the disturbances produced by the crisis.

THIS ECONOMIC CRISIS, Halévy observed, "spurred the eruption of Methodism". Noting that the times and places where "the industrial crisis" was the most severe were identical with the times and places where "the religious crisis" was most evident, Halévy had no doubt but that "the two crises are tied together". It was in the region south of Bristol, from the Atlantic to the English Channel, which was at

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that time the centre of the wool industry, that the distress was keenest and the agitation and rioting of the working classes greatest. Sectarian Protestantism had long been influential in the area, and with the onset of troubles, "it was but natural that Christian enthusiasm endeavoured to turn this popular ferment to its own profit." It was to this region that Wesley and Whitefield, and their early disciples first came to preach in the fields: "the despair of the working class was the raw material to which Methodist doctrine and discipline gave a shape". The same crisis hit the industrial villages of Yorkshire, and helped to "generate" a revival there. In Yorkshire, just as in the Bristol region, dearth and high wheat prices had led to arson, pillage, and rioting, all "favourable circumstances for the progress of religious exaltation". Distress and Methodism spread together among the miners of Cornwall and Wales, through the Midlands and Lancashire. The efforts of Wesley and Whitefield quite understandably gave rise to fears of a renewal of the revolutionary feelings associated with the religious enthusiasm of the preceding century. But Methodism was clearly not "a revolutionary or a communist doctrine," and these early fears were soon allayed.

Why, Halévy asked, did the working-class agitation of 1738, "after its violent beginnings," take the "form of a religious and mystical movement" whose ideal was "extremely conservative, rather than terminating in a social revolution"?

Halévy saw the problem as posing difficulties only "in so far as one has illusions concerning the role which the common people play in history". The answer, for Halévy, lay in the role of that "singularly influential class," the bourgeoisie, those who occupied "posts of command, high or low, in the economy." The proletariat, accessible as it was to "the prompt contagion of all violent emotions," could not by itself decide on the direction of its enthusiasm; it looked to the bourgeoisie for "a doctrine, an ideal." If, in 1739, there had been a bourgeoisie "moved by revolutionary sentiments and convinced that it must instigate a movement of intimidation and insurrection" so as to satisfy its demands, it would, at that time, have "been able to bring about a democratic social revolution". But the English bourgeoisie was not revolutionary, or republican, remembering as it did "the horror" of the Civil Wars; nor was it irreligious. When economic crisis provided "the raw material for a general revolt," the "popular discontent took the form which the discontent of the bourgeoisie wished to give to it, a religious and conservative form." This was the case in 1739, Halévy declared, and it continued to be the case into the 20th century.

> Even today, whenever a Methodist preacher brings a popular audience together at a street corner to read the Bible, sing hymns, and pray in common, whenever he induces a "revival" of mysticism and religious exaltation, in a region or throughout the nation, the great movement of 1739 is being repeated, in the pattern fixed by tradition, with climactic moments and sudden changes of mood that everybody—passionate participants and disinterested spectators—can foresee in advance. A force which would be capable of expending itself in displays of violence or popular upheavals, assumes, under the influence of a century and a half of Methodism, the form least capable of unsettling a social order founded upon inequality of rank and wealth.

This was why, Halévy concluded, modern England possessed no genuine "parties of social and political revolution," and why England has remained a "Puritan nation".

IN THESE TERMS Halévy depicted the socio-psychological dynamic by which Methodism —as well as the Dissenting sects and the Church of England, which were transformed by Methodist evangelicalism—made its great, direct contribution to English stability in the 19th century. The structure in which the dynamic was set forth was hardly free of flaws. One might ask, for example, how necessary the "crisis of overproduction" was to Halévy's picture of 1739. Would not great and widespread distress have been sufficient for his purposes? There are other clear grounds for debate. What, of course, is the most controversial part of the articles was Halévy's projection of the Methodist achievement in blocking revolution in 1739 to the subsequent history of England. Here was the preparation for the statement of his position in *England in 1815*.

IN 1896, WRITING TO his friend Bouglé, Halévy, still at work upon his book on Benthamism, and before deciding to undertake a study of Methodism, speculated as to his future research. Would he undertake "a theory of society, a theory of modern democracy, or a history of England?" It was to the last subject, as we know, that Halévy was ultimately called, the first volume of which, *England in 1815*, a masterpiece of European historiography, appeared in 1913. The book, embracing all of Halévy's three possibilities, bears the mark of the primacy of Halévy's philosophic interests, the predominance of the intellectual historian in his make-up.

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> Why was it that of all the countries of Europe England has been the most free from revolutions, violent crises, and sudden changes?

Was it because of her Constitution, her political system? The British constitution was "anarchic," and the government had been "systematically weakened, always a prey to internal strife, and deprived by the Constitution itself of the necessary means to repress economic or religious disorders, the war of classes and creeds." Was it because of England's comparative freedom, as an island, from the menace of a continental invader? Was it, as Tocqueville had earlier suggested, the absence of a centralised bureaucracy of which a revolutionary minority might seize control? Halévy regarded such explanations as "insufficient". Was the secret of England's stability to be found in her economic system? Hardly. There had been serious industrial crises, accompanied by business failures, unemployment, starvation; workers, "imbued with revolutionary ideas," rioted; there was "open war" between urban Free Traders and the Protectionists of the countryside. Sismondi, who had visited England in 1817, had been "terrified by the spectacle of revolution," which he regarded as inevitable under the prevailing economic system. Even Ricardo saw class wars as inescapable, and, a generation later, Marx (availing himself of the insights of Sismondi and Ricardo) had no doubt that the industrial revolution, with its attendant miseries, must end in a liberating social revolution.

> If the materialistic interpretation of history is to be trusted,

Halévy observed,

> if economic facts explain the course taken by the human race in its progress, the England of the nineteenth century was surely, above all countries, destined to revolution, both political and religious.

But, Halévy added, "it was not to be so."

But why not? Halévy resumed the terms of analysis of his 1906 articles. England's "political institutions were such," he argued, "that society might easily have lapsed into anarchy had there existed in England a bourgeoisie animated by the spirit of revolution." The system of economic production was so anarchic as to have "plunged the kingdom into violent revolution" if the working classes had found middle-class leaders able to provide them with "a definite ideal, a creed, a practical programme."

> But the élite of the working class, the hard-working and capable bourgeois, had been imbued by the evangelical movement with a spirit from which the established order had nothing to fear.

This spirit—conservative and anti-revolutionary—derived from the Methodist revival of the previous century. Methodism had brought under its influence the Dissenters, the Establishment, and finally even "secular opinion". The revival had stimulated an Evangelical movement within the Church of England, and it was to these Evangelicals that the reform of the "national morality" was largely due. It was they who exercised upon the upper classes, most particularly after the French Revolution had displayed the fruits of irreligion, "a direct influence akin to that exercised by the Methodists on the masses". England, at this time, indeed, believed that her victory in 1815 stemmed from her cultivation of "moral qualities" which the French lacked, and in the century which followed, evangelical opinion helped to enforce laws against blasphemy, drunkenness, and obscenity, and ensured that the Sabbath would be a day of rest. This last was advocated to employers as helping to produce, in Halévy's words, "a religious and obedient proletariat." Here was the source of "the miracle of modern England, anarchist but orderly, practical and business-like, but religious and even pietist." While defending liberty in the form of that "freedom of association" without which they themselves could not exist, the sects, in association with the forces of authority, imposed on the nation "a rigorous ethical conformity and at least an outward respect for the Christian social order". "With their passion for liberty they united a devotion to order," Halévy observed, "and in the last resort the latter predominated."

These efforts were largely made not by the state but by voluntary associations, lacking powers of "legal coercion," and consequently obliged to establish "a powerful moral authority alike over their own members and over society as a whole." Such voluntary associations, Halévy continued, moral and religious, philanthropic and scientific, are an outstanding characteristic of modern England. It was they which

> fashioned the character of the English middle class . . . dogmatic in morals, proud of its practical outlook, and sufficiently powerful to obtain respect for its views from the proletariat . . . [and] from the aristocracy.

The source of all this was in Methodism, and its organisation. "Methodism was the antidote to Jacobinism," Halévy declared in the concluding paragraph of *England in 1815*; "the free organisation of the sects was the foundation of social order in England." England

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was a free country because, "at bottom," England was "a country of voluntary obedience, of an organisation freely initiated and freely accepted."

THIS, THEN, WAS THE SHAPE which Halévy's view of Methodism assumed when it appeared as the dominating theme of *England in 1815*, and the not inconsiderable attention which the hypothesis has received in the last half-century has been directed, more or less, to this formulation. We must stress that Halévy, like Max Weber at about the same time, was not (as is frequently believed) attempting to replace an economic interpretation by an idealistic interpretation of history. Halévy, again like Weber, was suspicious of all efforts to understand history as the product of a single cause, and saw religion as capable of altering what appeared to be the otherwise almost "inevitable" tendency of the internal contradictions, as both Ricardo and Marx understood them, of the new industrialism to produce revolution. Nor did Halévy fail to stress—and this is a matter which many of his critics neglect—that while Methodism, indeed, was the grand source of the crucial religious influence, that influence was exerted, in the main, indirectly, by the infiltration of the Methodist spirit into the ranks of the Dissenters and, through the Evangelicals, into the Established Church, and by the imposition of a new morality upon *all* classes by means of the activities of voluntary associations.

IN HIS 1906 ARTICLES, Halévy spoke of it as being "generally agreed" that Methodism had contributed to "preventing the French Revolution from having an English counterpart." Certainly, very early in the nineteenth century, it was not unusual to consider Wesley and Voltaire as the two antipodal figures of the past century, with the clear implication that the latter had helped to make, and the former to prevent a revolution. Robert Southey's two-volume work on Wesley, for example, had been couched in such terms.[8] In France, a tradition of comparing French and English development had long existed. Montesquieu and Voltaire had founded it, and differences in religious attitudes had attracted their considerable interest. Tocqueville wrote much of his *Ancien Régime and the French Revolution* with England (and more particularly England's freedom from revolution) in mind. Guizot, probably France's greatest historian in the mid-nineteenth century, and a Protestant, proclaimed that "never was the author of a great and durable popular movement farther removed from any revolutionary tendency than was Wesley". Moreover, Guizot observed, Wesley and Methodism were "to reanimate the moral element in England, to purify her manners, and give her strength to resist the fatal allurement of the French Revolution." Others, like the Comte de Rémusat and Matthieu Lelièvre, echoed Guizot's view, and approached Halévy's subsequent formulation.

Halévy was, no doubt, familiar with many of these earlier views which, however, rarely rose above the level of simple assertion—but he appears to have been most especially under the influence of Hippolyte Taine, who was, as noted, a family friend. The influence of Taine upon Halévy's entire *oeuvre* must be stressed. It was (as Halévy's friend Brunschvicg observed) Taine's programme for the discussion of modern French history which Halévy was to apply to England. Taine, the essayist, had embroidered in splendid, rhetorical fashion only upon leading themes, while Halévy played the role of the historian to whom nothing was alien. Yet, if Taine's *magnum opus, Les Origines de la France contemporaine*, was the model for Halévy's *History*, no reader of the first volume of Taine's work, that on the *Ancien Régime*, can fail to see, even more strongly, how Halévy's *England in 1815* followed its example, particularly in the role Halévy assigned to the Methodist hypothesis.

It should be noted also that Taine, more than forty years before the appearance of Halévy's articles, had discussed Methodism in very much the same terms which Halévy was to employ in his 1906 articles. Indeed, in Taine's lengthy contrast between the seeming and the real differences between English and French religiosity at the beginning of the eighteenth century, we see, almost allusion for allusion, hints of the early sections of Halévy's first article—the contrast between the supposed irreligiosity of England and "the moral sense" of the English; the view of the Englishman as

[8] Voltaire, wrote Southey, was "the arch-infidel," whose teachings had "brought down the whole fabric of government in France, overturned her altars, subverted her throne, carried guilt, devastation and misery into every part of his own country, and shook the rest of Europe like an earthquake". On the other hand, Southey observed, "Wesley's doctrines, meantime, were slowly and gradually winning their way . . . and their effect must ultimately be more extensive, more powerful, and more permanent, for he had set mightier principles at work." Robert Southey, *The Life of Wesley and the Rise and Progress of Methodism* (1820), Vol I, pp. 2-3.

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"naturally serious, meditative, and sad," whose eyes were turned "inward to the life of the soul"; the view that such a temperament gave "a support to Protestantism," and gave the Englishman a religious frame of mind; that beneath an apparent irreligiosity, "the cooled Puritan spirit still broods underground." For Taine, as later for Halévy, Wesley and Whitefield typified the English character.

> In spite of Hume and Voltaire, they founded a monastic and convulsionary sect, and triumphed through austerity and exaggeration, which would have ruined them in France.

It was they who rallied "round Christianity all the forces which in France Voltaire ranges against it." Indeed, "they all defend it on the same ground—as a tie for civil society and a support for private virtue." Taine's conclusion —in line with those of Southey, Rémusat, and Guizot—was that "thus Englishmen arrive on the threshold of the French Revolution, conservatives and Christians facing the French freethinkers and revolutionaries."[9] In his *Notes on England,* published in the 1860s, Taine displayed a similar awareness of the importance of the role played by Evangelicalism in creating modern England, and he also noted the special role of voluntary, private associations. Taine, in his youth, had been the special protégé of Guizot, and we might almost trace the succession of Guizot to Taine to Halévy—two of them raised as Protestants—all seeking the answer to the same question and emerging with the same general reply: that England's freedom from revolution lay in the influence of Methodism.

What of Taine's *Origines* and the role played by the Methodist hypothesis in Halévy's *England in 1815*? There were many works which appeared in France in the last decades of the 19th century, which addressed themselves to investigating the causes of the French Revolution. Historians like Rocquain and Aubertin saw the cause in a political breakdown arising from the struggles of the king and the *parlements;* Champion saw economic grievances as foremost; Faguet agreed, and spoke of a general governmental breakdown. Lanson and Taine (particularly Taine), following in the tradition of the Conservative theorists, de Maistre and de Bonald, believed that it had been the *philosophes* who had produced the Revolution. The first volume of Taine's *Origines* speaks of the "chimera" born of "the catechism of the rights of man, and other dogmas of anarchical and despotic character" becoming "a raging, formidable brute".

> They have had the doctrine preached to them that they are sovereign, and they act as sovereigns . . . the condition of their intellects being given, nothing is more natural than their conduct . . . the upper class disarmed by its very humanity . . . the nightmare [of irreligion and democracy] . . . several millions of savages are thus let loose by a few thousand declaimers.

What would be more natural, then, for Halévy, who drew the plans of his *History* about the theme of why England did *not* have a revolution, to turn, in discounting the view that English stability was a product of her political or economic institutions, to the realm of ideas? To a trained philosopher and a historian of thought, the prospect could only be congenial. In his later analysis of the origins of the first World War, Halévy was to announce that "I am no believer in the materialist conception of history," and that it was idealism which made revolutions and wars. Halévy's study of utilitarianism, however, had proved to him that philosophical Radicalism, taken by itself, *had* all the revolutionary potential of French philosophic thought. The Methodist thesis had already been sketched out by Halévy's French predecessors, as we have observed, and Halévy became convinced that it was the solution to his problem.

In this instance, it is probably necessary to dispute Brunschvicg's view of Halévy's method of not "*avoir trouvé avant d'avoir cherché.*" The very existence of the 1906 articles, before Halévy had begun the detailed studies which produced *England in 1815*, suggests a *parti pris*, at least so far as the later period is concerned, and Taine's role in providing Halévy with that *parti pris* (even for the earlier period) was, it would seem, substantial. Guizot had made a simple assertion; Taine had placed it in the impressionistic, but persuasive, literary setting of a contrast of national characters, which Halévy was to imitate in his first article for the *Revue de Paris*; and, as we have noted, the structure of the first volume of Taine's *Origines,* the reputed model of Halévy's *History*, when taken together with Halévy's pronounced turn of mind, could not fail to exert a powerful influence upon the structure of the first volume of Halévy's work. Halévy, then, was moving within a well-marked tradition of French sociological history when he wrote his articles and undertook his *History*. If Halévy required any further confirmation of this *parti pris*, one perhaps better grounded in historical fact than those offered by his other predecessors, it was

[9] H. A. Taine, *History of English Literature* (Edinburgh, 1874), Vol. III.

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provided by W. E. H. Lecky in his seven-volume *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, published in the last quarter of the 19th century.

LECKY'S WORK (to which Halévy was to refer in both the 1906 articles and in *England in 1815*) was to lift the level of discussion of the Methodist hypothesis beyond that of simple assertion. Yet his view was supported by little more evidence than Southey had provided some generations earlier. Lecky had no doubt as to the importance of the "religious revolution" which the Wesleys and Whitefield had ushered in, and of the influence of the evangelical movement which "more or less permeated every section of society." The revolt against the supernatural theory of Christianity which had been conducted by Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists, the materialism of Condillac and Helvetius, the "wild social dreams" of Rousseau.

> had together produced in France a revolutionary spirit, which in its intensity and its proselytising fervour was unequalled since the days of the Reformation.

The spirit—"which could only lead to anarchy, and at length to despotism," and was "fatal to that measured and ordered freedom which can alone endure"—spread. England, almost alone, "escaped the contagion." "Many causes conspired to save her," but "a prominent place" among them (Lecky believed) had to be given to the "religious enthusiasm" then

> passing through the middle and lower classes of the people, which had enlisted in its service a large proportion of the wilder and more impetuous reformers, and which recoiled with horror from the anti-Christian tenets that were associated with the Revolution in France.

Lecky then turned to certain of the consequences of the growth of industry in England at this time, the "breaking the ties of sympathy between class and class, and destroying the habits of discipline and subordination that once extended through the whole community." All this produced "a restless discontent". "The inflammable elements in the nation were massed together to an unprecedented extent... the war between capital and labour began [as] the contrast between extravagant luxury and abject misery [became] more frequent . . . more glaring." "It is, therefore, I conceive," Lecky concluded, "peculiarly fortunate" that this great increase in manufacturing

> should have been preceded by a religious revival, which opened a new spring of moral and religious energy among the poor, and at the same time gave a powerful impulse to the philanthropy of the rich.[10]

Halévy was clearly not obliged to take a leap into the dark. It might be said of Halévy and the Methodist thesis what Halévy said of Wesley and Methodism: Halévy's great accomplishment was not that of creating "a completely new initiative" *ex nihilo*, but of bringing together well-defined, pre-existing elements in a new combination.

IN OBSERVING THAT Halévy's hypothesis concerning Revolution and Methodism belonged to a long tradition in French historiography, I suggested that Halévy may, in good part, at first have formulated his hypothesis in his 1906 articles in terms of this tradition, rather than from the evidence. In the course of writing his *England in 1815*, Halévy did survey a very considerable quantity of evidence. The question is whether he, perhaps following Lecky in this matter (and, no doubt, in response to his own *parti pris*), did not place greater faith in that evidence than was justified by the political circumstances which had produced it.

The debate concerning Methodism and Revolution, with which we have become familiar in the last decade-and-a-half, began, perhaps surprisingly, in the quarter of a century before Waterloo. From its earliest days, (i.e. from 1739 onwards), as is well known, Methodism had appeared to many in both state and church to be posing the clear threat of revolution. It seemed to be a revival of the Enthusiasm and the Antinomianism of the 17th century. The government had, in the decades which followed the onset of the Revival, been reassured by the steadfast loyalty of John Wesley, a good Tory, who (almost uniquely among the Dissenters) had even defended Lord North against the American revolutionists. Nevertheless, the possibility that the government—as a consequence of the intermittent agitation of clergymen and prelates of the Church of England, and the concern felt in high political places about the potential danger of a fanatical, mass, sectarian movement in times of national distress—might find it useful to restrain the spread of Methodism, or even to suppress it entirely, was never absent from the thoughts of the leaders of the Methodist Connection. After Wesley's death in 1791, charges that Methodism was potentially revolutionary—no doubt in response to the unrest produced by

[10] W. E. H. Lecky, *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (1878), Vol. II, pp. 611, 634-8.

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events in France—came up with increasing frequency. Fears of Methodism became sharp in the mid-'90s as an egalitarian minority of Methodists fought to democratise the government of the Connection. Many in the State and Church reacted with inevitable paranoia at the prospect of over 100,000 Methodists, under the tight discipline of a central committee of 100 which dispatched scores of itinerant preachers throughout the kingdom to guide hundreds of chapels. Nor was it an unnatural fear—since it might be argued that the Methodists were the only body of the "People" who were so organised as to be capable of making a revolution. Moreover, the expansive energies of Methodism appeared to be at their height, and Methodism, having devoted its attentions for half-a-century to the proletariat in the mines and the new industrial towns, was turning its attention to the previously unassailed rural districts, heretofore the acknowledged monopoly of the Established Church.

The Anglican clergy and bishops took alarm. They feared the "levelling" principle in the Methodist system of lay preaching. They dreaded the fanaticism of the converted. Some saw a revolutionary conspiracy being hatched by the Connection. In 1807, the Bishop of Gloucester, an Evangelical but an enemy to the Methodists, depicted the Establishment as a "citadel" which was "beset on every side" by Methodists "who wish not well to the civil and religious polity of this nation." These "malignant and subtle adversaries," through

> their private conferences, their local classes, their extensive connections, their general assemblies . . . co-operate from one part of the Kingdom to another . . . for the purpose of concerting measures to undermine our civil and religious Constitution.

More and more, the Anglican critics of Methodists were inquiring whether Methodists, with their peculiar system of itinerancy and their uncertain status as Dissenters, ought to be protected by the Toleration Acts.[11]

Methodist leaders continued to insist as Wesley had done, that their allegiance to the King and his government was a spiritual imperative. This was the usual Tory appeal to divine right and passive obedience, loyalty to the monarch "not only for wrath but for conscience's sake." From the '90s onward, they also insisted (anticipating the earliest historiographical formulation of what we call the Halévy thesis) that if England were not being assailed by revolutionary demons, as France was, this was attributable to the stabilising influence of Methodism. This theme was repeated again and again in Methodist sermons which assumed that not only was Methodism in good part responsible for spawning Britain's new industrial growth, but that it was the means by which

> vast groups of loose and disorderly men, subject as they have been to sudden stoppages in trade, to exorbitant advances of provisions, have been governed almost without mobbing and confusion.

No longer were there "very serious riots among colliers and manufacturers" as in times past.[12]

THE FREQUENCY AND INTENSITY of both the Anglican accusations and the Methodist defences appear to have reached a climax when, in 1811, the Home Secretary, Lord Sidmouth, introduced a bill in the House of Lords to defend the interests of the Establishment against the expansion of Methodism. The bill, in itself a comparatively mild effort to correct "abuses" in the Acts of Toleration, and to place certain obstacles in the way of lay-preaching, was received by the Methodists (and by the Dissenters who rushed to their support) as the opening wedge of an effort to destroy the Connection, and to reopen a war against Dissent generally. The Whigs in the Upper House—among them Lords Holland, Stanhope, Grey, and Erskine—attacked Sidmouth's bill in this spirit, and defended the Methodists. While Sidmouth had not accused the Methodists of revolutionary designs, many of the supporters of his proposed legislation outside of parliament had no doubt that the Methodists were "the pious champions" of Jacobinism, who had "decreed the subversion of all the established religions in the world." Their "real object" was revolution.[13] To counter Sidmouth's efforts, hundreds of petitions were assembled, in a wonderfully

[11] See: G. I. Huntingford, Bishop of Gloucester, *A Charge Delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Gloucester* (1807); George Croft, D.D., *Thoughts Concerning the Methodists and the Established Clergy* (1795); Anon., *A Letter to a Country Gentleman, on the subject of Methodism . . . From the Clergyman of his Parish* (1805).

[12] Joseph Sutcliffe, *A Review of Methodism* (1805); Thomas Taylor, *Britannia's Mercies, and her Duty; Considered in Two Discourses delivered in the Methodist Chapel, at Halifax November 29, 1798* (1799); John Pawson, *The Prophet's Advice to the People of God in the Time of Danger. Sermon Preached in the Methodist Chapel in London 1799* (1801).

[13] *Mr Redhead Yorke's Weekly Political Review* (May 25, 1811), pp. 353-55. Cobbett, on the other hand, wrote, in 1811, as a convert to Jacobinism, and denounced the Methodists as enemies to change. See *Cobbett's Weekly Political Register* (May 25, 1811), pp. 1283-84, 1293.

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short time, by a joint committee of the Methodists and of the three principal Dissenting denominations. Rebutting the enemies of the Connection, the Methodists saw the effect of their revival as "raising the standard of public morals, and in promoting loyalty in the middle ranks, as well as subordination and industry in the lower orders of Society."

Sidmouth, after the storm of petitions and Whig defences of the Toleration Acts, was urged by a cabinet colleague, Lord Liverpool, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and by the Lord Chancellor to withdraw his bill. He was at first reluctant to do so. In the debate which followed not only were the protections afforded by the Toleration Acts extolled, but encomiums were bestowed on the Methodists "for the rectitude of their lives and abstinence from political affairs." Under such pressures, the bill was withdrawn. In the months ahead, in courts throughout the country, there was a rash of cases in which Methodist itinerants were brought before the magistrates and asked to prove themselves the teacher or preacher of some particular congregation, and if unable to do so, were refused permission to preach. The Methodists were disturbed that certain sections of the press had labelled them "*vermin fit only to be destroyed,*" and that parliament was

> loudly and repeatedly called upon to adopt measures of coercion [against them] under the pretence that evangelical religion was inimical to public security and morals.

It was in such a climate of opinion that the Methodists petitioned for and received protection from the new prime minister, Lord Liverpool, in July 1812. Both the Conventicle Act and the Five Mile Act were repealed. Stanhope and Holland applauded the prime minister, while Sidmouth offered grudging approval.

THE PREACHERS ASSEMBLED at the annual Methodist Conference in 1812 thanked those who had given them their support, and expressed their confidence that they owed this great boon to their "well-known loyalty . . . their dutiful attachment to their King and Country, and the simplicity and purity of their object in promoting their own salvation, and that of others." The confidence in Methodism displayed by the government, the address observed, "strengthens our motives for obedience."[14] The Methodist leadership regarded the result of parliamentary inaction in 1811 and of parliamentary action in 1812 to have settled the question concerning Methodism and Revolution. In 1813, a Methodist itinerant, denying still another accusation that Methodism was a revival of a rebellious Puritanism, not only countered (in the usual fashion) that the Methodists had contributed to the "industry, sobriety, good order and moral decorum" of the lower classes, but added that "the arguments offered on this head in the House of Lords, by those illustrious peers who opposed Lord Sidmouth's bill, were incapable of being controverted." Moreover, he continued, the circumstances under which the 1812 legislation was passed proved that the government was satisfied with "the peaceable and loyal conduct of the Methodists." Other Methodist preachers followed the same reasoning. The High Court of Parliament (the Methodists and Dissenters appear to have believed) had weighed the arguments of three-quarters of a century, and had decided that far from being fomenters of revolution, as their enemies had repeatedly charged, the Methodists were in the van of those who were contributing to the stability of society in a revolutionary age.

Halévy, in *England in 1815*, discussed the legislation of 1811 and 1812, observing that the government, at this time of national peril, had no wish to alienate and every reason to conciliate the non-conformists. (Indeed, it might be added that a surprising refrain of Methodist preaching during this period, in apparent contradiction to Methodism's usual appeals to divine right and passive obedience, was an invocation of *the right of resistance* if the protection of the Toleration Acts were withdrawn from the Connection.) Halévy, however, did not tell his readers of the full terms of the debate, between the friends and enemies of Methodism, concerning Methodism and Revolution. He appears to have understood the widespread iteration, in the generation after Wesley's death, of the Methodist claim of having blocked Revolution as first-hand confirmation of the *parti pris* he had accepted from the hands of the French School, rather than the party-cry it obviously was. For whatever else may be said, the claim emerged as a party-cry, raised by the Methodists and their friends, not merely to counter a nearly century-old charge that the Methodists were fomenting revolution, but more specifically to beat back a renewal of such charges at a time when there were serious disturbances among the working-men of the North, when the Established church was endeavouring to secure repressive legislation, and when the Dissenters

[14] *Address of the Preachers Assembled at the Sixty-Ninth Annual Conference, Begun in Leeds, July 27, 1812, to the Members of the Methodist Societies Founded by the late Rev. John Wesley* (n.p.: Conference Office, 1812), pp. 1, 2.

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and their hard-pressed Whig allies had every reason to wish to restrain a government whose taste for repression had already been amply revealed in the 1790s.

DOES SUCH A VIEW of the Halévy hypothesis—as having originated in a *parti pris* and a party cry, and without much "hard" evidence to support it—mean that it ought to be abandoned? Decidedly not. The hypothesis, imaginatively qualified and extended, remains a highly stimulating one, worth further exploration. The thesis, moreover, has resisted recent attempts made to disprove it. The programme, which Halévy drew up in 1906, has never been carried out; nor has there been any thoroughgoing attempt to deal with the subject.[15] (Indeed, it has been suggested by one historian that, in an age of revisionist historiography, the Halévy thesis had been regarded as *passé* merely because it has been assumed that a thesis over half-a-century old could not possibly continue to be useful!)[16] The role played by Methodism in English history is certainly a complex one, and, as we have seen, contemporaries in both the 18th and 19th centuries found themselves divided on the central issue of whether Methodism favoured or obstructed Revolution. Twentieth-century historians—Wearmouth, the Hammonds, and E. P. Thompson, for example —have similarly found themselves with ambivalent views on the role of Methodism. If the Hammonds saw Wilberforce as a villain and Evangelicalism as an opiate, they were nonetheless prepared to grant that Methodism had made many men "better rebels." Wearmouth, while disputing the Halévy thesis in one book, took a rather different view in another; Thompson's explicit doubts concerning the thesis are balanced by an evident concurrent attraction.[17]

E. J. Hobsbawm, the most thorough-going critic of the Methodist thesis, is also of two minds. On the one hand, although questioning the thesis on other grounds as well, Hobsbawm observed that Methodists (especially Primitive Methodists) were very much involved in radical activities in the early decades of the 19th century. It was "too easily assumed," he warned his readers, that industrial workers turned toward religious sects "*as an alternative* to revolution or radical politics." He suggested that workers became Methodists or Radicals for the same reasons.[18] On the other hand, Hobsbawm was to contrast French and British labour traditions in a way strongly suggestive of Halévy's approach of half-a-century earlier:

> Let us take a pair of extreme examples. In 1855 the slate-quarrymen of Trelaze, discontented with their economic conditions, decided to take action; they marched on Angers and proclaimed an insurrectionary Commune, presumably with the memory of the Commune of 1792 in their minds. Nine years later the coal-miners of Ebbw Vale were equally agitated. The lodges from the valley villages marched on to the mountains, headed by bands. Speeches were made, tea provided by the Ebbw Vale lodge at 6d. a head and the meeting ended with the singing of the Doxology. Both Welsh miners and Breton quarry-men were engaged in rather similar economic agitations. Clearly they differed, because the histories of their respective countries had differed. The stock of past experience, upon which they drew in learning how to organize, what to organize for, where to pick their cadre of leaders, and the ideology of those leaders embodied, in part at least, specific French and British elements: broadly speaking we may say, in the former case, of the revolutionary, in the latter of the radical-nonconformist traditions.[19]

Halévy, whose view of English history was shaped by his understanding of French development, found the answer to this difference in labour tradition, at least on the English side, in Methodism. In a letter to his mother, written from London (18 July 1905), during the time he was doing his research upon 18th century Methodism, Halévy described a

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[15] A vague attempt to realize the Halévy programme may be seen in Maximin Piette, *La réaction wesleyenne dans l'évolution protestante;* translated as *John Wesley in the Evolution of Protestantism* (1937); but, despite some nods in Halévy's direction, it fell short on all counts. See E. Halévy, review of M. Piette in *Revue d'histoire écclésiastique,* Vol. XXIII (1927), pp. 129-32. John Walsh, in an excellent essay on the "Origins of the Evangelical Revival," has observed that despite "the concentration of so much scholarship," continental as well as British, "only once have the origins of the Revival been treated in the round, in the brilliant but almost unknown essay by Halévy, written in 1906, which despite its shortcomings provided valuable methodological patterns that have never been followed up."

[16] Gertrude Himmelfarb, *Victorian Minds* (1968), p. 299.

[17] See Hammond, *Town Labourer,* p. 287; R. F. Wearmouth, *Methodism and the Working-Class Movements of England, 1800-1850* (1937), and *Methodism and the Common People of the Eighteenth Century.* Thompson's doubts are set forth on p. 45 of *The Making of the English Working Class.* His chapter on "The Transforming Power of the Cross," however, may be regarded as confirming the thesis. For a further discussion of Thompson's position, see the postscript to the Penguin paperback edition (1968).

[18] Hobsbawm, "Methodism and the Threat of Revolution in Britain," pp. 31-32. Much the same view is taken in his *Primitive Rebels* (1965), pp. 128-32, 145, and *passim.*

[19] Hobsbawm, "Labour Traditions," in *Labouring Men,* pp. 371-372.

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visit on a Sunday evening to an open-air Methodist meeting in the City of London, to which he had been escorted by a young Methodist. Halévy, much moved, watched the minister, "the Methodist pope of the neighbourhood," followed by a great crowd which had been attracted by the sound of trumpets and trombones, leading the throng into a meeting-room of the Wesleyan Mission Hall, where a service, "extraordinary, mystic, benign, exalted, such as I had never previously seen," then took place. After a short period of prayers and hymn singing, the preacher (as Halévy observed) began his sermon:

> Not a word about hell, not a word about death. But: "You are not alone. You are never alone. Jesus is with you, Jesus is near you, Jesus has put His hand on your shoulder." And, repeated several times, a phrase of a spiritual mesmerist: "Believe me, whatever you may think, whatever you may do, Jesus is here. You could not leave here in the same spirit in which you have come. You are helpless to change this. It is a fact. You could not leave here in the same spirit in which you have come." His finger is lifted, he leans over toward the five-hundred listeners present, he speaks very softly. He then asks that all rise to sing the third, the next to last stanza, of the hymn. Then, before coming to the fourth and last stanza, he asks those who have had that evening, for the first time or in an especially intense fashion, the sentiment of the presence of Jesus, not to be held back by any feeling of false modesty, but to rise to speak of it.

"What a strange people," Halévy concluded. "One can understand why, when they began to preach in the 18th century, they were regarded as a species of Jesuits," with "a smile, steadily and systematically, on their lips," intoning "See how good we are! See how we love each other! See how happy we are!"

"*J'achève excellemment de connaître l'Angleterre en étudiant les Méthodistes,*" Halévy wrote in beginning the above description of the Methodist service.[20] "Even today," he was to write in his 1906 articles, "whenever a Methodist preacher brings a popular audience together at a street corner to read the Bible, sing hymns, and pray in common, whenever he induces a 'revival' of mysticism and religious exaltation," it is "the great movement of 1739" which "is being repeated." In this way,

> a force capable of expending itself in displays of violence or in popular upheavals, assumes, under the influence of a century-and-a-half of Methodism, the form least capable of unsettling a social order.

With the counter-example of France and of French history before him, he acknowledged (in a letter to Bouglé, on 14 September 1905) that he was becoming an Anglophile. It was England which, for many centuries, had given Europe lessons in politics.

By studying the history of England, Halévy concluded, he had lost his (French) fondness for "the beauty of revolutions." "What good was the enthusiasm of Jaurès," he asked, "if it was going to be overrun by the fanaticism of Hervé?"[21]

HALEVY, THEN, WAS NOT the mere dupe of a *parti pris* and a party cry—although, as I have argued, these probably had a very considerable influence upon the origins and exposition of his hypothesis. He was asking a question of prime importance, and he believed —on the basis of his study, his experience, and his historian's intuition, confirmed by the intuition and experience of leading French and English scholars in the past, and by the views of many insightful contemporaries of the Methodists during their early decades of growth —that he had found the answer in the influence of Methodism. In his articles for the *Revue de Paris,* written over sixty years ago, Halévy placed the essentials of the Methodist hypothesis in a context, and imparted to them refinements, which make them especially interesting to historians and social scientists today; and their translation will, I hope, make it possible for scholars to see the hypothesis in new, more powerful, and more dynamic terms.

As for the problem in its most simplistic form—did Methodism act as a critical obstacle to Revolution?—a fully satisfactory solution is not be be expected. One friend of Methodism, writing in 1815, while making the usual claim that "the loyalty and patriotism of the Methodists is now well-known, both to the government itself and to the nation in general," concluded that the ultimate "usefulness" of the Methodists "in preventing the spread of French principles both political and religious, is only fully known to God."[22] It would be difficult for a responsible historian to fault this judgment.

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[20] Unpublished letter to Mme Ludovic Halévy (18 July, 1905).

[21] Unpublished letter of E. Halévy to C. Bouglé (14 September, 1905). See, in addition, a later letter to Bouglé, in 1908: "*Si la Révolution n'avait eu ni les massacres de septembre, ni les noyades de Nantes, ni les guillotinades de Paris, et si par une suite peut-être nécessaire, elle avait fini par un Washington au lieu de finir par Bonaparte, je l'aimerais davantage.*" Alain, *Correspondance,* p. 334.

[22] Valentine Ward, *A Brief Statement of Facts, Designed for the Information of those Who from Good Motives Enquire "What are these Methodists"* (1815), p. 82.

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NOTES & TOPICS

London Notebook

Sex & Child's Play

AS IN THAT old movie-ad: the whole town's talking about this film. Consequently one evening I went down to Red Lion Square, to that very ethical meeting-place Conway Hall, and attended an extraordinary meeting of the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society. The gallery was jammed with the flower of youth and gravel-voiced adherents of Women's Lib, the downstairs packed with doughty liberal warriors on the usual hard folding-chairs.

Mr Benn Levy, a Velasquez on whom someone had pencilled-in spectacles, was in the chair. He began with a good-mannered attack on Lord Longford. The Honourable Earl, he thought, had shown unnecessary heat over the fact that the photographed bestialities of a Danish girl were purveyed in that country through slot-machines. The daughters of Britain were not going to "go forth looking for swans" or be mounted by bulls to such an extent as to become "a nuisance to agriculture." That the Earl was a good man, none denied; but should we suffer for his righteousness? *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Would-be controllers of pornography should inform us, and in detail: **(1)** What they want to do? **(2)** To whom? **(3)** On what grounds? **(4)** On whose initiative? The fact that these sensible queries should give us a voyeurish porno-plot in miniature, reveals the part innuendo played that evening. Luckily, the D.L.A.S. was meeting on this side of the Atlantic or there would have been yells of "Right on!" and immediate non-negotiable demands for bulls and swans.

IN BRITAIN, THE CONSEQUENCE of one speaker is another speaker: in this instance Mr Mervyn Jones, who had a little beard, a tight blue sweater, and much indignation at the thought that anyone should tell his children what they should not read or see. In Parliament it had been advanced that our recent sexual revolution was "Fascism" (Abse) and "Revolutionary" (Maude): terms that would seem to be perfectly compatible, though Mr Jones equated them with the attitude that wogs at one and the same time take All Our Jobs and go on living off the Dole. We faced, said he (to *hear-hears*), "not just a censorship of morals, but essentially a political censorship! . . ."

As his example he chose Mr Richard Neville, the editor of *OZ*, who evidently faced the same rap as Socrates: "corrupter of youth." Mr Neville, ingratiating right down to the comic-strip extract on his T-shirt, reminded us that his pop career began with repression at the hands of the Australian authorities for coining "Get folked!"; and that just recently he had been visited by an Inspector Goff while in his shower. This is the Age of Biography, Advice, and Causes: we got his private life, the fact that the Inspector's two drug-avid dogs could be tamed by being addressed as "Colonel" and "Fred", and a pitch for expert witnesses to appear at the Old Bailey on behalf of the redeeming values of *OZ*.

How could anyone not volunteer on the spot? Mr Neville is a model of Antipodean *bonnes moeurs*. As for *OZ*, it is another manifestation—as was our whole meeting—of what Arthur Koestler recently called "the Abishag Complex": that desire to be kept warm by being told what you want to hear. When the *Times* serialises Charles Reich's American greening, greenhorn stuff, what indeed are the limits of obscenity in journalism?

DR MARTIN COLE and his now-famous film came next. The prevailing colour of both, as befits alleged pornography for the pre-puberty set, was blue: Dr Cole (just coming off or just going on TV) was all dressed in blue; and that's what *Kodacolour* does to home movies. Apart from his blueness, Dr Cole also displayed modesty; he was not *quite* bright enough to know that when he presented himself as an Educationalist he needn't have added that he wasn't an Artist. If Mr Neville's intellectual precursor had been Socrates, Dr Cole's was Dr Alex Comfort: only where Dr Comfort had only written about sex-education, Dr Cole had *practised* it. For he was an "empiricist", he said, and you "*have to experiment*". Having done so, which was only

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Scientific Method, he had been reviled—by the Birmingham city fathers for having shown too much; by others, too little; some couldn't take masturbation, others asked why he failed to show ejaculation. "Because," explained Dr Cole, "this is extremely difficult to film anywhere. . . ."

Earlier sex-films had resorted to animation or marionettes: which hardly gives you the *feel* of the thing. *They* had de-sexualised sex; *he* wished to de-mythologise. His aim had been to put down on film the major events in human sexuality. Much was made of the female masturbation in his film: was male masturbation more common, or coitus more readily condoned? One peeress who had viewed his film avowed she had only observed female masturbation in that way among deteriorated schizoids. But though he had made his film for practical use in schools as part of general training in sex-education (to provide "a lead for teachers"), he now acknowledged, sadly, that if he had not shown masturbation, objection would have been made to coitus; if he'd by-passed coitus, to pubic hair; if he'd snipped that, to the naked breast. But he felt his film was "a better way of communication" and important because it ought to have a "normalising effect" on all generations. It was addressed to adolescents and he summed up his message to them as: "Be selfish! Do your growing-up as an adolescent! It's so much harder when you're grown up!"

If the film *Growing Up* is a better way of communicating, the mind boggles at the still better and better means that loom in the future: Mass coital demonstrations, total pubic participation? . . . The fact is, students should be able to judge Educationalists on their performance in this as in other subjects. Imagine, then, behind darkened curtains, the whirr of the projector in a Solihull classroom. *Opening shot:* men and women walking downtown. *Commentary:* "As you know, the world includes both Men and Women. Men and Women are different. Men are muscular and work, women have the softer curves which are characteristic of the female form. . . ." Boos from even the youngest Women's Lib. *First Sequence:* Development of physical and biological differences as boys grow up into Men and girls into Women: babies first, then prepubics, then nubiles and fully-developed. Seniles, out of charity, omitted. Boys and girls, full-faced, real pros: neither giggling, scratching, fidgeting nor embarrassed. The time is Summer, the perpetual summer of

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California Nudies: they are nut-brown (but here blue), and (as we can see) normally wear bathing-suits. Close-ups of the location, topography, use, dimension, etc. of sexual organs. Ejaculation, egg-work and other internal affairs animated with arrows that jerk and bump.

SO FAR NO ONE in the classroom is radically upset. An uncircumcised penis in its normal and foreskin-retractile state suggests, when magnified on a screen, that the next educationalist stage ought to be an heroic, rubbery pink replica at the V & A. But the labia, in Dr Cole's autumnal forest colours, remain modestly intractable to the full screen treatment. Now, boys and girls, we will pass to the Second Sequence, which shows how these odd apparatuses may be used. *Commentary:* "Many of you will want to experiment when you reach puberty, which is a period of perfectly normal curiosity and desire. THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS! Now you see, sometimes a woman may caress herself. . . ." We all know how hard it is to film these things in the best of conditions: Mrs Jennifer Muscutt, *manu et digitaliter*, and her anonymous male counterpart, with penetration and erection, de-mythologise for us. Now it is semi-daylight, ochre-yellow; the décor spartan in simplicity. No fantasy, this is science. This is education, so no pleasure.

It remains only to bring Man and Woman together in the Third Sequence: they manage their coupling with *savoir-faire*, and with a lack of hitches you would do well to remember, children! As well as that mechanical rhythm and the absence of a sound-track, the concentration. . . . This anodyne, limp flick is what the fuss is all about. It makes Mrs Whitehouse "feel like a beast." Shown in the Commons, it "disgusts." It causes Lord Longford to propound a new doctrine on censorship, that where *one* may not corrupt, *many* (rather than dulling the senses) will; it's the "flow of filth" more than each atom. But it also hurts human beings. Mrs Muscutt is pilloried and suspended, then reinstated. How was she ever identified? "I was a little naive, I think", says Dr Cole. "I invited her to the première and she was the only one who came. . . ."

IT DOES WORSE DAMAGE than that, however. It causes the libertarian sap to rise and ejaculate in public meetings. How fertile can an intellectual biology be that indiscriminately mixes

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Education, Art, and Politics? The issues raised are important; they deserve better than this amateurish treatment. If the film was Education, it deserved some Art. Many kids know more about sex than Dr Cole, but a lot don't even know as much, and they suffer for their ignorance. You can argue that the suffering is "good": it is also a human "sexual event." You can argue that it is bad because it leads to an unhealthy adult sexual life. But you cannot argue either point unless what you teach and what you show is actually a sexual event; and who presumes to teach that? For that matter, who knows what a "sexual event" is for another person? So, in sex-education, you steer perforce between euphemism and concealment on the one hand; and, on the other, the view that sexual activity is solely an empirical fact. Socrates did not teach "information" but doubt. Is all guilt bad, as the majority of the audience in Conway Hall obviously thought? Are they willing to argue as well that all innocence is good?

Dr Cole is an Educationalist. Pornography and Art both come low in his scale of values. His homely ciné-camera is no *voyeur*; with him at the view-finder there never would have been a war at Troy, and neither Ulysses nor Bloom would ever have come home to Penelope and Molly. This film cannot corrupt because it cannot move. It should obviously be allowed to take its place alongside the rest of the array of educational equipment—texts, slide-projectors, reading-machines—which headmasters and education authorities have to consider daily. It's a product like any other product: some will buy and some won't, but suppression would be ridiculous.

THE ARGUMENT THAT sex is about Love and not Technics, together with Mr David Holbrook's argument that to have the one without the other is sexual "Fascism", is quickly disposed of. No one knows, and no sociologist or econometrician will ever be able to verify, how many of us are capable, and to what degree, of both; but all those who are, know it to be preferable to make love. But all of us know that sex and love are not always so intermingled. To say so, as one voice among many, is not fascism; nor to perform one without the other "merely brutal." Politics is not the language likely to lead to understanding. "Fascism" rather fancied orgies, and it was certainly in favour of love. To be sure, in some way, any form of censorship is a political act, an intervention by the society on behalf of its members. Some of us do not care to be protected; others undeniably not only want protection but seek it out. We should not get our terminologies mixed up.

Of course a tolerated hobbyhorse is probably the last privilege of the British upper classes. Lord Longford has every right to inveigh against the ills of the age and to offer his eight children and fourteen grandchildren in evidence. There are, I hear, four thousand voluntary associations in Great Britain, each with a Cause. It speaks for a lot of idle hands and lonely evenings. Humbug is part of the National Trust.

Stendhal wrote to his sister that she should "esteem English writers for their imagination, the truth with which they depict nature." She should not, he went on, "be seduced by their love of the diapason, the gigantic, the darkness of their imaginings." He liked light. The *facts* of sexual activity, and hence the limits of sex-education, are established, known, and allow of very few variations. It is what transcends these facts that needs illuminating. It is all so mysterious and undefinable, and so safely beyond the reach of politicians and educationalists and blueish home-movies. The effort to see *that* clearly is individual and constant Dr Cole in the middle, and the warriors of censorship on either side of him, take us all for a joyless ride indeed. Doesn't anyone pity the children who will be shown this film, who won't see it, who won't be allowed to, who'll be forced to? This way or that they'll probably be the losers.

Keith Botsford

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Anthony Hecht

The Cost

Then let the stricken deer go weep
The hart, ungalled, play . . .

Think how some excellent, lean torso hugs
The brink of weight and speed,
Coasting the margin of those rival tugs
Down the thin path of friction,
The athlete's dancing vectors, the spirit's need,
And muscle's cleanly diction.

Clean as a Calder, whose interlacing ribs
Depend on one another,
Or a keen heeling of tackle, fluttering jibs
And slotted centreboards,
A fleet of breasting gulls riding the smother
And puzzle of heaven's wards.

Instinct with joy, a young Italian banks
Smoothly around the base
Of Trajan's column, feeling between his flanks
That cool, efficient beast,
His Vespa at one with him in a centaur's race,
Fresh from a Lapith feast,

And his Lapith girl behind him. Both of them lean
With easy nonchalance
Over samphire-tufted cliffs, which, though unseen,
Are known, as the body knows
New risks and tilts, terrors and loves and wants,
Deeply inside its clothes.

She grips the animal-shoulder naked skin
Of his fitted leather jacket,
Letting a wake of hair float out the spin
And dazzled rinse of air,
Yet for all their headlong lurch and flatulent racket
They seem to loiter there,

Forever aslant in their moment and the mind's eye.
Meanwhile, around the column
There also turn, and turn eternally,
Two thousand raw recruits
And scarred veterans coiling the stone in solemn
Military pursuits,

The heft and grit of the emperor's Dacian Wars
That lasted fifteen years.
All of that youth and purpose is, of course,
No more than so much dust.
And even Trajan, of his imperial peers
Accounted "the most just,"

Honoured by Dante, by Gregory the Great
Saved from eternal Hell,
Swirls in the motes kicked up by the cough and spate
Of the Vespa's blue exhaust,
And a voice whispers inwardly, "My soul,
It is the cost, the cost,"

Like some unhinged Othello, who's just found out
That justice is no more,
While Cassio, Desdemona, Iago shout
Like true Venetians all,
"Go screw yourself; all's fair in love and war!"
And the bright standards fall.

Better they should not hear that whispered phrase,
The young Italian couple;
Surely the mind in all its brave assays
Must put much thinking by,
To be, as Yeats would have it, free and supple
As a long-legged fly,

Look at their slender purchase, how they list,
Like a blown clipper brought
To the lively edge of peril, to the kissed
Lip, the victor's crown,
The prize of life. Yet one unbodied thought
Could topple them, bring down

The whole shebang. And why should they take thought
Of all that ancient pain,
The Danube winters, the nameless young who fought,
The blood's uncertain lease?
Or remember that that fifteen-year campaign
Won seven years of peace?

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A Special Book Section

Stage & Screen

The Directorate

By Isabel Quigly

"THE BEST FILMS are best because of nobody but the director," says Roman Polanski. "You speak of *Citizen Kane* or *8½* or *Seven Samurai*, it's thanks to the director who was the star of it. He makes the film, he creates it." "A director's job . . . is to be absolute dictator and produce a personal vision on a subject he has chosen," says Richard Lester.

> He is paid too much because he has that responsibility, and what people who pay him are buying is that personal vision. He must be a dilettante and interfere in every part of the production and it must finally succeed or fail on the success or failure of his own personal vision.

"I prefer to think of myself as a 'film-maker' —as someone who uses people and equipment as tools to make an expression of himself," says Jim McBride. "What interests me about movies is seeing them as an expression of man's sensibilities: of seeing a person through his art. I don't particularly put too much value on learning technique. . . . Because the only thing that a movie can really be is an expression of yourself."

No one, of course, is going to gasp at this. It is not in the least a new idea. People have been repeating it till it has become a truism —especially for the past seventeen years and a bit. Before that, as well, but in narrower circles and less confident tones. Loud and clear and polemically, it was said in January 1954 when Truffaut put it out as a way of film-making (almost a way of life) in an article in *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Seventeen years is almost a generation, today, so anyone who still thinks the New Wave new is rather like those old gentlemen (they exist, I swear) who still call the impressionists "modern." Anyway, this article became something of a manifesto for the New Wave, a movement dedicated to just that belief in the director as artist, with the film as his means of artistic expression, as direct and personal, if not as instant (time lags, after all, and editing comes later to snip and shape the tangle of material, to choose the possible out of a chaos of chance and likelihood) as handwriting or fingerprints.

So no one really contests it, it isn't controversial any longer. In an ideal setting, of course the film expresses its maker. Even un-ideally, if the maker is good enough, he gets himself across; and even if he isn't good enough, he still gets something, some trick of expression or reflection of his presence and taste—reflection of his own mediocrity, perhaps —across in the arrangement of his images. In the upper levels, theory counts progressively less, greatness breaks the rules and even the limitations of industrial practice, of regarding the film as industry rather than art. As Tom Milne says in his stimulating study of Dreyer:[1] "The crucial, incalculable factor, whether the film-maker has total control like Bresson,

ISABEL QUIGLY *was film critic for "The Spectator" for ten years, and is the author of "Charlie Chaplin: The Early Comedies" (Studio Vista). She has written a novel ("The Eye of Heaven"), and is working on a book on the school as a theme in English writing; she also translates the works of Italian, Spanish and French authors.*

[1] *The Cinema of Carl Dreyer.* By TOM MILNE. New York: A. S. Barnes, $2.95; London: Zwemmer, 75p.

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eighty per cent like Renoir, or only fifty per cent like Ford or Sternberg, is genius." Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself, as the Dormouse said; no one would quarrel with that.

What is much more interesting is the kind of artist, the almost new breed of artist, that the film as a means of expression attracts. Not, I mean, the kind of talent, but the kind of person. Because the film director has to be not just a particular kind of artist (others may have a talent that could be similarly expressed, if they could only get around to expressing it), but a man with a particular presence, particular qualities. In no other art is the artist's personality, his effect upon others, so vitally important. A man who is a writer, painter, sculptor or composer works in silence and alone. Even if he likes company outside his work, the act of creation itself is generally solitary. His development may be wholly interior, he need scarcely use—certainly not exert—his "outer" self, the exterior qualities we call presence or personality.

The film-maker, though, works in public, and in both senses with other people: with them in the sense that he works with at least a group and often a crowd; with them also in the sense of *through* them, in the sense that he uses performers (as he uses objects and landscapes) to say what he has to say: they are his tools, his paint, his colours and textures, the fabric he cuts and worries into forms that express him. As "an absolute dictator", in Dick Lester's words, he has to have, to a high degree, qualities not generally associated with the artist—the extrovert, self-confident qualities of leadership. This is not the same as being mentally or morally ruthless. All artists, of course, have a certain ruthlessness, directness, intransigence, strength of mind and spirit and obstinacy in defending their own art. But the film-maker's ruthlessness must extend to his personality as well. It is one thing to be tough in private life and behaviour, quite another to stand up to producers spending millions, and the nerves, the doubts, the pressures of all sorts that build up when sums of this kind are involved, to deal with technicians by the dozen, actors by the score, extras by the hundred, perhaps the thousand. What sort of an artist is it that can (sometimes quite literally) command armies?

WHAT SORT OF ARTIST he *isn't* is clear if you take a look at the most cinematic great writer I know of: Proust. No one, surely, ever wrote more cinematically than he did, ever saw things more clearly in ways that have their direct equivalent in the film. In a general way, his whole work is metaphorical in the sense that everything in it contains other things, every feeling suggests further feelings, in other words that imagery is what counts—fluidness, connection, suggestion. Then, too, he jumps about in time and space, in mood and circumstance, as films do now and novels when he wrote his did not. And, to bring the analogy even closer (once you begin to see it, it really seems startling), he uses the techniques of the cinema in every way: people flash in and out, a memory suggests another, a feeling suggests an object or vice versa, events and characters loom up and fade out, things are seen in close-up, at varying distances, in varying relationships—and all through the most intensely *visual* means. Almost any page of his shows this. Take this characteristic moment (in *Swann's Way*):

> Suddenly the sky was rent in two: between the punch-and-judy and the horses, against the opening horizon, I had just seen, like a miraculous sign, Mademoiselle's blue feather. And now Gilberte was running at full speed towards me, sparkling and rosy beneath a cap trimmed with fur, enlivened by the cold, by being late, by her anxiety for a game; shortly before she reached me, she slipped on a piece of ice and, either to regain her balance, or because it appeared to her graceful, or else pretending that she was on skates, it was with outstretched arms that she smilingly advanced, as though to embrace me.

Or take any of his descriptions of places, landscapes, buildings; or his careful yet so atmospheric interiors. Take almost anything he wrote, in fact. For all his miraculous use of language, he was surely a film-director *manqué* as well.

And yet, can one possibly imagine him, with his shyness and poor health, his passionate, withdrawn, old-maidish temperament, as a film-director today? Convincing producers, film companies, and financiers of *his* particular gifts; getting actors and technicians to do exactly what *he* wanted; organising the thousand preliminaries, seeing to the thousand details; improvising, scheming, keeping to schedules, working in a crowd, a rush, a temper, surviving the rough and tumble, always at the mercy of time and weather and temperaments and union rules and the rest of it? Cinematic gifts he may have had, but his temperament would surely never have got him inside the studio gates.

Because being a film-director means being two generally imcompatible things: artist and

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man of action; seer and doer. The result is often remarkable, if you take simple presence, effect on others. "To me," says Roman Polanski, thus giving the title to a book of interviews with independent directors,[2] "the director is always a superstar." Superstarriness may sound like a rather silly way of saying that the director is more important than his actors, that the film is more his than theirs; but it really means more than that. It suggests a wholeness and roundness, a breadth of interests and gifts, and qualities and scope; an ability to deal with everything in the film oneself, to be its "presence" from start to finish. And, in fact, just because the demands made by film-making on a single man are so great, the director often turns out to be (to have been from the start, independently of film-making) an extraordinary man.

Of the many film people I have met it is the directors I remember on the whole most vividly. Actors are often a disappointment—smoother, smaller, duller, plainer than you expected, the personality much less intense than it was in the cinema, curiously dissipated, as if by some chemical process, in the everyday air. Whereas directors, when they emerge, are very often memorable: as presences, as people, as intelligencies, as persuaders: the crustacean Antonioni, for instance, or the corvine Godard, the dapper but explosively intense von Sternberg (never shall I forget his face when a starlet, trying to be kind to what seemed a lonely old man at a festival, said: "And have you ever had anything to do with the cinema, Mr von Sternberg?"). As the actor as superstar has declined, the director has risen (even in the public imagination) to take his place.

Books about, or even by, directors pour out. Dreyer fans who want to practise what Tom Milne's book preaches and see Dreyer in the round might study his screenplays,[3] elaborately careful preparatory notes side by side with the script. Bergman enthusiasts (and one would have to be an enthusiast, for the going is extremely heavy) might try Arthur Gibson's attempt to establish the religious content of his films through a study of seven of them.[4]

[2] *The Film Director as Superstar*. By JOSEPH GELMIS. Secker and Warburg, £2.75.

[3] *Four Screen Plays*. By CARL THEODOR DREYER. Translated by Oliver Stallybrass. Thames and Hudson, £4.25.

[4] *The Silence of God: Creative Response to the Films of Ingmar Bergman*. By ARTHUR GIBSON. Harper & Row, $5.95, paper $2.25; £2.80, paper £1.05.

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And, very differently, there is Manny Farber,[5] nimble, exciting, indescribable and so stimulating you want to rush out and see for yourself exactly what he means by this or that; burrowing among what he calls the termites ("the nether world of privacy"), his favourites on the whole among film-makers, and with a throwaway-looking style that is really, when you peer closely, as deliberate and considered as his judgments.

Marie Seton[6] deals with a clear case of super-stardom, Satyajit Ray. Indeed, it would be hard to find anyone, except perhaps Welles or Visconti, who seems to qualify more obviously for the part of film director as Renaissance man, almost as superman; a man of wide culture, varied talents, abundant energies, who seems to pack several careers and lives into most men's one. Enormously tall, distinguished for looks and bearing and for a remarkable background (the family tree that appears in the book goes back to the mid-16th century, and bristles with distinguished names; surely only Visconti, among film-makers, could beat that), Ray seems to have exactly the kind of presence and the kind of effect one has come to hope for, even expect, from a film-maker.

Joseph Gelmis's directors are not as obviously imposing, though Kubrick surely qualifies as a superstar and Mailer, Cassavetes, and Warhol certainly had other lives and interests before turning to film-making. He chooses independents who had not been interviewed for such a collection before (although three of them turn up as well in a new Pelican, *The Making of Feature Films*, which, incidentally, gives a rather different idea of the director's position in the film world), and when he prods, they talk. Volubility is another of the film-maker's qualities, and unlike the purely visual artist he generally knows how to express himself in words. Warhol, alone, seems unable to put out brisk statements of intent and explanation. "He is a listener and observer who absorbs and absorbs and absorbs," says Gelmis optimistically, after a conversation that consists, on Warhol's side, mostly of "Yeah." "Ordinarily, he is like a somnambulist with very gentle, doe-like eyes, slack, melancholy mouth, straight, platinum-dyed hair, soft, courteous voice. He is a listless conversationalist, totally passive." Then there is a split between West- and East-European opinion on

[5] *Negative Space: Manny Farber on the Movies.* Studio Vista, £2.75.
[6] *Portrait of a Director: Satyajit Ray.* By MARIE SETON. Dennis Dobson, £4.50.

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the value of training in direction, the pragmatic Westerners despising film schools and training schemes and nearly all telling the young to go out and make films just like that, without money or backing; while the Easterners have massive technical knowledge behind them. Out of the chat, in fact, patterns emerge, and details of interest rather than aesthetic enlightenment. There's Bertolucci and Milos Forman, Arthur Penn and Roger Corman and Mike Nichols and the others I have quoted or mentioned (Polanski, Lester). And there is an introduction in which Gelmis puts out the often put-out idea that soon it may "be possible to make commercially viable movies in the same way that one writes a book or makes a painting."

When that day comes, and superstars are cheap as sprats, will some of the mystique that surrounds them fade? Meantime they glitter, much more remote and splendid than the mere performers who serve their vision.

The Explosion of Film Studies

By Roger Manvell

IT WAS NOT SO LONG AGO that there was only half a shelf's worth of books with any authority on the history, art, and technique of the film. During the 1960s, the graph of book production on cinema resembled that of the growth in world population; it had the upward trajectory of a rocket. The old books, the so-called classics of comment and criticism and history, are on the dealers' rarity lists and beginning to command relatively high prices. Dover Publications in New York have started a reprint series in soft-cover of such old-timers as Hampton's *A History of the Movies* (1931, now more tactfully titled *History of the American Film Industry*) and that charming, gossipy autobiography, *When the Movies were Young* by Mrs D. W. Griffith, which first came out in 1925.

The 1920s, in fact, were the first decade of substantial writing on film in several of its aspects—historical (Terry Ramsaye's *A Million and One Nights*, 1926, garrulous, fascinating, unreliable), and aesthetic (the first essays published in French by such writers as Delluc, Epstein, Moussinac, and the Italian Canudo, as well as Pudovkin's illuminating *Film Technique*, which Ivor Montagu translated in 1928). They had all been preceded by that pioneer theorist of the cinema in the United States, Vachel Lindsay, whose *Art of the Film* appeared in 1915.

The books to which we look back now as establishing an independent, authoritative approach to the subject are Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now* (1930) and *Documentary Film* (1936), Rudolf Arnheim's aesthetic of cinema, *Film* (1933), and Lewis Jacobs's substantial *The Rise of the American Film* (1939), which combined in a single, detailed historical survey an account of the art, economics and sociology of the medium, while still pre-war in the United States the sociological aspects were explored further in Margaret Thorp's *America at the Movies* (1939), Leo Rosten's *Hollywood* (1941), and, a little later, Hortense Powdermaker's *Hollywood: the Dream Factory* (1951). New sights were set for post-war work in such books as Ernest Lindgren's *The Art of the Film* (1948), the large-scale historical research in France by René Jeanne, Charles Ford, and Georges Sadoul, while in Britain Rachael Low and I, sponsored by the British Film Institute, started the research which led to her multi-volume *The History of the British Film 1896-1918* (1948-51). It is good to know that Dr Low has returned to the subject again after some twenty years' interval, and that as we go to press her fourth volume covering the 1920s is about to appear.[1]

THIS IS BY WAY OF background to what is happening today, when we see a proliferation of books on the cinema composed on every

ROGER MANVELL *is a Visiting Fellow at the University of Sussex and Director of the Department of Film History at the London Film School. His recent books include "New Cinema in Britain" (Studio Vista, 1968) and, with Heinrich Fraenkel, "The German Cinema" (Dent, 1971). He is about to publish "Shakespeare and the Film" and is working on an Encyclopaedia of Film History.*

[1] *The History of the British Film, 1918-1929.* By RACHAEL LOW. Allen & Unwin, £7.35.

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level. Unlike the traditional arts, with their background of subsidised academic study and research, film studies have had to develop the hard way. Pioneer writers both inside and outside the industry have had to conduct their researches in their own time and mostly at their own expense, with insufficient access to the original works about which they were writing. In the earlier days, one often had to rely on a fleeting memory of a film seen once only in the past, on scattered contemporary reviews, or on inadequate references in the few books available. The establishment of the British Film Institute in the 1930s was a great encouragement, but again we had to wait until its collection of books, journals, documents, and of course the films themselves began to assume useful proportions.

This recent high output of books on the film is therefore trying to some extent to make up for lost time. Subsidised study at university level has begun in the U.S., and in this country in the Film Department at the Slade School of Fine Art, pioneered by Thorold Dickinson. Professor Dickinson's new book, *A Discovery of Cinema*[2], beautifully produced and illustrated, is a distillation of knowledge, devotion, and hard practical experience in a recalcitrant medium, with its built-in strife between the artist-individualist and the entrepreneur in all his forms—impresario, producer, distributor, exhibitor. Among the unique points of interest in Professor Dickinson's mainly historical survey is the way in which he relates the technical facts of the medium to its artistic development. For example, he points out that Griffith was forced to use immature girls of 15 or so as leading ladies because of "the physical nature of the film stock which could make a pleasing photograph image only with smooth, open-faced teenagers"; and he discusses the total change in photographic values which resulted from the adoption of panchromatic stock in the 1920s as a medium for black-and-white cinematography, substituting subtle gradations of tone for the soot-and-whitewash of orthochromatic stock, but at the same time sacrificing the latter's capacity to reproduce depth of focus. He divides the historical mainstream of cinema into two channels—the cinema of *montage* derived from Griffith and Eisenstein and based on the fragmentation of the action and its subsequent assembly through editing to provide a dynamic synthesis, with deliberate visual shock, and the cinema of what the French call *plan-séquence*, the prolonged shot favoured initially by Stroheim in which the planned continuity of the action in successive camera set-ups largely does away with subsequent creativity at the cutting-bench. This is one form of cinema which has more recently supervened, especially now that depth of focus has been restored, and the large screen enables the action to be viewed more fully, rather than fragmented and re-assembled through montage-editing. Parallel with Professor Dickinson's book comes a well thought-out American study of the feature film—*The Dramatic Art of the Film* by Alan Casty.[3] Chapter by chapter he analyses the nature and technical presentation of the feature film in what amounts to an excellent introduction to the medium as an entirely new form of dramatic art.

BOOKS SUCH as Thorold Dickinson's are bound to be rare events. Most serious books on the cinema are the work of the mature *student* rather than the practitioner who is also an aesthetician. Few film makers of the first rank have commented in detail, at book length, on their work (exceptions include Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and more currently Hitchcock, *via* Truffaut, and Losey, *via* Tom Milne and the tape-recorder). Useful books have been assembled out of less-sustained, single-shot interviews with pioneers and others, such as those published recently in Ivan Butler's Pelican, *The Making of Feature Films*,[4] and in hardback by Bernard Rosenberg and Harry Silverstein, in *The Real Tinsel*.[5] *The Real Tinsel* belongs to the Terry Ramsaye tradition; it is full of good stories and personal reminiscence told by old-timers such as Zukor, Wanger, Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh. The danger of these reminiscences, unless read purely for entertainment, is that individual memory (unchecked by research) is notoriously faulty, and the gloss given to long-distant events comes up ever brighter with the years. Such books, in fact, offer valuable raw material on which research must check as well as feed, and they remind us of the importance of securing (if only on tape for later reference) the memories of those who have built up the medium. Ivan Butler's book is

[2] *A Discovery of Cinema.* By THOROLD DICKINSON. Oxford University Press, £3, paper £1.50.
[3] *The Dramatic Art of the Film.* By ALAN CASTY. Harper & Row, $2.95, paper £1.40.
[4] *The Making of Feature Films—A Guide.* By IVAN BUTLER. Penguin, 35p.
[5] *The Real Tinsel.* By BERNARD ROSENBERG and HARRY SILVESTEIN. New York: The Macmillan Company, $9.95; London: Collier-Macmillan, £3.75.

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concerned with present time, and records interviews with wholly contemporary film-makers, such as Foreman, Attenborough, Frankenheimer, Lumet, Polanski, Anderson, James Mason and Alec Guinness, as well as technicians in the key departments of the feature studios. Such books are always valuable because they reveal at first hand the complex background (industrial, social, technical, as well as artistic) from which feature films emerge.

CLOSE TO THESE individual reminiscences comes the current production of reference books. The iconography of the film—it has evolved its own word now, "filmography"—is an aspect of cinema which presents difficulties, and normally requires some intensive research when a writer comes to specialise in the work of a single film-maker or group of film-makers. The new generation of historians and critics, writing largely in the soft-back series, normally provides detailed lists of films, with dates and credits.[6] The Tantivy Press, edited by the enterprising young critic and historian, Peter Cowie, has pioneered soft-cover reference books, of which recent examples have been *Eastern Europe* (compiled by Nina Hibbin), *Germany* (Felix Bucher), and now (at the time of writing) *Japan*.[7]

The Tantivy Reference books have evolved their own interesting lay-out, uniquely adapted to films. The problem has been to inter-relate film-makers (not necessarily limited to directors) and players with their films in a form which enables them to be easily cross-referenced. This has been arrived at by numbering the alphabetic biographical entries so that the master-index of film titles (which in the Japanese volume reaches 2,000 entries) can refer the user to all relevant biographies. The master-index lists not only the Japanese titles (in roman transcription) but their English

[6] The date of a film can be a complex matter; it may be made over the span of a year or more, shown initially the same, or the next year, outside its country of origin (say, at a film festival); finally released at home and then abroad often in different years. Dates of films given in the older books are frequently those when the films were released in the country to which the writer belongs. Wrong dates have been passed on from book to book. Paul Rotha became one of the early sticklers for getting the date, or dates, of a film right. To be strictly accurate, if the year of the initial public screening of a film differs from that of its general release in its country of origin, the two dates should be hyphened together.

[7] *Japan*. By ARNE SVENSSON. New York: A. S. Barnes, $3.50; London: Zwemmer, £1.05.

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translations, or accepted English titles. Key films also have their own entries, with full credits, synopses of plots, and technical comment. The appearance of this most useful series (there has been a Swedish as well as a German volume in the past, and French and Italian books are promised) are in certain instances associated with companion volumes giving historical surveys. All these books are profusely and handsomely illustrated, and produced at a price the younger generation of readers should be able to afford.

Another encyclopedia is the 570-page volume compiled by David Shipman, *The Great Movie Stars.*[8] With the advantage of space, the entries here extend to biographical essays: Marlene Dietrich, for example, occupies six two-column pages, with several stills. 180 stars are included, with over 500 pictures. This book, as well as giving a vast amount of information, has its own peculiar nostalgia for the older cinema-goer. For the younger, it can give perspective to much that he may see on television.

Parallel with the reference books, the various soft-cover series offer detailed individual studies. The recent volumes have come from the twin series—now well-established and published by Studio Vista—Movie Paperbacks, edited by Ian Cameron, and the Pictureback series. Movie Paperbacks have issued a much-needed book, *Roberto Rossellini* (the first volume about this director to appear in Britain), by José Luis Guarner,[9] and *Allan Dwan* by Peter Bogdanovich.[10] Dwan is 86, and retired at the close of the 1950s after having completed some 400 films. The two books differ widely in approach. Like Truffaut's book on Hitchcock, this one on Dwan is derived from prolonged, taped interviews, taking the director through his career chronologically, at once prompting his memory and exciting his comment with intelligent questioning. As a result, Dwan relives his past experience; simple fact and opinion are recorded idiomatically, but in addition his invaluable first-hand technical comment recalls studio practice in the past. Dwan is revealed as a man of quick intelligence, humanity, humour, and complete professionalism.

The book on Rossellini, on the other hand, offers the comments of a critic completely

[8] *The Great Movie Stars: the Golden Years.* By David Shipman. Hamlyn, £2.75.
[9] *Roberto Rossellini.* By José Luis Guarner. Studio Vista, 70p.
[10] *Allan Dwan.* By Peter Bogdanovich. Studio Vista, 90p.

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dedicated to the close analysis of the director's work, including his recent films for television, which Guarner sees as the climax of his career. For him Rossellini has been concerned to discover through the camera true "documentary" observation. His best films are the work of a social and moral commentator, placing his characters, whether fictional or historical, in close relationship to their environment—the bomb-damaged ruins of *Paisa* or *Germania Anno Zero*, the eruptions of Stromboli or the simple countryside of *Francesco, giullare di Dio*. Taking Rossellini's work film by film, Guarner is concerned to reveal what he holds to be the true nature of the director's genius. Whether you regard him as overstating the case or not, there is no doubt that Rossellini's work has been underestimated since the initial fame accorded him in the days of *Rome Open City* and *Paisa*. His purposes, and his films, became misunderstood during the period of his association with Ingrid Bergman. Latterly, the evident seriousness of his films for television has restored interest in his total work, an interest which this book should obviously help to further.

The other Studio Vista book is Peter Gidal's *Andy Warhol*,[11] a fully illustrated study of his films and paintings, written by a committed admirer. Warhol has become a legend of the 1960s, his studio—The Factory—a centre round which a "mystique" has collected, and where he and his associates expose the sexual and other taboos which society in general still upholds. His multiple-image works led straight to film; his earlier films exploited time ratios, prolonging observation over considerable time-spans as a form of confrontation. Gidal describes the addict's experience in watching such films as *Empire* or *Sleep* as "the stoned concentration on the supposedly negligible" which leads to "a re-creation of the feeling of being smashed out of one's mind", "ego-dissolution". The later films involve dialogue, action, and move in successive phases primarily towards sexual studies. The author maintains that the explicit sexual content of Warhol's films is clean in contrast to the repressed, unclean sexuality of commercial entertainment.

WITH THE FILMS of Andy Warhol we touch the periphery of contemporary cinema, a medium expanding (in parallel with technology) into uncharted areas and dimensions

[11] *Andy Warhol*. By PETER GIDAL. Studio Vista, 80p.

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JONATHAN CAPE

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of mobile art. Recently I worked on a book with the animation director, John Halas, *Art in Movement,* in which we attempted, among other aspects of animation, to show its links with modern forms of kinetic art. Animation has in fact been the first branch of film-making to use the computer to obtain new images, and also to offer an entirely fresh mobile "canvas" to artists who want to experiment with evolving, as distinct from static form. A new book from the United States, *Expanded Cinema* by Gene Youngblood,[12] attempts to move beyond this concept into an area where "cinema" extends the very consciousness of man. "I'm writing," he says, "at the end of the era of cinema as we've known it, the beginning of an era of image-exchange between man and man." The book is not exactly free of technological jargon, but the potentials it describes go far beyond what can properly be indicated here.

Rejecting commercialised entertainment as food for "somnambulists", Gene Youngblood welcomes only art which is itself research. Even the so-called great films are so not because they advance our real knowledge but because of the beauty with which they synthesise what is already commonly known: "new designs for old information." For this reason the greater part of his book is concerned with the "new" cinema, "a fusion of aesthetic sensibilities and technological innovation . . . the only aesthetic language to match the environment in which we live." This is synaesthetic cinema, "language suited to the post-industrial, post-literate, man-made environment with its multidimensional simulsensory network of information sources." His definition of synaesthetic cinema is "a space-time continuum. . . . Synaesthetic and psychedelic mean approximately the same thing. Synaesthesis is the harmony of different or opposing impulses produced by a work of art. It means the simultaneous perception of harmonic opposites." Some of the films of Brakage, Warhol and others apparently match these aspirations; the films are highly personal, conceptual expressions which by using the time and multi-image potential of movie aim to transcend former concepts of the basic subjects presented. Films produced by new technological means (computerised techniques, videotronics, holographic cinema, or the so-called intermedia art using various forms of multi-projection) are by these very means enabled to extend (according to Youngblood) the potentiality of human experience through experiment with new audio-visual phenomena.

Some of these films, including those of Warhol, belong to the Underground film movement, so prevalent now in both the U.S. and Europe. One of the veteran American writers on the cinema, Parker Tyler (Myra Breckinridge's favourite, you may remember) is celebrated by having two books published simultaneously in this country—*Underground Film*[13] and *Sex Psyche Etcetera in the Film.*[14] Parker Tyler has a brilliant, quick, lively pen. He welcomes the "extravagances" of the Underground cinema because it does not care a figleaf for the old rules and social inhibitions, but refuses to proclaim that the Underground can do no wrong. It exists, he points out, for the purpose of breaking-up effete good taste, offering what he calls a peephole into the "forbidden" areas of human activity—"the cinema as the breaker of visual taboo." He castigates mere exhibitionism, the outpouring of what he calls "fetish-footage", mere unself-critical "permissiveness"; but he welcomes the spontaneous "happening" on the screen. Many of Parker Tyler's essays on over-ground film-makers are to be found in his Pelican, where there are perceptive assessments of *I am Curious—Yellow,* of *Psycho* (which he dislikes), of the sex-goddesses of the screen, and of the Psychodrama, and its link to the Method in acting. His essay on Antonioni is titled "Maze of the Modern Sensibility." He is less sold on the French new wave; he prefers Fellini, and Bergman in his more recent phase. In Britain, too, we have just published a parallel volume, *Experimental Cinema,* by a younger writer, David Curtis, director of the New London Arts Laboratory.[15] His well-illustrated book gives a brief survey of the whole field of European and American *avant-garde* film from its beginnings as silent film-making in the 1920s to the variety of contemporary forms of underground work which flourish on both sides of the Atlantic today.

THE LAST GROUP OF BOOKS is more concerned with the social aspects of the cinema. I. C. Jarvie, author of *Towards a Sociology of the Cinema,*[16] is a professor of philosophy in Canada, and the intention of his book is to

[12] *Expanded Cinema.* By GENE YOUNGBLOOD. Studio Vista, £3.75.
[13] *Underground Film: A Critical History.* By PARKER TYLER. Secker & Warburg, £2.75.
[14] *Sex Psyche Etcetera in the Film.* By PARKER TYLER. Penguin, 35p.
[15] *Experimental Cinema.* By DAVID CURTIS. Studio Vista, £2.75.
[16] *Towards a Sociology of the Cinema.* By I. C. JARVIE. Routledge, £4.

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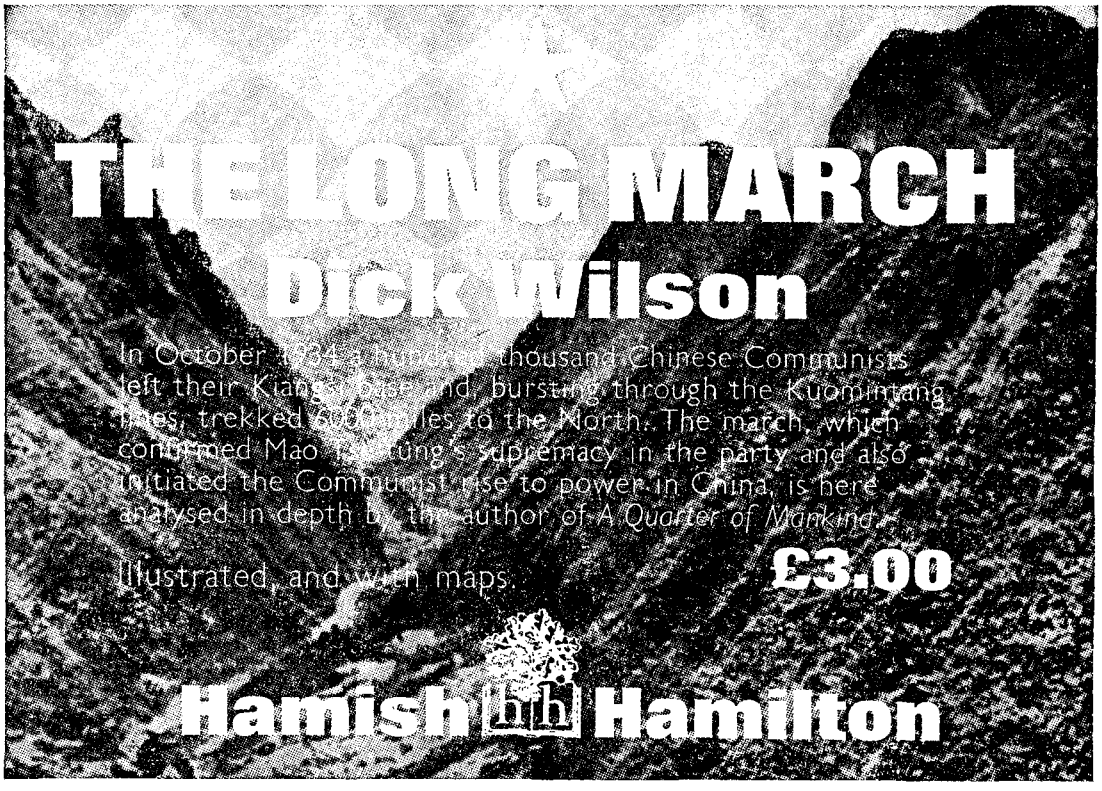
assess the value of those publications which purport to offer sociological interpretations of the influence of the cinema. He is critical of most of them, believes them to be too "high-brow" and their comments out of touch both with the films they assess and the audiences these films are supposed to corrupt. He considers most critics and historians go out of their way to be superior about the film as a popular art which has been carefully evolved to fulfil what is good rather than what is bad in the fundamental outlook of the average audience. This book is nothing if not tendentious; readers are bound to want to dispute the author's judgments, for example, on certain films. But about one third of this large book offers an extensive annotated bibliography of books on the film in which social comments and assumptions are made, and this area of film studies was in great need of being charted. In a similar field one should note that the British Film Institute has published in translation André Glucksmann's *Violence on the Screen*.[17] This presents, in summary form, the principal findings of those primarily social scientists who have attempted research on the effects of violence in television and the cinema on young people. Glucksmann's survey, complete to 1966, has been brought up to date by Dennis Howitt, and there is an introduction by Paddy Whannell stressing the importance of facing the popular culture of cinema and television in a positive manner, and not from the old, purely defensive position of a cultural élite trying to oppose everything which mass culture seems to stand for.

Last there is Raymond Durgnat's *A Mirror for England*.[18] This book takes the social and psychological attitudes represented in average British films from 1945 to around 1950, when a new, primarily working-class ethos, already established in the drama and the novel, began to penetrate the bourgeois-dominated domain of the British cinema. Discussing quite literally hundreds of examples, Raymond Durgnat shows how our films (whether "good" or "mediocre") reflected the values and prejudices of the upper middle-class, resulting in a

[17] *Violence on the Screen*. By ANDRÉ GLUCKSMANN. British Film Institute, 40p.
[18] *A Mirror for England*. By RAYMOND DURGNAT. Faber & Faber, £3.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self-portraiture which obtained for a quarter-century before working-class values began to offer an effective challenge. This exhaustive analysis was well worth undertaking, though the necessary accumulation of examples may daunt readers who lack long memories for the films discussed, for the most part, in rapid succession.

TAKING INTO ACCOUNT these new books alone, it should be apparent that study of the cinema has assumed wide proportions. Film, we must realise, is at once the great creative art and the popular entertainment of our century. Charting the vast output of the film-makers during the first 75 years of the cinema has certainly begun, though largely conducted in an *ad hoc* manner, as individual enthusiasts and their publishers pinpoint areas of the subject. History is being achieved, as it were, piecemeal, both on the "popular" and the "scholarly" levels. The various British soft-cover series, in particular, are trying to introduce some form of continuity and coordination. Perhaps the biggest need in this country is for subsidised research by competent and dedicated historians and critics who are prepared to give considerable time to the field of film studies.

Dramatic Ironies

Old Illusions, New Directions—By MARTIN ESSLIN

WHILE THEATRE AUDIENCES are diminishing and the theatre as a viable commercial proposition gets into an ever more parlous state, the publishing of plays and books on theatre seems to be booming—provided, that is, that the sheer number of play texts, critical studies of leading authors, and instructional manuals for actors which appear on the reviewer's desk is an indication of the attractiveness of this type of book for publishers.

The reasons for this ironical and paradoxical state of affairs are worth exploring. Theatre may be declining as a spectator sport, but it is definitely in the ascendant both as a participatory activity and as a teaching-aid and field of academic study.

With the growth of a suburbia-centred mass society enjoying increasing leisure (while more and more isolating its members in the nuclear family and the commuter's lonely daily round), amateur drama is clearly one of the most promising of "group activities". It brings people more closely together than evening classes and forces them to go through the motions of actual human involvement. Amateur drama is flourishing. Amateur actors are looking for plays they can perform. As a result, if the choice falls on a play readily available in paperback, the local bookshop does not just sell *one* copy to a solitary reader, but probably several dozens to the actors, stage managers, property mistresses and multitudes of other people drawn into the bustling collective enterprise. Moreover: plays are shorter than novels and may be much cheaper to produce. Nobody minds paying fifty pence for what is after all a complete little work of art (like Tom Stoppard's charming extravaganza *After Magritte*[1]—a surrealist tableau in the painter's style which later turns out to have a perfectly plausible and realistic explanation), even though the whole book runs to less than fifty pages of over-large print. The same publishers price John Osborne's new television play *Very like a Whale*[2] at only 45 pence although it actually reaches 54 pages; yet the price per thousand words is still high if you hold it against that for a whole novel. This, quite apart from the fact that the play in question is pretty dreary too—the disintegration of some industrial tycoon who displays the familiar Osborne syndrome of the bored successful man who does not know what to do with himself and all his money, and confuses his own obvious deficiencies (an uncultured mind and an impoverished emotional life) with some cosmic defect in the divine

MARTIN ESSLIN *is Head of Drama for BBC Radio. His books include "Brecht: A Choice of Evils" (1959), "The Theatre of the Absurd" (1962), "Brief Chronicles: Essays on Modern Theatre" (1970), and "The Peopled Wound" (Methuen, 1970); he writes frequently on modern theatre for* ENCOUNTER.

[1] *After Magritte*. By TOM STOPPARD. Faber, 50p.
[2] *Very Like a Whale*. By JOHN OSBORNE. Faber, £1.10, paper 45p.

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plan. Short drama books sell not in ones but in batches of a dozen or more—and continue to sell over long periods as amateur societies seek to emulate their neighbours' successes. No wonder that the publishers who have made a killing in this market—chiefly Methuen, Faber, Heinemann Educational—steadily lengthen their lists, and relative newcomers like Calder & Boyars feverishly build up a stock of titles which will make an impact on the booksellers' shelves.

Calder's, who publish Beckett's prose but do not have the rights to his plays (which have fallen to Faber's), did introduce Ionesco to this country and have been very enterprising in bringing other French avant-gardist playwrights to Britain: Adamov, Arrabal, Obaldia, Pinget, Dubillard. The edition of Obaldia has now reached volume II,[3] that of Arrabal volume III[4] (which contains the text of *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria* recently performed at the National Theatre). Arrabal's later phase of development towards a theatre of extravagantly Spanish and Baroque ritual leaves me, I must confess, unenthusiastic. In his earlier phase his perversity seemed to spring from a genuine neurosis, deep suffering. His later and more elaborate—and deliberate—outbursts seem to me perverse merely from conscious choice as though necrophilia, matricide and incest were merely introduced for their theatrical shock-value and surefire effectiveness. More than that, a play like *The Architect and the Emperor* is verbose and self-indulgent, a short sketch padded out to fill an evening.

Calder & Boyars' quick-growing list contains a good many duds. Nevertheless their determination to explore the byways of the European and American *avant-garde* deserves high praise: who else would have had the courage to publish the brilliant Swedish experimental playwright Sandro Key-Aberg whose sequence of dialogues between triviality and surrealism, *O*,[5] is full of wit and social satire? Or the Poles Rozewicz and Gombrowicz, or Americans like the highly gifted Jan Quackenbush and Paul Foster of the La Mama troupe, whose latest work *Heimskringla!* or *The Stoned Angels*,[6] however avant-gardist it might

[3] *Plays*. Volume II. By OBALDIA. Translated by Donald Watson. Calder & Boyars, £1.75.

[4] *Plays*. Volume III. By ARRABAL. Translated by Jean Benedetti and John Calder. Calder & Boyars, £2.

[5] *O* and *An Empty Room*. By SANDRO KEY-ABERG. Translated by Brian Rothwell and Ruth Link. Calder & Boyars, £1.50.

[6] *Heimskringla! or The Stoned Angels*. By PAUL FOSTER. Calder & Boyars, £1.50.

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look when staged by the admirable ensemble, reads like the purple passages of some schoolboy's rendering of Icelandic sagas: "And from YMIR's skull he made the dome of the sky and he placed a dwarf to support it at each of the four corners to hold it high above the earth. And the Gods caused time to exist . . . etc. etc." This turgid stuff is occasionally punctuated with ritualistic homage to the modern God of liberated language as in the boast by a Bishop (who else indeed!) that: ". . . I masturbate the horses over the crown to make it shine with power and permanence. . . ." Yet even these "daring" words appear framed in Wardour Street syntax.

DOES PETER WEISS' *Discourse on Vietnam*,[7] which has also recently appeared on Calder's list, belong to the *avant-garde*? Hardly. After struggling through 172 pages of text, which would give the play a length of well over five hours in the theatre, the reader cannot but know that Peter Weiss is *against* the American policy in Vietnam. This play, which might well claim to be the dullest ever to be written, seems fortunately to have been a momentary aberration of its author, who is among Europe's most talented and original dramatists. He wanted to serve his good cause, and succeeded only in proving conclusively that it is impossible to put into play form the subject matter for a series of lectures on social and political history.

Or is Charles Marowitz' version of *Macbeth*,[8] *avant-garde* drama? I doubt it. If his *Hamlet* collage was in its way experimental a witty dislocation of familiar quotations, *A Macbeth* seems merely a shortened version of the play spiced with a few gimmicks. Yet this book, too, ought to sell. Perhaps not so much to amateur societies who may not possess the actresses who can play Lady Macbeth (or the Witches) in see-through gowns, but rather to the promising academic and school market. For drama is not only popular as a means by which lonely hearts may establish close human relations with each other, it is also becoming an important element in education. In the era of teaching by "projects" rather than lectures, putting on a play is evidently an ideal way of bringing together such disciplines as English and Carpentry, Electrical Engineering (the fixing of the lighting) and Painting, Needlework, Elocution. If Drama teachers are needed in secondary and even primary schools, then drama becomes a subject at teacher training colleges and universities. And this again establishes a highly profitable market for play-books and books on the theatre in general. Brian Clark's *Group Theatre*[9] is a first-rate introduction to the subject of drama as a group activity. It touches on the genesis of famous companies like the Berliner Ensemble or the Living Theatre, but it is essentially a handbook for creating drama among both amateurs and students. It is clear, concise, unpretentious and practical, which, alas, cannot be said of many other books produced for this market.

THE GROWTH OF DRAMA in colleges and universities has a two-fold effect on the mounting number of books about theatre. Academic teaching *consumes* a large number of books. (Before taking off for teaching a course in the theatre department of an American university one is asked to provide students with a reading list. One draws up a list of a dozen plays in paperback. When one then confronts a class of forty students one realises that one has in fact sold forty dozen books, 480 copies! Shouldn't publishers pay drama lecturers a commission?) Academic teaching of drama also helps to *produce* many books. Teachers have to legitimise their vocation by publishing, and this becomes a powerful incentive for the creation of anthologies (the easiest kind of book to produce and yet most impressive in a list of publications) monographs, criticism, histories.

Norman R. Shapiro's *Four Farces by Georges Feydeau*[10] is a good—and creditable—example of this kind of academic book. Nicely produced, it contains a workmanlike introduction followed by translations which might conceivably just pass in American academic surroundings, but in England would appear positively elephantine. Yet even heavy-footed versions of Feydeau are preferable to a dead-handed Georg Kaiser[11]—an English specimen of academic drama books. German Expressionism does not travel well. But Georg Kaiser's telegraphese—a reaction against the over-elaboration of the preceding phase of dramatic dialogue in Germany—becomes

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[7] *Discourse on Vietnam*. By PETER WEISS. Translated by Geoffrey Skelton. Calder & Boyars, £1.50.

[8] *A Macbeth*. By CHARLES MAROWITZ. Calder & Boyars. £1.50.

[9] *Group Theatre*. By BRIAN CLARK. Pitman. £1.50.

[10] *Four Farces*. By GEORGES FEYDEAU. Translated and Introduced by Norman R. Shapiro. University of Chicago Press, $12.00, £5.40.

[11] *Five Plays*. By GEORG KAISER. Translated by B. J. Kenworthy, Rex Last, J. M. Ritchie. Calder & Boyars, £2.75.

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altogether hilarious when transferred into English in too literal a manner. Let one specimen from *Gas II* suffice:

FIRST BLUE FIGURE: *Control-stations registering reduced production of gas. By points performance up to twelve behind target.*

CHIEF ENGINEER: *Collapse of workers at gauge-gear-pedal-lever.*

FIRST BLUE FIGURE: *Why no replacement?*

CHIEF ENGINEER: *Every shift combed—not a spare man or woman.*

FIRST BLUE FIGURE: *Any epidemic in the works?*

CHIEF ENGINEER: *No visible sign of it. . . .*

And so on. Collapse of workers—and readers!

Whether it would in fact be possible to produce a viable version of Kaiser in English remains doubtful. Some of Kaiser's plays, notably *The Burghers of Calais*, are brilliantly constructed. But even that masterpiece of plot and suspense is wretchedly written, even in the original German. A translator of genius who could transpose the original text into an acceptable idiom in English would in fact *improve* the original and could win the play back for the stage. But that surely is too much to hope for.

THE EXPRESSIONISTS were the *avant-garde* of the 1920s. Little of their work has survived the test of time. One wonders how much of the present "*avant-garde*" will still be digestible in fifty years from now. Not very much, I imagine. The seven plays collected in the first of a Penguin series of *Off-Broadway Plays*[12] are a good cross-section of the American *avant-garde*. Kopit's *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* (to give it its abbreviated title) is more than ten years old and has stood the test of time well. But plays like John Guare's *Muzeeka* or Charles Dizenzo's *The Drapes Come*, amusing as they certainly are, display the weaknesses of the genre: far from being "advanced" or "original" in any sense they are merely extended clichés. The hero of *Muzeeka*, Jack Argue, is the proverbial little man of American literature, a nephew of Walter Mitty, who joins a firm providing piped music—he is of course a talented composer who yearns to marry and have a house in the suburbs—because he wants to undermine the system and one day feed the consumers real music, *modern* music, thereby making them suddenly wake up to truth and beauty, and the falseness of the system. But, of course, once Argue has entered the system, he becomes part of it; he even joins the army and in the end, realising the errors of his ways, stabs himself. There is a good deal of fair—though self-indulgent and inordinately long—writing in this play. But its basic clichés aren't even new; they are positively archaic. The same is true of Dizenzo's *The Drapes Come*, a duologue between Mother and Daughter: the mother shifts from dominance to submission as the daughter shifts from submission to forcefulness. In the end the Mother hangs the drapes—American for curtains—on the windows and the daughter is enveloped in stifling darkness.

These two plays would not be worth talking about if they were not typical of so much of the American and English *avant-garde*. The situation is paradoxical. Most of this writing comes out of improvisational groups which lay a great deal of emphasis on non-verbal expression. The word thus is devalued; and why not? If more can be expressed by the movement of naked—or (it could be) clad—bodies, strobe-light effects and non-verbal sound, I see no reason why the dialogue should not be relegated to a minor place. Yet, when one sees the scripts of these spectacles in print, one finds them—excessively verbose! The devaluation of the word has *not* led to its elimination, but merely to careless and self-indulgent treatment of dialogue. Moreover, as abstract, conceptual, discursive thought has been rejected—perhaps with good reason—this verbal element is also singularly lacking in any kind of intellectual distinction.

Are the real innovators, then, not the playwrights who publish texts but the revolutionaries who organise Happenings? Richard Kostelanetz' *The Theatre of Mixed Means*[13] is an eminently useful introduction to this fascinating, frustrating subject. It contains a thoughtful and clear introduction to the theory of mixed media performance (I have my doubts whether the genre still deserves the sobriquet of *theatre*) which is followed by a series of interesting and enlightening dialogues with such practising masters as John Cage, Robert Rauschenberg, Allan Kaprow, Claes Oldenburg, Ken Dewey and others. Here we are, I believe, in genuine *avant-garde* territory. Invariably the artists who are exploring it turn out to be intelligent, original, and articulate. Admittedly they are still groping for a clarification of their concepts and aims, not

[12] *Off-Broadway Plays*. Volume I. By ARTHUR KOPIT, ISRAEL HOROVITZ, JOHN GUARE and CHARLES DIZENZO. Penguin, 35p.

[13] *The Theatre of Mixed Means*. By RICHARD KOSTELANETZ. Pitman, £1.75.

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to mention the technical means for their execution. What is it all about? A blurring of the distinctions between different art forms.

The Pop-art painting becomes three-dimensional and, as human beings take the place of wax dummies, merges into a form of theatre; music absorbs the sounds of nature or the amorphous throb of a big city; dance envelops the audience and makes it participate in its movement. The stage-set invades the auditorium and becomes an environment. Art is supposed to become life, and life art. Admittedly a great deal of all this is still talk, or rather "theory." Much that has been done in the pursuit of the new art form was childish or inadequate. But the basic idea—the creation of a fusion of life and poetry with the help of the immense potentialities of modern computerised, electronic technology, new materials and the vast amount of leisure the future ought to bring—this basic idea is exciting and holds promise for the future.

I am sure, however that the poetic environments created by mixed media performances will neither be theatre nor replace theatre. There will always be a need for theatre as a museum of the masterpieces of the past (hence academic theatre books will continue to flourish), and there will always be a place for theatre as a place for the exploration of new thought about human behaviour, the search for new nuances of human emotion. This should be the area of the *avant-garde*. Of course, much of the *avant-garde* will always be "phoney". How else could new directions be tested? The majority of all new notions will, inevitably, come from people with limited talent and little intellect. And the fun of seeing this kind of work lies precisely in the thrill of having to make up one's mind about something which claims to be new and original and which, perhaps occasionally lives up to that claim.

And the same is true of the stream of printed plays. A fair proportion of them is rubbish. But among them are—who knows?—the "hidden masterpieces", and even the "classics" of tomorrow.

Journalists & Academics

By Gareth Lloyd Evans

PEOPLE WHO WORK in Theatre pride themselves (sometimes with justification) on their professionalism (their employment of inherited, innate and acquired skills as a means of livelihood) but often scorn amateur practitioners who have an urge to employ skills which may be non-existent or, at best, neither inherited nor natural nor sufficiently exercised.

The irony is that the world of Theatre is crammed with amateurs, and even the most professional theatre-people are adept at being amateur on matters about which they are frequently verbose. For example, their ability to imply their belief in the nature and extent of their own superiority to critics, academics, politicians, social workers and, indeed, often their own peers, is positively winsome in its amateurishness. You tread upon their boards at your peril but their penchant for treading on other people's toes is superb in its awkward catholicity.

Their brand of amateurishness is at its most expressive just where you would not expect it—in attempts to describe, elucidate, expatiate upon their own trade. It is absurd that the best theatrical communicators and the people to whom we, as theatregoers, have most need to be deeply grateful are sometimes the worst verbal commentators. This does not, however, stop them.

It would be churlish to bring this up were it not that their amateur excursions into writing are so often accompanied by an explicit or implicit reiteration of that theme which runs through so much of their public statements and remarks—a detestation of the academic. Anyone not connected with theatre who seriously puts pen to paper for a living is likely to earn the opprobrious description of "academic" from them.

In the face of a quite unabating attitude towards the academic it is difficult not to approach the written work of professional theatre people with some special desire to

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realise what they understand by the word. It seems that the academic is uncreative or, in Tyrone Guthrie's words, "talent and scholarship do not always go together". The academic is almost always unfavourably critical and is more interested in "mind" than in imagination—"Too many students, by the time they achieve a degree in drama, are stuffed to the gills with theory, have imaginations which are theoretically 'liberated', but which are, in fact, fettered. . . ." (Guthrie again). To be academic is to be joyless, finicky, stylistically arid, emotionally emasculated and impersonal.

THOSE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS which a couple of decades of acquaintance with theatre people have convinced me are regarded as typical of the academic. If we turn to the books under review we shall, perhaps, find alternatives to that gruesome parade of faults and foibles.

Peter Daubeny's book,[1] for example, is far from impersonal, but I wonder whether any possible gain from a non-academic familiarity of approach is not completely dissipated by the accumulative effects of intimacy.

> The evening wound up with iced beer, laughter and a promise from Noël that our small holiday from war would continue next day. "What a good chap", Bill murmured complacently as we settled for the night.

It might be suggested that a little bit of academic distance would have prevented this book from so often sounding like a bad novel. The intimate style of the writing mounts up like gathered violets; it is full of "Noël" and "Ivor" and "*au courant*" and "*pour mieux sauter*." In short, apart from an excellent short section on the War, it is camp.

Mr Daubeny's book, like Tyrone Guthrie's manual on acting,[2] exhibits yet another departure from academic strictness. Some might, for instance, call it a lack of balance which allows Mr Daubeny to write that Rex Harrison is "a great actor on many levels", and for Sir Tyrone to claim that American education is a "gigantic abstraction" and that the study of drama as literature "is almost universally accepted as right and reasonable." The multiplication of this kind of generalisation which, simply, does not seem to have had the benefit of a background of careful study (too academic?), has the effect of making you doubt the sensibility and judgment of the writer.

[1] *My World of Theatre*. By PETER DAUBENY. Jonathan Cape, £3.95.
[2] *Tyrone Guthrie on Acting*. Studio Vista, £2.25.

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Ronald Hayman in his biography of John Gielgud[3] combines Mr Daubeny's excessive familiarities and Sir Tyrone's reckless generalities to produce a book in which the chosen victim is called "John" and which can heave out such wild surmises as "his Angelo, his Lear, his Cassius, his Leontes and his Prospero were all definitive" and, "in his best performances he has produced an almost incredible richness of vocal texture."

These three books are variously readable for three reasons. First, for their fascinating prejudices and gossip; second, for the frisson of observing (especially with Daubeny and Guthrie) brilliant professional exponents of one art, to whom respect and gratitude are due and in Guthrie's case (he died in May of this year) deep sorrow at the loss of one of the most civilised and imaginative of theatre men, displaying a guileless amateurishness in another; and third, because they are all useful documentations—though Mr Hayman's book is frilled with over-affection for its subject. Yet there is a problem. We who are alive now are more likely to be able to distinguish between camp and correctitude, prejudice and precision, gossip and fact. The future may find it less easy. A more academic approach would have given these writers some protection against any future charge of unreliability.

Yet, again, how to persuade that to be truly academic is not the monopoly of the aged Borzois of our old campuses or the fierce Jack Russells of the new ones? The *Eng. Lit.* professionals are not always the possessors of the genuine academic virtues—fidelity to truth, disciplined imagination, reasoned judgment and a delighted and delighting care for words.

Indeed, *The Reader's Encyclopaedia of World Drama*,[4] with its phalanx of University contributors, is unsteady on its academic feet. To be blunt, it occasionally falls flat on its face. It is a matter of opinion whether Brecht deserves seven pages and Ionesco barely a half, but it is a much more contentious matter that Arab drama gets three-and-a-half pages and Welsh drama none. Tynan, who gave up drama criticism years ago, is the only representative of contemporary English theatre criticism. Priestley, who in one place is described as one of the two best dramatists of the 1930s, has no separate entry but is package-treated under "ENGLAND: POST-EDWARDIAN DRAMA". Denis Johnston's expendable play, *The Old Lady says No*, has a separate entry and is celebrated as an example of "expressionism", but Priestley's *Johnson over Jordan* (at least a better-known example of the genre and, by most accounts, a finer one) is not mentioned at all, though one of his minor efforts—*Bees on the Boat Deck*—is. Despite the editorial announcement that the *Encyclopaedia* will contain no entries on actors, Olivier appears under "CONTEMPORARY DRAMA" as "the most commanding figure in the post-war English Theatre". For what? Macbeth? No. Coriolanus? No. Oedipus? No. Titus? No! For what then? Archie Rice!

Wilson Knight is in but L. C. Knights is out (when *will* they realise that they *are* different people?). Peter Alexander might not have lived or worked, and E. M. W. Tillyard is mentioned but his books are not. Spurgeon rightly appears for her work on imagery but where is Clemen? The writer of the entry on "SHAKESPEARE" appears not to have heard either of the Variorum or the New Cambridge editions. The writer of the entries on the individual plays has heard of Harrison's Pelican but is silent on the New Penguin Shakespeare. And so on.

[3] *John Gielgud.* By RONALD HAYMAN. Heinemann, £3.50.

[4] *The Reader's Encyclopaedia of World Drama.* Edited by JOHN GASSNER and EDWARD QUINN. Methuen, £6.50.

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It is a book which in size and number of entries suggests meticulous scholarship, but the suspicion lurks and grows that you must contrive a willing suspension of judgment regarding the arbitrariness of some of its contents. In any case, by omitting as a policy entries on actors and the working paraphernalia of theatre, it perpetuates a dichotomy which (*pace* Sir Tyrone) shows so much evidence of disappearing—that between Drama read and Drama performed.

Professor Vera Mowry Roberts (of Hunter College, New York), in her immense and imaginatively illustrated paperback on *The Nature of Theatre*,[5] has no doubts that the study of drama can be profitable only when equal attention is paid to both academic study and realised performance. Her enthusiasm in this somewhat wordy caravanserai across the vast areas of the nature of theatre, the development of drama, Comedy, Tragedy, acting, directing, together with a few good swills at the water-holes of film and television is sometimes a little alienating to this reader and not a little inimical to plain fact. "How could one make *experiential* the beautiful arc of action that is theatre?" she asks, and does not wait for an answer before declaring "I had a lot of things to sort out". We learn from the breathless Professor that Shakespeare was his own director and that there is a "spate" of playwrights today insisting on language having lost its ability to communicate. Still, her large heart is in the right place and her head, though screwed on a little too tightly to provide the reader with intellectual ease, has produced a worthy addition to the books about theories about ideas about plays and performances.

Richard Findlater might bridle at being described as an academic, but his book[6] has many of the virtues described earlier. It is a series of essays on some of the great and talented actors from Garrick to the present day and its easy-riding style conceals the careful work which must have gone into its preparation. He sometimes allows a show-biz kind of phrase to run away with him ("Olivier returned to classical kit with another Shakespearian performance at Stratford") and is inclined at times to sweeping, slightly modish judgments—Betterton's style of acting, by all accounts, was not "fossilised," though it would have seemed to us pompous, overblown

[5] *The Nature of Theatre*. By VERA MOWRY ROBERTS. Harper & Row, $7.95, £3.70.
[6] *The Player Kings*. By RICHARD FINDLATER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.

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and overdone. I wish Mr Findlater had trusted more to his own exact ability to capture performances in words. We can all find gamesome snippets from Agate, crisp ones from Shaw, and bloody-coloured ones in Tynan. There are too many of these in the book and too little of the excellent Mr Findlater who is capable of writing what I suppose Mr Hayman would call definitive things like this:

> [Olivier] has searched for and usually found physical truths which, in his best performances, light up not only external details but the whole man: enough of the man to be seen, with the rest *felt*, just out of sight but imminent.

That is truly academic—knowledge, observation, intuition and verbal felicitousness are in balance.

AND THAT, INDEED, IS WHAT can be said of Ivor Brown's *Old and Young*.[7] Some critics have found him as an octogenarian writer to be irascible and pernickety. Mr Brown himself spends a few pages cogitating whether he is an old buffer, old fool, or old codger. I think, in the nicest possible way, that he is an old devil. He instigates ire in people in much the same manner as that old magician J. B. Priestley. Their common sense is so often right, their ability to express it so often correct, that what they say seems to be so obvious that you could kick yourself because you never thought of it. They have both made a profession of being one jump ahead. Mr Brown is cogent, sharp, ironic about youth and age. He is wise about theatre, and even his prejudices have the grace of felicity.

It is not without some meaning that it is to the oldest of the writers under review that one turns to find the nearest approach to the best kind of writing—that which combines a careful study of experience with a care for communication. In the early part of this century the higher journalism often exhibited these characteristics. The gentlemen scholars and academics of Fleet Street were not to be sneered at. Indeed, the recording of what is happening in theatre now very much needs the kind of balance and professionalism which men like Brown, Lynd, Chesterton, Scott, Walkley and the like had naturally. Unfortunately the word "journalist", like "academic", has become dirty. You can be one or the other but you cannot be both—there is something awfully "definitive" about a society which assumes that to be popular, contemporary, engaging, one has to forget about mind, matter, and means.

[7] *Old and Young*. By IVOR BROWN. Bodley Head, £3.

Victoriana

By Ronald Hayman

WE LOOK DOWN on the Victorian theatre but we have reason to be jealous of its critics. One of the questions that these three books prompt is how much overlap there was between the pressures that made for bad theatre and the pressures that made for good criticism.

The rapid industrialisation brought a huge inflow of population into the towns at the same time as the improvement of public transport was increasing the mobility of the audience. By the beginning of the period the aristocracy was already patronising the drama less than in the 18th century and the new middle-class audience that surged in demanded an easily digestible diet of melodrama, comedy, and spectacle. Commercial and unadventurous, the managers put on only the plays they could rely on to command silence in the pit, where the audience readily became vociferous. "Twaddle and vulgarity will have always the upper hand," lamented Max Beerbohm; but when he, for once, watched a play himself from a bench in the pit (at the Garrick, where the pit was a good one) the strain on his eyes and ears made him vow to become more tolerant about public taste. The marvel, he said:

> is not that the public cares so little for dramatic truth, but that it can sometimes tolerate a play which is not either the wildest melodrama or the wildest farce. Where low tones and fine shades are practically invisible, one would expect an exclusive insistence on splodges of garish colour.

Meanwhile the same industrialism and the same new public were the causes of the growth in the newspapers which gave the critics their platform. In 1855, just as printing was becoming mechanised, the newspaper duty of four-

RONALD HAYMAN *is a free-lance writer, theatre director and critic. His "Techniques of Acting" appeared in 1969 (Methuen), and he has published several books in the Heinemann "Contemporary Playwrights" series. He has just completed a book on Edward Albee, and his biography of John Gielgud has recently appeared.*

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pence on each printed copy was abolished. *The Times*, which had cost fivepence in 1852, was reduced to threepence in 1861 and the penny press began to flourish. What made the situation so very different from that of today was the amount of space that Victorian critics were given. In the *Saturday Review* Shaw would often devote over 3000 words to a single production while William Archer could go to about 2500 in *The World*. In this week's *Listener* the play review covers five plays in 680 words and in last Sunday's *Observer* Ronald Bryden had just over a thousand for three plays. So even if we had critics who could compare with Shaw or Beerbohm or G. H. Lewes, having only this amount of space to divide between play, direction, and acting, they would seldom if ever be able to devote more than a few lines to a single performance by a single actor. They would therefore be unable to develop their own critical talents.

ONE OF THE MAIN PLEASURES of George Rowell's anthology of dramatic criticism[1]—which bulges way beyond the promise of its title, stretching from the beginning of the 19th century well into the reign of Edward VII—is the vivid evocation of particular moments in particular performances: Hazlitt on Kean's Othello, Clement Scott on Irving in *The Bells*, Archer on the flabbier sequences of Forbes Robertson's Hamlet, J. T. Grein on Martin Harvey's Sidney Carton, and Beerbohm's loving resurrection of Dan Leno's shoemaker sketch.

There are many delights in the book, and a great many irritations. George Rowell says that his aim is to build up a picture of the theatre at work in the words of its leading commentators. Of course there is no such thing as *the* Victorian theatre: by 1901 it was totally different from what it had been in 1837—though its development could have been illustrated quite usefully if Mr Rowell had contented himself with selecting what he considers to be the best criticism of the period and arranging it chronologically. He would obviously have been reluctant to sacrifice all his pieces of Hazlitt, the various descriptions of Edmund Kean and Kemble, and most of the Beerbohm. But the period 1807 to 1914 is too unwieldy. The changes in the structure of the theatre, in the style of the actors, and even in the prose style of the critics are too vast

[1] *Victorian Dramatic Criticism*. Selected and introduced by GEORGE ROWELL. Methuen, £4, paper £2.

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for one book to straddle. And Mr Rowell's division of his subject-matter into sections and sub-sections destroys the overall chronology while serving very little purpose. Inevitably the reviews grouped under the heading DRAMA contain a lot of references to actors, just as those grouped under ACTORS are full of references to plays.

Much of the selection is equally perverse. The longest piece in the book is Charles Lamb's 1812 essay arguing "that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performances on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatsoever. . . ." His essay on Restoration Drama is equally irrelevant to any picture of the theatre at work. And while we are allowed to see Edmund Kean (who died in 1833) and his Othello through the eyes of several different critics, even the most important of the truly Victorian productions (like *The Importance of Being Earnest)* are represented by a single review.

The book badly needs an index and it badly needs annotation. There will be many readers who do not know who old John Buncle was, or that the "O.P." riots at Covent Garden were about the old prices. Though sources are given for all the criticism quoted, some of the titles could equally well refer to books or periodicals. And it is very tantalising, just as we think we are coming to a description of Irving's Hamlet, to read "Of Mr Irving's Hamlet we have already spoken. It is not greatly changed." Altogether the book needed much more considerate editing.

Nineteenth Century British Theatre[2] contains thirteen essays which were read at a symposium at Manchester University with representatives from all the British universities which have Drama departments and several American universities. Inevitably the collection is very much a miscellany but some of the papers are fascinating. M. Glen Wilson provides a detailed survey of Charles Kean's earnings throughout his career, while Peter Thomson's essay on the early career of George Colman the Younger also contains interesting information about his earnings. He made £1,200 out of the comedy *John Bull,* whereas Kean made £6,474 out of giving 220 performances between 17 August 1840 and 17 August 1841. In his study of "Early Victorian Farce" Michael R. Booth makes a comparison between the British audience for farce (which contained working-class and lower-middle-class elements) with the French audience (which was predominantly middle and upper-middle).

There is a particularly valuable paper by Clive Barker (of Birmingham University) on popular theatre from 1780 to 1880. It argues cogently that in studying the decline of the Patent Houses and the growing demand for legitimate drama, theatrical history should not be isolated from social history in the way it so often is. The essay makes a start towards analysing the composition of the new audience which was coming in to fill the new Minor Theatres that were being built, and collects a good deal of evidence about audience behaviour. According to the testimony given by Francis Place before the Select Committee called in 1832 "to Enquire into the state of the Law Affecting Dramatic Literature",

> in the case of the Recruiting Officer and the Beaux' Stratagem, Mr Kemble and Mr Keeley used words which were much softened from the original yet they caused a sensation in the house which prevented their using them any more.

Clive Barker also outlines a theory to explain why no theatres were built in central London between 1840 and 1867. The values of this social approach immediately become obvious, and I hope Mr Barker is by now engaged on a book about the period.

THE OTHER ESSAY which arouses the hope that the author will examine the subject at greater length and that other scholars will be influenced by his method of approach is by Joseph W. Donohue, Jr. (of Princeton University). In his paper on *"The Importance of Being Earnest"* he tries to recreate as much as possible of the first performance at the St. James's Theatre and of the circumstances surrounding it. From collating the rehearsal script with the texts of the licensing copy and of the first and later editions, he infers, reasonably enough, that Wilde's presence at rehearsals led to some useful rewriting. He has collected a good many quotations which combine to give an impression of the first-night atmosphere. According to George Alexander's wife Florence "Our first nights at the St. James's Theatre were like brilliant parties. Everybody knew everybody, everybody put on their best clothes, everybody wished us success. . . ."

Richard Southern's *The Victorian Theatre*[3] is rather like a lantern-slide lecture, but a very

[2] *Nineteenth Century British Theatre.* Edited by KENNETH RICHARDS and PETER THOMSON. Methuen, £2.30.

[3] *The Victorian Theatre, A Pictorial Survey.* By RICHARD SOUTHERN. David and Charles, £2.75.

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good one with excellent illustrations. He explains a great deal about the mechanics of producing the spectacular scenes which were so important to the Victorians. Many of the pictures are revelations of how closely the Victorian theatre could approximate to effects which are nowadays only attempted in the cinema.

Of course the visual detail in the Shakespearean settings strikes us as absurd. Telbin was an ingenious designer but his set for the final scene of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum looks like something out of Piranesi, and his set for Charles Kean's *Merchant of Venice* had practical bridges and boats moving in the canal.

Not that the Victorian theatre's cult of the visual image at the expense of the written word has much to do with ours. If we now have too little respect for the printed word, thanks partly to the debasing effect of the journalism that was still in its infancy then, the Victorians had too much. And if, as now, there was too little organic connection between what was actually happening in the theatre and what critics were writing about it, it was partly because there was too much discontinuity between the literary and theatrical worlds. Underneath the exaggeration, Shaw was making a valid point when he defended one of Henry James's plays by saying "If the literary world were so completely dominated by the admirers of Mr Rider Haggard as the dramatic world is by their first cousins, we should be told that Mr James cannot write a novel. . . ." It was partly the knowledge he acquired as a drama critic of what entertainment the Victorian audience wanted that made Shaw use comedy in the way he did.

RICHARD SOUTHERN'S book also makes good use of its illustrations to give an impression not only of the audience but of the buildings in which the theatrical events took place. Here too there is much to be inferred about the situation of today. Even if there is rather less discontinuity between Literature and the theatre, the fact remains that most of our English theatres are Victorian buildings. The audience for which they were designed is, therefore, still indirectly exerting an influence on the playwrights, directors, designers, and actors who all have to go on working within these shapes and even on the experimentalists who have gravitated away from conventional theatre buildings. Our Victorian heritage is very much with us.

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Music with Words

By Charles Osborne

WITH THE EXCEPTION of ballet, which seems to me a limited art form, I am able to enjoy most things that go on in theatres: vaudeville, plays in prose, plays in verse, operetta, opera. I have never seriously doubted that the most exciting of these arts is opera or musical theatre; not because it's closest to the theatre of ancient Greece and Rome, but because of the power of music not only to underline and emphasise words but also to reveal deeper layers of meaning. Music can convey conflicting emotions simultaneously, it can tell us what characters are thinking when they are dissembling in speech, can comment on the dramatic situation, and can communicate directly with our sub-consciousness while our attention is being diverted by the stage picture. So all-embracing an art form is virtually impossible to write about coherently. Books on opera continue to appear but, as is the case with all eight titles presently under review, they usually deal with only a fragment of the subject. There are guides, introductions for the relatively uninitiated, studies of individual composers or of some particular aspect of opera (for instance, the libretto), books about singers and singing, or about opera companies, and occasionally there is the eccentric volume produced by an opera-nut for other opera-nuts.

The general introductions are not to be despised. They are useful at the level of the travel guide to a country one is visiting for the first time; though, like travel guides, they tend to feed on one another, cribbing and repeating misinformation from generation to generation. Arthur Jacobs and Stanley Sadie have squeezed a great deal of mileage out of their *Opera: A Modern Guide.*[1] It first saw the light of day some years ago as *The Pan Book of Opera.* This new printing calls itself "First hardback edition", but I regret to say it errs. Under yet another title, *The Opera Guide,* the very same book was published by Hamish Hamilton as a hardback in 1964. The only previously unpublished material in the new edition is a one-page Postscript which does no more than list a dozen or so of the operas written or produced in the last few years. This is the kind of book intended for those upper-class nits one overhears, not only at Glyndebourne but also at Covent Garden and Salzburg and Bayreuth, indeed anywhere where people gather together to listen to performances in languages they do not understand. In the intervals they gleefully boast to one another, in accents one imagined Joyce Grenfell had long ago shamed into oblivion, that they "haven't the foggiest idea what's going on" but isn't Sutherland, or whoever, marvellous. But if such people do not even bother to read programme notes, are they likely to buy a book full of what are in effect extended programme notes? I don't know. Messrs Jacobs and Sadie are knowledgeable critics of opera and the information they convey is reliable and useful. But nobody will want to encounter the same volume in 1976 under a fourth title.

The Harrap Opera Guide[2] is a direct competitor of the Jacobs-Sadie volume. It includes 88 operas, which seems better value than their 66, and it's cheaper. But Sir Alexander Morley's synopses are less easy to read than the Jacobs-Sadie versions. He writes in a kind of telegraphese: "A lonely part of the river bank. Dusk. Tichon, divided in mind, and Glasha are searching for Katya. . . ." And he includes no music examples, whereas Jacobs and Sadie do. Also, from the safety of his amateur status (he is a retired diplomat), Sir Alexander ventures some wild assertions in his introductory paragraphs to the operas, though I daresay forty years ago many of them were quite respectable opinions to hold. The music of *Il trovatore,* he tells us, "is in the nineteenth-century Italian convention" (well, yes, it *was* written in nineteenth-century Italy), and "bears only a decent minimum of relation to characters and situation." Really? (For a slightly different view, see the *Trovatore* chapter in my *Complete Operas of Verdi.*) On the whole, those in need of a guide to the operas they are most likely to encounter in the theatre will do best with *Opera: A Modern Guide.*

CHARLES OSBORNE, *music critic, is the author of "The Complete Operas of Verdi" (Gollancz, 1969); his edition of "The Letters of Verdi" will be published in the autumn. Mr Osborne was an assistant editor of the "London Magazine" and is now deputy literature director of the Arts Council of Great Britain.*

[1] *Opera: A Modern Guide.* By ARTHUR JACOBS and STANLEY SADIE. David & Charles, £3.

[2] *The Harrap Opera Guide.* By SIR ALEXANDER MORLEY. Harrap, £2.10.

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Patrick J. Smith's historical study of the opera libretto[3] is, of course, aimed at more sophisticated readers. He surveys the minor art of the librettist from the beginnings of opera in the seventeenth century until the present day, from Rinuccini to Auden. It is salutary to be thus reminded of the importance of the librettist. Far too often, his contribution to the completed work is ignored or misunderstood not only by audiences but also by critics who ought to know better. As Mr Smith says in his Introduction:

> This belief in the omniscience of the composer, which may also be termed the Pathetic Fallacy of Opera, is perhaps the most consistent mistake of those who write about opera. It consists in ascribing to the music qualities that can be found only in the libretto or qualities that cannot be empirically traced to the composer.

One might add that the most consistent mistake of audiences is to assume that opera libretti are, by definition, sillier and more obscure than plays intended to be spoken. Frequently, in fact, they are clearer and more concise than the plays from which they were adapted. Those who find Verdi's Cammarano impossible are well advised to steer clear of mid-nineteenth century Italian theatre in general. Texts for singing, however, do differ from texts to be spoken. For one thing, they must be considerably shorter; for another, they should not be consciously poetic. It is the music which adds the poetry. It is small wonder, then, that the most successful librettists have been writers who specialised in that art, rather than great poets who condescended to write for the opera. In the librettist's world, Da Ponte is a more revered name than Goethe, and Myfanwy Piper can certainly be mentioned in the same breath as W. H. Auden. Wagner and Tippett are special cases, and so, in a way, was Verdi. His pre-Boito collaborators (Piave, Cammarano, Ghislanzoni, even Somma, certainly Maffei) were more or less glorified secretaries who carried out his instructions. A perusal of Verdi's correspondence with Ghislanzoni concerning *Aida*, with a copy of the completed libretto by one's side, is most instructive. With Boito, a librettist of genius who, in *Falstaff*, was even able to improve on Shakespeare, the collaboration was a real one, and Patrick J. Smith's comments on it (and on Boito's patching-up of Piave's *Simon Boccanegra*) are penetrating and shrewd.

[3] *The Tenth Muse.* By PATRICK J. SMITH. Gollancz, £4.

in the JUNE

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and bookmen

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I am not sure what kind of reader Alfred Alexander is aiming at in *Operanatomy*.[4] Like Sir Alexander Morley he is obviously an intelligent music lover; unlike him, Mr Alexander has not given much thought to the kind of book he wanted to write, but simply sat down and poured out what came into his head. The grating title is misleading: this book is not primarily about opera. There are chapters, quite sensible though somewhat rambling and unsure of purpose, on conducting, score reading, the instruments of the orchestra, singing, composing, music critics, opera production, and one chapter called "The Libretto and the Public" which is really about neither libretto nor public. Mr Alexander tells one or two good stories, and airs a few pet grievances. Ignorant mispronunciations and solecisms annoy him, and BBC announcers are severely chided for accenting the wrong syllable in Debussy and Chopin. An enjoyably quirky volume, this, but hardly worth permanent space on one's bookshelves.

Another book by an amateur enthusiast, even more eccentric in its way than Mr Alexander's, but considerably better written and more useful, is Robert Rushmore's *The Singing Voice*.[5] As his title implies, Mr Rushmore is more interested in opera singers than in the art of opera itself, and he addresses himself to like-minded fans. A singer himself for his own pleasure, he writes about voice production and methods of singing; but this is a rather boring subject for non-performers, fortunately for whom Mr Rushmore has included a great deal of elevated gossip as well. He is fond of lists, so there are lists of operatic rôles divided into types of voice, and lists of singing families: The latter range well beyond the confines of opera: in addition to father Björling, his three sons including Jussi, and Jussi's son Rolf, the Garcias and the Konetzni sisters, a place is found for Judy Garland and daughter Liza, and "Andrews—three famous sisters". More curious lists are of (*a*) the professions or trades adopted by people who subsequently become famous singers (Erna Berger was a governess, Nelson Eddy a reporter); (*b*) name changes (from Jacob Pinkus Perelmuth to Jan Peerce *und so weiter*); (*c*) careers cut short (they shoot themselves and each other, develop throat cancer, brain tumours); and (*d*) what singers do in retirement. They become directors of opera houses, or teachers, though going into the laundry business in London also seems popular. This is an engaging book, and by no means as dizzy as I may have made it sound.

Aksel Schiøtz's book[6] is also about the singer. To be more exact, it is written *for* the singer, though it can certainly be read with ease by the non-singer as it is not at all technical. Schiøtz himself is a fine concert singer and, although he dutifully deals with opera, he is much more interested in the recital repertoire. His thoughts on the songs of Schubert, Schumann and others, and how they should be sung, are frequently illuminating, though occasionally self-evident. Young singers will find Schiøtz's detailed comments on the two Schubert song cycles useful. By contrast, his remarks on opera are so vague, when they are not actually mistaken, that they can be of no use to anyone.

Apart from histories of opera, the most interesting books are usually those on individual composers. The popular composers of opera (Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, Puccini) have been the subject of countless volumes, but Erik Chisholm has broken new ground, in English at any rate, with *The Operas of Leoš Janáček*.[7] "Don't look in dramatic music only for melodies", said Janáček, "Opera must be of the stuff of which real life is made." His operas are full of the stuff of real life, and melody as well. If they have made their way only slowly in the world outside Czechoslovakia, this is because Janáček's tunes are closely related to the rhythms of Czech speech, and so they are notoriously difficult to translate. I have seen performances—of *The House of the Dead*, for instance—in Prague which, even though musically and dramatically inferior to English-language productions mounted in London, made considerably greater effect because they sounded so much more natural. Dr Chisholm's book, an excellent *vade mecum*, will be indispensable to the serious opera-goer who wants to get to know his Janáček, whether at Covent Garden or the Narodni Divadlo.

I have left till the end the most sumptuous of these volumes, on the Vienna Opera.[8] This is an excellent multi-purpose book. In addition to adorning the *Kaffee*-table, it makes a pleasant souvenir of a holiday in Vienna, for those who neglected to visit the Opera, and

[4] *Operanatomy*. By ALFRED ALEXANDER. Orion, £2.85.
[5] *The Singing Voice*. By ROBERT RUSHMORE. Hamish Hamilton, £3.
[6] *The Singer and His Art*. By AKSEL SCHIØTZ. Hamish Hamilton, £3.
[7] *The Operas of Leoš Janáček*. By ERIK CHISHOLM. Pergamon Press, £2.50, paper £1.75.
[8] *The Vienna Opera*. By MARCEL PRAWY. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £7.50.

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it is also a perfectly serious history of the Vienna Opera, written by Dr Marcel Prawy who, as one of the Directors of the *Volksoper*, knows the operatic history of his own city as well as anyone. If only it had been a better organised book, with cast lists and fewer misprints, I would have welcomed it even more warmly. The Vienna Opera is a unique institution. It has enormous prestige, and it is, of course, not as good as it was in the great days of Lehmann and Jeritza. And in those great days it was widely thought to be not as good as in the great days of Mahler. Dr Prawy has his likes and dislikes, and he has used the pages of his book to pay off one or two old scores in approved Viennese fashion, but his facts are reliable, and his photographic illustrations (for this is almost a picture book) well worth the price. One would like to see Weidenfeld celebrate our own Royal Opera on this scale.

Service Stations

By Richard Findlater

THAT MR JOHN ELSOM can label his excellent survey of Britain's reps "Theatre Outside London",[1] with merely minimal unfairness to the commercial stage, reflects a marginal process of social and cultural change whose repercussions have not yet been widely recognised outside the trade and cannot yet be measured—although Mr Elsom makes a good stab at it. This complex transformation may be summarised, baldly, by the following facts.

In 1939 "theatre outside London" was dominated by the touring system of Numbers One, Two and Three dates: as late as 1950 (on the verge of the television boom) 140 productions were on the road at one time. Commercial touring has now almost entirely withered away: no more than half-a-dozen shows are out in any average week, and nearly all dates (however inefficient, anachronistic and tatty) are ranked as Number Ones. The main touring supply is, increasingly, non-commercial (shorthand for non-profit-distributing, publicly subsidised enterprise) and includes opera and ballet, which indicates a rather more questionable limitation both of

[1] *Theatre Outside London.* By JOHN ELSOM. Macmillan, £3.

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Mr Elsom's title—he appears to identify "theatre" with more or less straight, non-musical "drama"—and his criticisms of Arts Council policy, which must take a wider view. In 1939 less than a score of some 300 theatre buildings housed repertory companies, in any meaningful sense of that traditionally inaccurate term (Mr Elsom makes it only a dozen). None ran plays in repertoire. Only two ran them for more than a week. None received any subsidy from the state or from local authorities. Today there are over 60 reps and some 140 buildings (many of the 80-odd others are closed for a large part of the year). Nearly all reps receive state aid; most are helped, in some way, by the local authority; sixteen new theatres have been built for them in the past twenty years, and more are on the way (but no commercial playhouses have been constructed). It is among the reps (and not in London) that the chief post-war experiments in theatre design and social function have been conducted. They are not only the best training-ground of acting talent for films, radio, TV and cassettes as well as the stage, but they have become the main suppliers—with television—of new drama to the West End.

Films and Television have taken over the theatre's one-time role, as a medium of majority entertainment, only a tiny fraction of the millions who watch TV plays and serials every night go to theatres more than three times a year and the survival of the West End largely depends on the tourist trade. There is now less theatrical work available in the provinces than at any time since the rise of the entertainment industry nearly a century ago. Yet, in a sense, the provincial stage is more alive and independent than it has ever been, and the theatre outside London has begun to occupy a more central role in society, in spite of the perennial Puritanism which has fought for centuries (and is still battling hard) to keep it in the wilderness. With new buildings and new functions, new audiences have been recruited. Links have been forged with city councils, county education authorites, schools, universities, and even (here and there) trade unions and industry. The struggle to prove that theatre is a good thing is continuous and, at times, a bit frenetic. As Mr Elsom says:

> For the past twelve years, rep managements up and down the country have been trying to prove their usefulness to the community in all sorts of ways—by staging local documentaries, by running theatre-in-education teams, by turning foyers into art galleries and presenting folk concerts and poetry readings on Sunday nights, by trying in short to demonstrate that the theatre can become a kind of cultural service station, filling up everyone with nearly everything.

To sceptical observers this may seem like a forlorn campaign to put the clock back, both in the somewhat desperate search for local identity and connection—which may be interpreted as a romantic reaction against Londonisation and nostalgia for an irrecoverable past—and in the attempt at artificial respiration of a dying medium. Isn't the theatre's audience still predominantly middle-aged, middle-class, and middle-brow? As they die off, the theatre will expire with them, say the sceptics. The evidence from the provinces, so far, suggests that this scepticism is misplaced. "The modern repertory movement," as Mr Elsom says, "has become involved in the life of the community in a way which was unthinkable fifty years ago, and in doing so has altered our conception as to what theatre is or can be."

Already, in a number of reps, the age-level of their public is visibly dropping. In the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, a 1969 survey—reported in *The Subsidised Theatre*[2]—found that the customers were "extraordinarily young": nearly half were 19 to 24, and over 80% were under 35. (For a comparison, consider the private estimate by the manager of a Number One touring theatre in the North at that time that the great majority of his audience was over 60.) The authors of this brief and incomplete essay, Roy Wilkie and David Bradley, do not explain *why* Glasgow should be so markedly different, asserting that "this is not the place to enter into any detailed consideration of the quality of productions"; but one significant fact is that the Citizens' in 1969 was not only

RICHARD FINDLATER *is an Assistant Editor of "The Observer" and Editor of "The Author". He has written a number of books on the theatre and on the economics of writing, and has recently edited "Public Lending Right: A Matter of Justice" and a compilation on censorship, "Comic Cuts" (André Deutsch). His latest book, "The Player Kings", has just been published by Weidenfeld.*

[2] *The Subsidised Theatre: Its Organisation and Audience.* By ROY WILKIE and DAVID BRADLEY. William Maclellan, $1.00, 40p.

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doing *younger* business than most reps but also *less* business, although the repertoire was not "way out." That over a third of the audience should be students may be an encouraging sign for the future; but can a genuinely local theatre *afford* to lose the over-35s? Certainly, as Mr Wilkie and Mr Bradley insist, we need more information, and perhaps less evangelism. In the absence of detailed research, it appears likely that television—far from destroying the reps' future—seems in some ways to be their ally, not only by refocussing their range and role but by boring the young out of doors, illustrating one of McLuhan's more sensible dicta about new media. Although the Chichester Festival Theatre is by no means a typical local rep—Mr Elsom describes it in his 60-page "Alphabet of Reps" as "a national theatre which has somehow landed in a park near a town"—it seems oddly apt that it should have "landed" there because of a television programme. Mr Leslie Evershed-Martin, fired by the sight of the Stratford, Ontario, theatre on the box, was not satisfied until he had acquired a playhouse like it for his own city. His story of this "miracle"—in *The Impossible Theatre*[3]—is understandably imbued with self-satisfaction; but admirers of that hospitable hexagon—an unconventional shape for a traditional public—will enjoy this amiable, anecdotal ramble, introduced by Laurence (now Lord) Olivier with somewhat prickly candour.

What is doubtful is whether all the reps are yet "involved in the life of the community" deeply enough to weather the financial tornadoes which are bound to blow up in the coming decade. The real costs of running the new theatres have not yet been fully faced by the local authorities, the Arts Council, the theatre boards—or their customers. Although the reps meet on average some 60% of their running costs from the box office (far higher than their counterparts across the Channel), the gap between income and overheads will surely widen steadily in the 1970s, demanding a level of public expenditure (and seat-pricing) so far above current notions that agonising reappraisals are likely to be recurrent and widespread.

Without the recent investment of public money—generations after this was accepted as a commonplace elsewhere in Europe—the British theatre could never have achieved its flowering of the last 25 years. Without a large and continuing *increase* of this investment, it cannot survive. The trouble is that a rep director cannot guarantee value for money, social utility, tangible returns. "Reps are still vulnerable—as swimming-pools and libraries are not—to shifts in the political mood, squeezes and freezes, the shocked support of a Grundy in power." Those who think—with Mr Elsom—that locally-rooted theatre is more necessary than ever before (though not all may agree that it is needed to "initiate" social change, not to reflect it) must hope that the new audience the reps are training will think so, too, in time.

[3] *The Impossible Theatre*. By LESLIE EVERSHED-MARTIN. Phillimore & Co., £2.75.

Other Books Received

Edward Bond. *The Pope's Wedding*. Methuen, 50p

Peter Brinson & Clement Crisp. *Ballet for All*. David & Charles, £2.50

Peter Burton & John Lane. *New Directions*. MacGibbon & Kee, £3.50

David Caute. *The Demonstration*. André Deutsch, £1.40

Richard N. Coe. *Ionesco: A Study of His Plays*. Methuen, £2.10, paper 80p

Ian Curteis. *Long Voyage Out of War*. Calder & Boyars, £2.25, paper £1.05

Martin Esslin. *The Peopled Wound*. Methuen, £2·25

Stanley Eveling. *Come and Be Killed & Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr Kooning*. Calder & Boyars, £1.25

Brian Friel. *Crystal & Fox*. Faber, £1.25

E. Freeman. *The Theatre of Albert Camus*. Methuen, £2.30

Ronald Hayman. *John Whiting*. Heinemann, 37½p

Urs Jenny. *Dürrenmatt: A Study of His Plays*. Methuen, £2.50, paper 80p

Stuart W. Little & Arthur Cantor. *The Playmakers*. Max Reinhardt, £3.25

Michael Meyer. *Henrik Ibsen*. Volume 2. Rupert Hart-Davis, £4.95

Harold Pinter. *Five Screen Plays*. Methuen, £3.75

Hannelore Schubert. *The Modern Theatre*. Pall Mall Press, £12

Anthony Shaffer. *Sleuth*. Calder & Boyars, £1.50, paper 60p

Gertrude Stein. *Selected Operas and Plays*. University of Pittsburgh Press, $9.95

Margery J. Turner. *New Dance*. University of Pittsburgh Press, $7.95

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LETTERS

Khrushchev Expertise

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG'S critical review of the British comments on *Khrushchev Remembers* in which he dismisses all of them as inadequate and most as plain silly ["Khrushchev & The Experts", ENCOUNTER, May] can easily be matched by a similar dissection of such writings which appeared in the American press. Only they were characterised by a far greater degree of gullibility about the "authenticity" of these "memoirs" (with some honourable exceptions such as George F. Kennan).

It is, of course, not possible to analyse them in a letter and thus supplement Mr Brumberg's indiscriminately jaundiced view of Khrushchev's reviewers in this country. But may I take one example to illustrate the obtuse lack of understanding of Soviet affairs which is no less striking in the USA than elsewhere?

Unlike most American reviewers, Mr Norman Cousins, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, did not accept the book as necessarily authentic. But in an editorial on the subject which appeared in its 13 March issue he came forward with an original angle: he asserted that the controversy on the "memoirs" missed the main issue "which is not whether the material is *authentic* but whether it is *authorized*." He found it "difficult to understand why the American publishers did not protect themselves and their readers by insisting on a signed statement by Mr Khrushchev authorizing publication."

It is difficult to understand how in this year of grace 1971 Mr Cousins can still be so naïve as to imagine that in Soviet conditions Khrushchev's "authorization" or "denial" could by itself conceivably be taken as deciding the matter of authenticity! Unfortunately, it has to be ascertained quite on other grounds; hence, the controversy inevitably centred on this question. A few examples should suffice to demonstrate why this is so.

When he was still in the Soviet Union, Anatoli Kuznetsov formally denied the authenticity of the text of one of his novels published in the West and sued the French publishers. He won his case. After his defection to the West he disclosed that he acted under compulsion, that the text *was* genuine, and he asked the French Ministry of Justice to quash the verdict. On the other hand he declared that the text of *Babi Yar* authorised by him for publication in the West did not conform to what Mr Cousins calls "the basic right of final approval" by the author; and he insisted on the withdrawal of the editions based on this (previously "authorised") text and the publication of the new edition of *Babi Yar* based on the genuinely original text. There are, thus, "authorisations" and authorisations. . . . In the Soviet context they do *not* guarantee "authenticity", just as denials do not necessarily imply lack of authenticity. (Recall how Trotsky for years denied the authenticity of Lenin's *Testament*!) Mr Cousins is quite wrong. The main issue in the circumstances can only be the reliability of *Khrushchev Remembers* as a document, *i.e.* its "authenticity." In this respect it fails abysmally. As Professor Leonard Schapiro, Robert Conquest, and Tibor Szamuely in this country and George Kennan in America pointed out, as a documentary source it is totally worthless.

Although Mr Brumberg seems to concur with this conclusion, he attributes it not to the machinations of the KGB but of certain mysterious Russian émigrés. Yet he fails completely to substantiate this "hypothesis" which belongs exactly to the category of "speculations" which he treated so ironically in his article. It is certainly less well documented than the one offered by the above-mentioned reviewers. In fact it can hardly be taken seriously.

J. L. B. PHILLIPS

Oxford

Forster & "Morgan"

I SUSPECT that when all of E. M. Forster's friends and acquaintances have had their big and little says the man will turn out to be more not less elusive than he was before. And perhaps that, too, is what he would have wanted. Who knows? In any case, nothing is going to stop the accumulation of facts and reminiscences—particularly if the process can be made to pay in one way or another—and to that end even those who knew Forster only slightly may have something to contribute.

I, like K. W. Gransden [ENCOUNTER, May], met Forster very late in his life—circa 1952/53. From then on, once or twice a year until he died, I would call on him in his rooms at Cambridge and talk to him over tea or sherry (and once over lunch). He was alone all but twice; I was alone all but once. Two of these exceptional occasions over-lapped, and in this way I briefly met J. R. Ackerley and R. J. Buckingham and the latter met a young painter friend of mine, Marian Gladstone (one of whose pictures was displayed on Forster's piano for a time, "and has been admired").

We talked usually of literature, of Britten's steady production of marvellous operas, and towards the end of student politics ("What's happening here is a revolution"). Much of this wasn't very memorable and I can't recall most of it. He spoke well of Angus Wilson, I remember, found C. P. Snow's novels tedious ("How one keeps wishing for all that talk to stop!"), and said of one particular book (William Golding's *The Spire*) that he liked it because it had "a lot of feeling" in it.

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In the Margin: The Heirs of The Flower Children

Washington

IT SEEMS *a long time since I rose at six o'clock on Monday morning, dressed unmistakably as a gentleman, and an English gentleman at that, stepped into the streets of Washington, and began to cry. I slowly realised that I was standing in a cloud of tear gas, whence all but I had sensibly fled, and I was to choke and cry enough during the 12 hours that I spent on the streets that day.*

In spite of the light breeze, the gas hung in the air, invisible drops of it which seemed to gather and take the shape of some legendary beast, and strike at one from nowhere.

"What do you think of it?" one demonstrator asked me, as I stood on a traffic island watching the population of Washington making its way to work on time.

"It reminds me of the Blitz in London," I answered; and I explained to him that it had become a matter of pride to beat the bombs, to get to work and even school in time.

THE EVENING BEFORE, *I had met two of the leaders of the demonstration—"responsible for the organisation of the New York region"—in the house of an American friend. A wealthy house—a wealthy friend—and they wealthy enough to be going on with. As they described their plans for the following morning, their euphoria increased. They would hold this bridge, occupy that circle, seize every intersection. "We cannot help winning," they said, as they sat side by side on a piano stool, such very pretty boys.*

"Tell me," I said, "before it all starts, what is your object?" Their answer was clear and simple: "To close down the Government."

"For how long?" I asked. "Monday certainly —Tuesday hopefully—Wednesday, we'll see."

Their euphoria was infectious, but my scepticism remained. "Now tell me," I continued, "how do I tell at midnight tomorrow whether from your point of view you have succeeded? As a journalist, what test do I apply?"

I was expecting them to give me a list of Government departments which they hoped to shut down, but instead: "Look at the number of arrests, and at how late the arrests continue."

"So your success is not, after all, to be counted by the number of Government departments which you incapacitate, but by the number of you who are incapacitated; not shutting down the Government, but shutting up yourselves."

THEY SHIFTED *on their piano stool. "The police will not be able to handle us," they said. "It will be like Chicago again," and their eyes filled with happiness.*

"But it will not be like Chicago at all," I said. "At Chicago it all blew up from nowhere, the police were untrained to cope with demonstrations. The Washington police are superbly disciplined to cope with demonstrations, and they have been preparing for tomorrow for two months. Compared with them, you are babes."

But they were in their own high: "Our organisation is incredible," they said. "Rennie Davis is an unbelievable organiser."

During the rest of my interrogation their claims grew more and more expansive. Their movement was organised by cells, they were themselves leaders of cadres, nothing could go wrong." The police would not have enough buses to carry them away, the process of arresting them would break down, where they were blocked by the police they would re-form further down the street, there was no way in which the organisation could falter, Rennie Davis had it all in hand, Rennie Davis had it all in his head, it was a military operation, it could not fail.

With that, they left to visit their troops.

THE REST IS *history. As I walked home at midnight, police were already on the streets in force, in their Jeeps and on their scooters. By the time I reached the streets at 6 a.m. they had effectively broken the back of the demonstration. Aimless groups of the young drifted about the city, never able to cohere: not a cell, not a cadre, not a leader—anywhere.*

Of course the police acted illegally, and Richard Nixon and John Mitchell, who should have turned a blind eye to the whole operation, had again to seize the credit for such lawless authority.

But it is far more important to understand that the lawless demonstrators and the lawless police today engage in a kind of theatre. Negotiation is not necessary, the contract is understood. "We want to be arrested," say the demonstrators. "We are here to arrest you," say the obliging police.

In this theatre, all week, the people have enjoyed being actors themselves: outwitting demonstrators and the police alike, the routine of their days for once broken, as in the blitz.

BUT IN THE END, *my thoughts return to the cadres leaders with whom I debated on the Sunday evening. Their childishness is, in a way, reassuring because they present no serious threat to anyone; but, on another level, it is frightening because they—these cadres leaders —are supposed to be the élite of their generation, and they have no sense of reality.*

"You are threatening to do no more than two inches of snow does every year," I said to them; "you are the heirs of the flower children, little petals of snow."

Like snow, they melted.

Henry Fairlie, in THE SUNDAY EXPRESS

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Homosexuality was never mentioned between us except indirectly. On one occasion he said of Lowes Dickinson "I wish he'd been happier", and on another occasion, when I showed him a poem I'd written after Ackerley's death, he handed it back with the words "I don't think you ought to mention him by name." So I changed the original title from *In Memoriam J. R. Ackerley* to *Contemporary Poem in the form of a Shakespearean Sonnet*. The setting of this poem is a pansy bar, which brings me to my next point.

On my last visit to Forster at King's—no more than a matter of weeks before his death—he was winnowing his library and gave me two books. One of these (which he said he didn't like) was Bill Brandt's collection of photographs *Shadow of Light*. From this a leaf was missing, neatly cut out. One side had shown "Dylan Thomas at the Salisbury public house, London". . . .

Forster the writer, Forster the friend: he himself made the distinction sharply enough. Let me quote from the last letter he wrote to me, thanking me for a copy of some poems of mine. The poems are worthless, but he was kind enough to say that they "say something which I feel, rather obscurely, myself. I am glad they should have been written. For myself, writing is not my highest accomplishment."

The man who wrote that knew perfectly well he had a couple of minor masterpieces to his credit. But he also knew that books—even classics—are only sign-posts. "The fault is ours, not theirs . . . if, in our weakness, we mistake the sign-posts for the destination." Forster reached the place he set out for—if indeed he had not reached it *before* he erected the sign-posts—and thought that, for once, to arrive *was* the better thing.

HOW MANY OF US are in a position to compare the rewards of being a distinguished writer with the rewards of being a kind of genius at friendship? Most of us are neither. And I do not think that Gransden really realises this. He seems to mix up what can really quite easily be kept apart. We do not and never shall need "a critical technique for evaluating" those rare cases consisting of "a combination of a few books and many friends." We should not need it even if they became commonplace, or if the combination were one of many books and few friends. Gransden writes: "We get along happily enough knowing little or nothing . . . about the sex-lives of Shakespeare, Spenser", etc. "But with modern writers it obviously can't work that way." Why not? Proust's refutal of the biographical fallacy in *Contre Sainte-Beuve* is valid for all artists or none. "We are going to have to know"? No, simply "We are going to know"—not the same thing. And however much we are going to know won't affect the quality of *A Passage to India* one way or the other. And if a change in critical fashion results in Forster's work being despised where it is now admired it will not take away from his virtues as a man.

ALAN BATES

Leicester

Passmore's "Paradise Now"

AS A TEACHER in a small, Eastern United States College, confronted every day with the problems presented by the "New Mysticism", I would like to offer a few comments on Professor John Passmore's essay, *Paradise Now*. [ENCOUNTER, November].

1. All *rational* (as against fideistic) ethics are eudemonian: the Good, in a rational society, is the pleasurable. The drug-taker would reply quite simply to Dr Passmore that his "high" is the greatest pleasure he knows. I do not know if Dr Passmore subscribes to the agnostic moralism of G. E. Moore, but the tenor of his argument would indicate something like this. What must be done is to demonstrate that science and art entail more joy than pot or LSD. I do not know if this is a possible task, but I am certain that if it is not undertaken, a ferocious repression will follow, as society, to preserve its own cohesion, will surely resort to force where persuasion is lacking.

2. There is curious want of feeling in this essay for the tragic dimension—that our "little loves" ("technological achievements. . . justice. . . one's community, one's wife, one's children") are continually eroded by boredom, frustration, and unresponsiveness. For the most profound psychologists, Augustine, the French moralists, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Freud, these "little loves" of Dr Passmore did not suffice. Their thought ends in mysticism or tragic pessimism. (In the unique case of Nietzsche, perhaps both.) Perhaps as a member of the British school of linguistic analysis, Dr Passmore distrusts this existentialist preoccupation with the anguish of being human. But especially with men of the commoner mould, this universal sense of the futility of life is a root motive for drug taking and "dropping out."

3. Even to an agnostic like myself, Dr Passmore's identification of all the varieties of mysticism with self-absorption simply won't wash. To equate a Gandhi or a Simone Weil with a garden-variety acid freak is tantamount to a refusal to make even elementary distinctions. It evinces, incidentally, a marked lack of *pietas* toward the distinguished dead, and therefore, toward that "continuity" Dr Passmore professes (correctly) to conceive as the essence of civilisation It is peculiar, to say the least, that an inquiry which reaches so far as to suggest, with whatever qualifications, that Eckhart is a source of Nazism, fails to take account of the active mystics, those who have returned from the summit to give us an inestimable moral leadership.

4. Given his philosophic tradition, Dr Passmore is oddly fond of hyperbole. We are told that Robespierre and the Grand Inquisitors are the sort of men "to be feared above all others." Above the Hitlers and Tamurlanes? Certainly passionately committed men are to be feared, but what has this to do with mysticism? Were Torquemada, Robespierre or Stalin mystics? Or were they slaves of a too ruthless logic?

5. Finally, one notes a tendency toward straw men arguments, *e.g.*, in the case of the vision of

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Angela of Foglino, there is no mention of the distinction, so fundamental to the mystics themselves, between visions and the mystical experience itself. And would it not be more germane to discuss the mystical element which played so conspicuous a part in the history of science, *e.g.*, with Newton, Kepler and Maxwell? If we are to discuss the New Mysticism with any clarity, it would behove us to be more discriminating about the old.

PAUL G. O'GRADY

West Chester College,
West Chester, Pa.

1. In a rational society, certainly, the onus of proof is on those who wish to stop their fellow-citizens from engaging in a pleasurable activity. But it doesn't follow that "the good is the pleasurable", *i.e.* that in characterising activities from an ethical point of view we have only to take account of their pleasurableness. I don't believe that it is possible to demonstrate that art or science "entails more joy" than pot or *LSD*. The only way of getting people to prefer art and science to pot-smoking is to engage in those activities ourselves in an imaginative way; neither sermonising nor hedonistic calculus will do the trick.

2. I should have thought that I emphasised the "tragic dimensions" in the sense that I insisted that love, science, art all carry with them anxiety and care. What I don't admit is that if we abandon these activities for mysticism we are thereby reaching a "higher level" of consciousness. The drug-taking life is itself one of the most futile of lives. So, I would want to suggest, is any life that tries to flee from the best men can do because that best always involves pain and suffering. Augustine, Freud, Nietzsche, Dostoevsky thought, taught, argued; they suffered and struggled in the process of doing so. The danger to civilisation comes only from those who unthinkingly accept what they believe to be their teachings, instead of following their practice. Of course, many people are discontented with what I regard as the best of lives. So am I; I am not under the illusion that love, or science, or art bring unbroken happiness with them; I wish one could have the pleasures of writing without its pains, the pleasure of love without its anxieties. But one can't, and that's that.

3. For what I have to say about the classical mystics I must refer your correspondent to the earlier chapters of my book. I do not *equate* a Gandhi or a Simone Weil with an "acid-freak"; I draw attention to continuities and resemblances as Professor R. C. Zaehner has recently been doing —after having at first taken the opposite view— with a good deal more authority. To reverence the past one is not obliged to conclude that every influential figure has been an influence for the good.

4. Not all passionately committed men are to be feared. But I mentioned the love of humanity and the love of God as two forms of passionate commitment which are dangerous when they conceal a lack of love for individual human beings.

5. I must again refer my correspondent to my discussion of the earlier mystics. The point I was raising is how we are to test what the mystics tell us is true. And I said that when they make empirically-testable observations these turn out to be false. But that is by no means the end of the story.

JOHN PASSMORE

Australian National University

A "Put-on"?

THE SEQUENCE in ENCOUNTER of the greatest interest to me has been Melvin J. Lasky's "A Reading of the Black Panthers" and the ensuing comments [March and April.] Please accept my congratulations on the article and the replies to the attacks. I hadn't known of the "enthusiastic London notices" awarded the Black Panthers until I read of them in the Lasky article—and then I had a highly amusing time thinking of the well-chosen expletives those notices would elicit from the Black Panthers who might take "Lockean social contract" and "vigorous and attractive socialism" as the solemn compliments they were meant to be and not some elaborate white put-on.

As for Professor Martin Kilson's "On the Function of Polemical Excess" [ENCOUNTER, April]: The thesis that "Stylistic excess" is admired by Negroes may be right; Southern hyperbole in all strata of the South, black and white, top to bottom, is a well-known practice (see campaign speeches of Southern politicians, especially 1900-1950) which Southerners enjoy without ever taking it seriously, though it unsettles non-Southerners. Whether this habit originated with the whites or the Negroes in the South is not germane; there has always been a strong interplay of influence between them, and unconscious imitation. When a Negro critic accused William Styron of insulting "the purity and beauty of our black women" in his novel about Nat Turner, I was ruefully reminded of all that segregationist political oratory I used to hear about "the purity of [white] Southern womanhood".

Professor Kilson may also be right in defining Panther rhetoric as a put-on—that is, a pretence or bluff assumed for advantage or benefit, in this case the financial exploitation of the revolutionary fantasies of white radical supporters. This theory deserves a chapter in *Games People Play*. The trouble with this kind of game when you play it with people who don't know the rules is that you may win not an advantage but a disaster, as some of the Panthers already have done. The police can't be expected to consider the threats of armed men as "stylistic excesses" for the harmless relief of fantasies. And even the gulled white supporters, opposed as they are to all forms of exploitation, may be expected finally to detect it when it's happening to them. Though dead earnest, they aren't all dead stupid—and, being earnest, they aren't likely to enjoy the joke at all.

Though blowing off steam via Panther rhetoric may be good self-therapy, as Professor Kilson

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says, it gets dangerous when it escapes into the channels of those who will use it for real and tragic explosions. Why does Kilson believe that these consequences can be averted by any change of Administration? The incidence of radical violence, Left and Right, was as great under the Democrats as under the Republicans. The best chance of averting such consequences is to stop playing the game, which is essentially frivolous and self-indulgent, and at its worst a murderous cheat, and get on with the adult and laborious business described by Saul Alinsky.

Professor Kilson also puzzles me by calling the South "that uncivilised sector of our country." Though not unknown among scholars, name-calling is nevertheless so *infra dig* that one must assume he is indulging in a stylistic excess of his own. It's a rhetorical device better left to the Southerners and Panthers.

MARY SANFORD

Wye, Kent

AUTHORS

Dr Jacob Bronowski, the well-known British scientist and author, now works in California as the Director of the Council for Biology in Human Affairs at the Salk Institute.

On the "pre-history" of his article, Dr Bronowski writes us:

"The conference held by the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science on 26–28 November 1970 was unusual in the depth of the scientific as well as public discussion which it evoked. A new and unexpected phenomenon at the conference was that two of the main papers—the opening address by Jacques Monod (director of the *Institut Pasteur*) and my own closing address—both argued that science must be understood as an activity with a well-defined ethic, and that its *social* responsibility therefore expresses a basic *moral* responsibility. My paper on this occasion went on to draw practical conclusions from this thesis, which follows from the argument I put forward in *Science and Human Values* in 1953, and went a great deal further than the analysis there and in *The Identity of Man* in 1964. The main conclusion, which attracted much attention in the press in the United States as well as Great Britain, was that scientists must urgently dissociate themselves from the apparatus of government in general, and from government grants and contracts in particular. Moreover, I stressed that this rejection of government support was a matter of *intellectual* and not simply professional integrity, and was equally the duty of all intellectual workers, which fell on scientists first only because they are the most pampered of contemporary intellectuals. . . .

"The argument aroused both a great deal of agreement and of disagreement at the conference. Some groups supported and others rejected the moral thesis on which it stands (as they had done when Jacques Monod presented his paper earlier). On one side, there was a feeling in student groups that the paper gave too exclusive and élitist a place to science and to intellectuals. On the other side, there was alarm among senior scientists dependent on government grants, and some doubt whether my alternatives for distributing public money were workable or would make much of a change. . . .

"I have revised and expanded my paper in the light of the conference discussion, and of further discussions of the paper at the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago on 28–30 December 1970; and I have added, at the request of the Editors of ENCOUNTER, other supporting material. . . ."

Bernard Semmel is professor of history at the State University of New York (Stony Brook). His translation of Elie Halévy's articles on *The Birth of Methodism in England*—with his essay as its long introduction—has just been published by the University of Chicago Press. Professor Semmel is also the author of *Imperialism & Social Reform* (1960), as well as a study of *The Governor Eyre Controversy* (about which James Morris wrote in the July 1970 ENCOUNTER). . . .

Keith Botsford is an American novelist at present living in London. For many years he edited (together with Saul Bellow) an avant-garde journal entitled *The Noble Savage*. Among his novels are: *Benvenuto* (1963), and *The March-man* (1965).

Colette's stories are from her book *The Other Woman*, translated by Margaret Crosland and shortly to be published by Peter Owen. . . .

Professor Harry G. Johnson asks us to note, which we are pleased to do (the fact was inadvertently omitted from the April ENCOUNTER) that his article on "Revolution & Counter-Revolution in Economics from Lord Keynes to Milton Friedman" was based on the Richard T. Ely lecture which he gave at the American Economic Association meetings last Christmas. . . .

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (59 St. Martin's Lane, London W.C.2).

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